AN

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

HISTORY OF POETRY

IN

SCOTLAND,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY
DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME;

TOGETHER WITH

A CONVERSATION ON SCOTISH SONG,

BY

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, &c.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED,

SANGS OF THE LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

CAREFULLY COMPARED WITH THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS, AND EMBELLISHED
WITH CHARACTERISTIC DESIGNS, COMPOSED AND
ENGRAVED BY THE LATE

DAVID ALLAN,

HISTORICAL PAINTER.

EDINBURGH:

SOLD BY ANDREW FOULIS, AT HIS SHOP, OPPOSITE THE TURF
COFFEE HOUSE ST. ANDREW'S STREET.

M, DCC, XCVIII.

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TO

H. FUSELI.

SIR,

HAD the man, whom you once knew, and knew how to eſtimate, been alive, the following ſheets had been addreſſed to him. Since he is no more, I take the liberty to inſcribe your name as revered by the lovers of art and ſcience, on the page that records my affectionate remembrance of the late learned and accompliſhed BROWN †, the friend of MONBODDO.

With unfeigned reſpect for your talents, your learning and virtues; I remain,

SIR,

Your's Sincerely,

MAYFIELD,
26th *Sept.* 1798. ALEX. CAMPBELL.

† For a ſlight ſketch of the life of Brown, ſee p. 326, of the preſent work.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following ſheets, while he thus ſubmits them to public examination, is hopeful, that his endeavours to gratify reaſonable curioſity, will meet with ſome portion of that forbearance his imperfections ſtand ſo much in need of. Having to the beſt of his power collected, ſelected, and arranged the great outlines of an intereſting ſubject, he is ſatisfied, the few*, into whoſe hands this work may chance to fall, will make every allowance, for a firſt ſketch, however rude, where truth and nature are kept in view, and delineated with ſimplicity, and exactneſs. Nothing more is attempted in the following pages.

" A Hiſtory of the Scotiſh Poetry" is recommended by WARTON in his ingenious and learned " Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry" " The ſubject" (ſays he) "is pregnant with much curious and inſtructive information, is highly deſerving of a minute and a regular reſearch, has never yet been uniformly examined in its full extent, and the materials are both acceſſible and ample." The truth of theſe remarks, the author of the following Eſſays has endeavoured to illuſtrate. Yet, the *Scotiſh Poetry* forms but a part of his plan; for he has extended his range to the ſubject of metrical compoſition in general, as found north of the Tweed; and happy, in having performed the part of a faithful and diligent, if not a ſkillful pioneer, he relinquiſhes the field to any one who may be inclined to follow his footſteps.

The high antiquity, and probable affinity of the Scotiſh melodies to the ancient Greek enharmonic, and Chineſe ſcales, is ob-

* Ninety copies only have been printed.

ſcurely hinted at by BURNEY in his elaborate and maſterly performance "A General Hiſtory of Muſic." This ſubject, is in the following ſheets elucidated by examples; and it is hoped, to the ſatisfaction of any one, the leaſt acquainted with muſic as a ſcience.

An account of Scotiſh ſong, as preſerved in collections is given; together with a view of the poetry and muſic of the Highlands; in which ſome intereſting particulars reſpecting the poems of Oſſian, are ſtated, in ſuch a way, as to place the queſtion of their authenticity, in a point of aſpect, in which an impartial Inquirer may be enabled to judge for himſelf. Theſe topics occupy the firſt of the Eſſays, to which is given the title of "A CONVERSATION ON SCOTISH SONG." To this ſucceeds what the Author has choſen to call,

"AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF POETRY IN SCOTLAND." The ſubject commences about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and is carried down to the latter end of the preſent; comprehending a ſpace of between four and five hundred years. But that which is more particularly conſidered, is, the period from the acceſſion of our ſixth James to the throne of England, down to the preſent time; keeping in view, the leading features of our national improvement and progreſs in polite literature: together with ſuch paſſages in the lives of the Poets, natives of Scotland, as were deemed moſt intereſting.

It may appear to many, that ſome parts of the following Introduction might have been branched out more at large. But, without overloading his main ſubject with heavy and uſeleſs digreſſions, the author was aware, that, unleſs he paid due attention, in conforming to the limits he had originally preſcribed to himſelf, he was in danger of falling into the oppoſites of perſpicuity and conciſeneſs. In avoiding theſe errors, he is fearful that he has but too frequently departed from the dignity of hiſtory. But, it is eaſier to ſhun extremes, than to hold on with becoming elevation, the true

mean of elegant compoſition. In this reſpect, the author is ſenſible he hath not ſucceeded to his wiſhes. Negligence in ſtyle, as well as other improprieties, which have eſcaped him, will appear too manifeſt throughout, to ſuppoſe he ſeeks to veil his vanity in this ſincere confeſſion of his having juſtly provoked the cenſure of good taſte and criticiſm. He muſt repeat it, therefore, he looks for indulgence from the candid and good natured reader, who always finds, in the happy diſpoſition of being pleaſed with what is well intended, a ſolid ſatisfaction, unknown to a mere pedant, or too faſtidious a critic, accuſtomed to the trifling amuſement of pointing out imperfections.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The corrector of the preſs being neceſſarily abſent, while this work was going on, the whole labour of correcting the ſheets devolved on the the author.—From want of experience in that department, many typographical errors have eſcaped. In general, however, theſe being very obvious, can occaſion little interruption to the peruſal of the work; and it is therefore hoped, this apology will be accepted.

Ninety copies only of this work have been printed, of which this is ——— ——— *Number* first

A CONVERSATION
ON
SCOTISH SONG.

LYCIDAS AND ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

YOU ſeem inclined to obtain farther information on the ſubject of Scotiſh Song.

LYCIDAS.

THERE is nothing occupies my attention more, than whatever relates to the hiſtory of poetry in Scotland; and as Scotiſh ſong, ſtrictly ſo called, forms a very diſtinguiſhed branch of this hiſtory, I ſhall deem any thing a favour, that you may be pleaſed to communicate on that head.

A. The little knowledge I have gleaned, in the courſe of my reading and obſervation, ſhall be gladly imparted; and I ſhall endeavour, with clearneſs and ſimplicity, to lay before you my notions, with regard to the ſubject in queſtion; ſo that you may, with more eaſe, apprehend the general ſcope of my remarks.

It is well underſtood, that paſſion and ſentiment are the ſubjects beſt adapted to muſical expreſſion. In a rude ſtate of ſociety, theſe naturally would be expreſſed in artleſs muſical intervals, ſuch as correſponded with the notes of ſinging-birds, and other animals, whoſe voices approached neareſt the human. When articulate language became the medium of thought and communication, a recitative would, in all probability, accompany it, which, by analogy, might ſuggeſt the firſt eſſays in melody; rythm* would ſucceed, ſound and ſentiment would unite; and hence the origin of Song.

L. However plauſible this idea of your's may appear, I would

* ρυθμος.

fain know, before I adopt it, in what manner you mean to connect it with your preſent ſubject.

A. From what I have already ſaid, you will perceive my main purpoſe is, to direct your attention to the earlieſt rudiments of Song, ſo as to trace its progreſs, as found in a rude, to a more civilized ſtate of Society; and thus be prepared, to apply a general rule or criterion, by which we ſhall be enabled to adopt with ſafety, as genuine reliques of national ſong, and Scotiſh ſong in particular, ſuch fragments of muſical compoſitions, as are handed down to us from remote times.

In order to give a correct idea of what I mean to eſtabliſh, it will be neceſſary to touch lightly on ſome topics but little connected with our principal ſubject; and, by way of introduction, take a curſory view of ſome leading circumſtances, that relate to melody, as found among nations remote from each other, whoſe ſpeech and manners are altogether different; by this means, ſome light may be thrown on what I am about to adduce, in ſupport of my hypotheſis.

It ſeems a prevailing opinion, that the Celtic tribes, emigrating from time to time, carrying along with them their language, cuſtoms, and manners, peopled the remoteſt corners of Europe. At what time this iſland received its firſt inhabitants, is uncertain. Were it eſſential to our purpoſe to eſtabliſh this point, the narrow bounds preſcribed to this ſketch would not admit of it; of conſequence, we ſhall leave this to abler hands, and take for granted, what appears pretty plain, that the language ſpoken in the Highlands of Scotland, is nearly the ſame, as that which was at one time univerſally the language of thoſe tribes that had emigrated from Aſia to Europe.

In the rudeſt ſtate of ſociety, dance and ſong conſtitute a chief ſource of enjoyment. If it ſhall appear, in the courſe of our converſation, that a remarkable coincidence, in point of melody, is to be traced in the ſongs of various nations, in different ſections of the globe, we may ſafely admit, this eſſential part of national ſong, namely, melody, to be radically the ſame, and referable to ſome general criterion, by which we ſhall be enabled to diſtinguiſh that which is genuine, from what is either ſuppoſitious or mere

imitation. And if it ſhall appear, that melodies anſwering this deſcription, are to be found in the Highlands, and other parts of Scotland, we may reaſonably conclude, that ſuch have been derived from one common origin; and though differently modified, through time and various caſualities, yet preſerving their characteriſtic peculiarities, they are diſtinguiſhed, as referable to ſuch a criterion as hereafter ſhall be laid before you.

L. This appears at firſt ſight, I own to you, to be ſomewhat paradoxical. However, I ſhall, with much pleaſure, liſten to the arguments you may adduce in illuſtration of your idea.

A. From what we can learn in accounts given by travellers, in ſeveral diſtant regions of the earth, muſic is to be found reſembling, in characteriſtic ſtructure, that of our Scotiſh melodies *.

Dr Burney, in his learned diſſertation on the muſic of the ancients, mentions the ſpecimen of Chineſe muſic which Rouſſeau has given in his dictionary, and ſays, "Nothing can be more "Scotiſh than the whole caſt of the air †." He farther adds, "With reſpect to the muſic of China, Dr Lind, an excellent judge "of the ſubject, and philoſophically curious about every thing "that relates to it, after reſiding ſeveral years in that country, "aſſured me, that all the melodies he had heard there, bore a "ſtrong reſemblance to the *old Scots tunes*. Since the diſſertation "was printed, I have been favoured by Dr Ruſſel with twelve "Chineſe airs, that were brought by his brother, the late Dr A-"lexander Ruſſel, author of the Natural Hiſtory of Aleppo, all

* Major Ouſely, in his eſſay on the muſic of Hindoſtan ſays, (ſpeaking of the miraculous powers aſcribed by tradition to the ancient melody of Hindoſtan) "Of the ſenſations excited by their preſent muſic, one can ſpeak with great accuracy; many of the Hindoo melodies poſſeſs the plaintive ſimplicity of the Scotch and Iriſh, and others, a wild originality, pleaſing beyond deſcription." *Ouſeley's Oriental Collection.*

† I agree with the Doctor, in ſuppoſing the engraver has committed an error "at the beginning of the third bar, where F, natural comes in ſo awkwardly," the notes ought to be, in my apprehenſion, a, g, g, d. See Vol. I. *Burney's Hiſtory of Muſic.* What ſeems worthy of remark in the ſpecimen here alluded to, ſuppoſing the air, as in fact it appears to be, in G major, then in that caſe, the 4th and 7th ſeem ſtudiouſly avoided. *(See air Chinois, additional notes ſubjoined.)* This often occurs in the more ancient Scotiſh melodies, where ſometimes the flat ſeventh is ſubſtituted, which is ſo plaintive a tone, and ſo peculiarly marks the characteriſtic melodies of Scotland and Ireland.

" which confirm what has been ſaid of the want of ſemitones " in the Chineſe ſcale, and of the ſtrong reſemblance between " thoſe airs and thoſe of Scotland, by the omiſſion of the fourth " and ſeventh of the key." *See additional notes*, Vol. I. In commenting, and endeavouring to explain the paſſage of Plutarch, in his dialogue on muſic, the Doctor remarks, " There is nothing " that gives a ſtronger character, or ἦθος as the Greeks call it, to " a melody, than the conſtant or uſual omiſſion of particular notes " in the ſcale. Suppoſe it uncertain from this paſſage what notes " were miſſed, yet the general fact, that theſe old muſicians, com- " poſers of the ancient genuine Greek muſic, which Plato, Ariſto- " tle, and all the writers ſpeak of as ſo excellent and ſuperior to the " more modern, did delight to break the diatonic progreſſion, to " διαβιβαζειν, or ſtride over certain notes in the melody, ſeems pret- " ty clear; and this ſurely renders it highly probable, that the " caſt of the old national Greek airs was much like the old Scots " muſic. If they had melodies where the *Lichanos* was omitted, " they muſt have been very like; but even the *trite* omitted gives " ſtill a ſtrong Scotiſh tincture to an air. (Thus deſcending E, " D, B, A, G, E—aſcending thus E, G, A, B, D, E.)* And I " believe, in general, that the omiſſion of any notes in the ſcale, " producing ſkips of *thirds*, will have much the ſame effect on the " ear. The Chineſe ſcale, take it which way you will, is certain- " ly very Scotiſh†. It is not my intention to inſinuate by this, " that the one nation had its muſic from the other, or that either " was obliged to ancient Greece for its melody, though there is a " ſtrong reſemblance in all three. The Chineſe are extremely te- " nacious of old cuſtoms, and equally enemies to innovation with " ancient Egyptians, which favours the idea of the high antiquity

* See Fig. 1. additional notes ſubjoined.

† By comparing the minor as tranſpoſed, (ſee fig. 5.) with what Burney mentions of the order of intervals, arranged in the compaſs of the Chineſe inſtrument he had ſeen in the poſſeſſion of the Abbe Arnaud, of the French Academy, (ſee fig. 6.) we ſhall find them preciſely ſimilar; and farther, by examining the ſaid minor, and comparing it with the diagram, in p. 41, Burney's Hiſtory of Muſic, Vol. I. where the *Lichanos* and *Trite* i. e. 3d, and 7th reckoning downwards are wanting, we ſhall obſerve an exact ſimilitude. This order of intervals, as obſerved by the Doctor, " gives exactly the Chineſe ſcale of the Abbe Rouſſier," ſee p. 40. Hence it is eaſy to account for that reſemblance the old Scotiſh muſic and Chineſe airs are ſaid to bear to each other.

" antiquity of this ſimple muſic; and as there is reaſon to believe " it very like that of the moſt ancient Greek melodies, it is not dif- " ficult to ſuppoſe it to be a ſpecies of muſic that is natural to a " people of ſimple manners, during the infancy of civilization and " arts among them." By this paſſage, which I have quoted at full length, you will perceive what appeared ſomewhat paradoxical at firſt ſight, does not reſt on vain conjecture. A ſimilar train of reaſoning led me to nearly the ſame concluſions the learned author of the above arrived at; and I am perſuaded, had his acquaintance with our original melodies (I mean ſuch as are found in the Highlands and other parts that ſtill preſerve much of their ancient cuſtoms and manners) been more intimate, his acute penetration would have completely developed the idea that appears to have ſtruck him with regard to the Scotiſh ſcale, and its affinity to the Chineſe and ancient Greek muſic.

L. I am at a loſs how to follow you, in your range of argument; for there is ſomething in all this, that appears ſo remarkable, and that ſo completely unhinges my former notions on this ſubject, that I much fear it will tire your patience to make me comprehend your meaning.

A. I am aware of your embarraſſment, and ſhall endeavour to do it away, by the plain and clear manner in which I ſhall lay before you what I have to advance in illuſtration of my remarks.

I ſuppoſe you already acquainted with the names of the notes on the harpſichord; and it will anſwer our purpoſe to make the firſt experiment on the middle octave of the inſtrument—for example, begin with C natural (below the lines in the treble cliff) next D natural, E natural, G natural, A natural, and C natural—thus completing ſix intervals—come over theſe in the reverſe order—repeat frequently in this order, and you will be ſatisfied that it reſembles ſomewhat Scotiſh melody*. It is but doing exactly the ſame thing when you tranſpoſe this order of ſucceſſive notes a few tones higher; namely, beginning with F ſharp, next G ſharp, and ſo on through the whole compaſs of the inſtrument †. This then is the major mode of *the Scotiſh Scale of muſic* ‡. Its rela-

* See fig. 2d. † See fig. 3d.

‡ This is preciſely the order of intervals of the Dorian mode, in the tetrachords of which, the thirds are omitted; and in which

tive minor is that already exhibited by the ingenious author laſt mentioned, when comparing the *old enharmonic* of the Greeks with what he alledges to be the *Chineſe ſcale*. But I ſtrongly ſuſpect, had the Doctor puſhed his experiments farther, he would have perceived that the *old enharmonic*, and *Chineſe ſcales*, have this major ſeries here pointed out in common with the *Scotiſh ſcale*. Seeing then, that not only the Scotiſh and Chineſe ſcales, are, exactly alike in their minor mode, as well as the old enharmonic of the Greeks; and that by analogy, there is reaſon to conclude, their major mode is alſo the ſame; keeping in view what Burney remarks with reſpect to "the high antiquty of this muſic," whoſe ſtructure we have been conſidering, we ſhall find ourſelves juſti-

mode, "Olympus is ſaid to have compoſed his melodies." Dr Burney ſeems to have fallen into an error, (ſee his Hiſt. of Muſ. Vol. I. p. 37.) in ſuppoſing this "exactly the old Scots ſcale in the minor key;" whereas, on the contrary, by tranſpoſing it to C, as in fig. 2d. he will find it is the Scotiſh ſcale in the *major key*, as above ſhewn; and farther, it appears that both Rameau and Abbe Rouſſier were right in their conjectures reſpecting the old Chineſe ſcale of ſix intervals, which, according to Rameau, are the following, C, D, E, G, A, (c,) ſee fig. 2. which correſpond exactly with the above. Here then is the major Scotiſh ſcale, in which the 4th and 7th are wanting. Again. it appears Abbe Rouſſier is correct, becauſe the arrangement of the intervals of the Chineſe muſical inſtrument the Doctor ſaw in Abbe Arnaud's poſſeſſion, is preciſely that of the minor Scotiſh ſcale; (ſee fig. 5. and 6.) hence it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the ancient Greeks, as well as the Chineſe, and Scots, had a major (and its relative minor) ſcale, ſimilar in all reſpects, and is the ſame I have taken the liberty to call the *primary ſcale of muſic*. (See fig. 4.)

"It may be obſerved, (ſays Sir John Hawkins) that the front row of a Harpſichord (he means the ſhort keys) will give a melody nearly reſembling that of the Scots tunes," Hawkin's hiſtory of Muſic, Vol. IV.

"As truth not ſyſtem" (ſays an ingenious author) is the object of this inquiry, the following communication, from a very ingenious and much eſteemed muſical friend, appeared too intereſting to be ſuppreſſed. "When I was in Italy, it ſtruck me very forcibly, that the plain chants, which are ſung by the friars or prieſts, bore a great reſemblance to ſome of the oldeſt of the Scotiſh melodies. If a number of baſs voices were to ſing the air of *Barbara Allan* in the eccleſiaſtical manner, the likeneſs would appear ſo great to a perſon who is not accuſtomed to hear the former frequently, that he would imagine the one to be a ſlight variation from the other. That accident might be the cauſe of the original invention, the underwritten will prove. About twelve years ago, on trying my piano-forte after tuning, by putting my fingers caſually (with ſome degree of muſical rhythmus) upon the ſhort keys, avoiding the long ones, it ſurpris'd me much to hear an agreeable Scots melody. This is ſo curious and ſo certain, that thoſe who are totally ignorant of muſic may amuſe themſelves by playing the ſame meaſure and motion of any well known tune upon the ſhort keys only, which, in modern inſtruments, are made of ebony to diſtinguiſh them from the long ones, which are generally made of ivory." (See Hiſt. Eſſay on Scotiſh Song, p. cii.)

fied, in denominating, by way of diſtinction, this order of muſical intervals, *the primary ſcale of muſic*, * wherein, in all probability, lay concealed from the ancients, the rudiments of ſcientific muſic, which is now completely diſplayed; and to the philoſophic muſician, this diſcovery will be a matter of agreeable ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction.

L. As you have led me in a way that at firſt view ſeemed leſs inviting then I have found it, to the concluſions you wiſhed to eſtabliſh; you will be pleaſed to indulge me farther, by ſome practical examples of Scotiſh melodies, as applicable to your criterion; ſo that I may free myſelf from a mere abſtract notion, and fix in my mind, by ſome familiar inſtances, the general ſcope of your theory.

A. Your requeſt is very proper; and I ſhall only premiſe, that the nearer a melody approaches this ſcale, ſo in the ſame proportion is it to be reckoned the more genuine and ancient; and this remark applies to Highland, as well as Lowland Scotiſh airs; and as the Lowland melodies are evidently derived from the Highland, and if the examples which I bring to the ſtandard of the *primary ſcale of muſic* from the former, illuſtrate this poſition; how much more ought ſuch as might be adduced from the latter, prove the truth of our theory. Wherefore, as the Lowland melodies are more familiar to your ear than the Highland, I ſhall mention a few, in order that you may make the experiments required. I ſhall give an example or two in the major mode; for inſtance, the original melody ſung to Tweed ſide, (the old words begin) "When Maggie and I were acquaint, I carried my noddle fu' hie."—Alſo "Ah! ha! Robin quo ſhe,"—"The lee rigs." Make trial on the inſtrument of theſe tunes, and you will perceive the 4th, and 7th, *i. e.* F, and C, ſtudiouſly omitted. Take now a few examples in the minor mode. For inſtance, "The Muckin o' Geordie's byre,"—"John O Badenyone,"—"Saw ye nae my Peggie," "Our Laird Lindſay," and "My Peggie is a young thing." All of which examples, † you will acknowledge are in full proof and illuſtration of what I have undertaken to bring to the teſt of experiment.

* See fig. 4.

† The examples alluded to, ought to be performed rather lively; and with ſuch emphaſis and accent as uſually characteriſe the Scotiſh melodies, original, and unadorned.

L. I have played over theſe examples; and it is but fair to own, that they in a remarkable manner coincide with your general rule, namely, what you call *the primary ſcale of muſic;* and I frankly confeſs, I was in ſome doubt at firſt how to yield to your notions, but what has been laid before me, appears, ſo plauſible, as, nearly to convince me that you are in the right.

A. It gives me pleaſure to be thus able to impreſs on your mind, what appears ſo manifeſt, as eſtabliſhed in the order of Muſical Science.

Having thus, in the way that appeared to me the plain and ſhorteſt, endeavoured to lay before you what is here ſummed up, *viz.* that our Scotiſh melodies, are not the offspring of arbitrary caprice, but ſuch as are referable to a certain criterion, or ſcale of muſic, common to the melody of nations, tenacious of their ancient cuſtoms and manners, and preſerving among the laſt things, their muſical compoſitions; I ſhall now beg leave to turn your attention to the next part of our ſubject; namely,

AN ACCOUNT OF

SCOTISH SONG,

AS PRESERVED IN COLLECTIONS

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

SCOTISH SONG, ſtrictly ſo called, forms, as hath already been remarked, a diſtinguiſhed branch of the hiſtory of the progreſs of Poetry in Scotland; I ſhall, therefore, endeavour to give as faithful and ſuccinct an account of it as lies in my power.

That the vulgar have had in all ages, and will continue to have, ſongs adapted to their humours, circumſtances, and feelings, is ſo obvious a truth, that to waſte time in proving it, were altogether needleſs. Although we have no direct evidence, till very near our own times, of what nature our Lowland Scotiſh Songs were; yet, by the few preſerved by tradition, and handed

down to us, we may form an idea of their nature, and pretentions to poetical merit. The only examples that can illuſtrate this, are the two firſt ſongs in this collection, viz. "The Gaberlunzie man," and "the Jolly Beggar," both of which are attributed to the poetical genius of James V. king of Scotland—the merits of theſe ſongs, ſhall hereafter be noticed—and by the way, we ſhall conſider them, as the compoſitions of an age that may be looked on as the auguſtan era of poetry in Scotland, written in the pure doric phraſe of the Lowlands. Once for all, it is here neceſſary to define what ſtrictly characterizes Scotiſh ſong. When ſuch melodies as we have already defined, are chaunted to verſes in the various dialects of the Lowlands of Scotland, deſcriptive of the manners, ſentiments, and occupations of the people, we cannot admit any other into the deſcription of Scotiſh ſong: of conſequence, the writings of Sir David Lindſay, Gawin Douglas, Captain Alexander Montgomery and others, who imitated the Italian poets of the time, do not belong to this part of our ſubject; therefore I repeat it, we muſt carefully diſtinguiſh between the works of thoſe illuſtrious poets, who dreſſed in the dialects of the Lowland Scots, the fine effuſions of their happy genius, in imitation of the celebrated poets of Spain and Italy; from the more humble yet characteriſtic Scotiſh ſong, deſcriptive of the manners and ſentiments of the times; recording events, either ludicrous, or pathetic, fabulous, or hiſtorical, marking the character, and occupations of a rude people, in their progreſs to civilization.

L. I readily admit of the propriety of your remarks; and I ſhall attend to the diſtinction you have pointed out. Be pleaſed then, Alexis to proceed in your account of Scotiſh Song in the manner you propoſed.

A. In the earlieſt eſſays of any language, metrical compoſitions, however rude, generally appear, and mark its progreſs, as it be-

See Pinkerton's eſſay perfixed to his collection of ancient Scotiſh poems London print e 1786. page vii.

comes more copious, pure, and ſtable. Were we to trace the origin of "Scotiſh ſongs" we might conſider it as coeval with the dialects in which they are to be found. Prior to the union of England and Scotland, very little information can be obtained on this head. In *Purcell's Orpheus Britannicus*, a popular Scotiſh * air appears, in the whimſical form of a baſs to a birth-day ode, ſet to muſic by that ingenious maſter; and it is believed, this is actually, the firſt ſpecimen of our national airs that appeared, prior to the time mentioned, In a collection of poems, puɔliſhed at Edinburgh in the year 1789, by James Watſon a printer ofno ſmall profeſſional reputation, is to be found "Fy let us a' to the bridal"; and this is the firſt of "the Sangs of the Lowlands, to be met with in print. Soon after the union, the Scots ſongs became familiar to our Southern neighbours in England, and in the year 1720. Thom Durfey publiſhed his "Pills to purge melancholly" wherein appeared, agreeable to his notions, ſeveral of our Scotiſh melodies, and words ſuch as he could ſcrape together, to ſwell his hetero-

* The air aluded to, is "Cauld and raw the wind dois blaw, up in the morning early," which alſo, was wrought into a catch by John Hilton, and may be ſeen in his collection publiſhed 1652. the initial words of it are "Iſe gae with thee my Peggy" This curious piece of muſical revenge, as it may be called, is related by Sir John Hawkins. This tune ſays Sir John was greatly admired by Mary, the conſort of king William; and ſhe once affronted Purcell by requeſting to have it ſung to her, he being preſent; the ſtory is as follows. The Queen having a mind one afternoon to be entertained with muſic, ſent to Mr. Goſtling, then one of the chapel, and afterwards ſubdean of St. Paul's, to Henry Purcell and Mrs. Arabella Hunt, who had a very fine voice, and an admirable hand on the lute, with a requeſt to attend her; they obeyed her commands; Mr. Goſtling and Mrs. Hunt ſung ſeveral compoſitions of Purcell, who accompanied them on the harpſichord; at length the Queen begining to grow tired, aſked Mrs. Hunt if ſhe could not ſing the old Scots ballad, "cold and raw", Mrs. Hunt anſwered, yes, and ſung it to her lute. Purcell was all the while ſitting at the harpſichord unemployed, and not a little nettled at the Queens preference of a vulgar ballad to his muſic; but ſeeing her majeſty delighted with this tune, he determined that ſhe ſhould hear it upon an other occaſion; and accordingly in the next birth day ſong viz. that for the year 1692, he compoſed an air to the words, "May her bright example chace vice in troops out of the land" the baſs whereof, is the tune to "Cold and raw"; it is printed in the ſecond part of the Orpheus Britanicus, and is note for note the ſame with the Scots tune.

genious collection. It would ſeem, Gay * in order perhaps, as well to pleaſe his own taſte, as to ſuit that of the public, adapted moſt of his poetry in the "Beggar's Opera" to ſuch Scotiſh melodies as were then in vogue.—The ſucceſs of this piece, doubtleſs, was owing in a great degree, to the peculiar ſimplicity and captivating powers of our national airs, even in an Engliſh dreſs.

About the year 1724. Allan Ramſay publiſhed his "Tea table Miſcellany" with a ſet of Scotiſh melodies adapted to many of the ſongs in this collection † The unwarrantible liberties Ramſay, and his aſſiſtants in this work have taken, in filling up chaſms, adding, new modeling and even compoſing others in place of the originals, renders it a matter of real regret, that this our earlieſt collection of the Sangs of the Lowlands of Scotland, is not more correct, and authentic.

"The Orpheus Caledonius" edited by W. Thomſon and dedicated to the Princeſs of Wales (afterwards Queen Ann) made its appearance in the year 1725. ‡ This work affords an illuſtration of a remarkable fact, namely, the freedoms the publiſhers of our Scotiſh melodies have taken, with ſuch original ſets, as have come through their hands; for example, "My apron dearie" as in Thomſon's "Orpheus Caledonius" is the ſet ſung by the people of Scotland, pretty exactly preſerved, and conſiſts of one meaſure. In Bremners collection it has two, and by whom the ſecond meaſure was added, is uncertain §"O the broom the bonny

* In the year 1728 John Gay produced his Beggars opera—it had a run of ſixty three nights!

† The melodies are alſo adapted with a baſs, not known by whom, to the harpſichord in numbers, 12mo. Open length-ways, are excedingly rare.

‡ Printed in folio—a ſecond edition in 2 vol. octavo was printed 1733.

§ It has been the unfortunate lot of ſuch Scotiſh melodies as have paſſed through the hands of unſkilfull Artiſts, to be tortured into what they have been pleaſed to call variations. "About the year 1730." (ſays Sir John Hawkins) "one Alexander Munroe, a native of "Scotland, then reſiding at Paris, publiſhed a collection of the beſt Scotch tunes fitted to "the German flute, with ſeveral diviſions and variations, but the ſimplicity of the airs is "loſt in the attempt of the Author to accommodate them to the ſtyle of Italian muſic." Hawkins general hiſtory of muſic vol. 4. p. 7.

bonny broom" is an inſtance among many that might be mentioned, of the original ſimplicity, as conſtructed in one meaſure; in fact, the Scotiſh melodies ſeem not to require more, particularly ſuch as come neareſt the criterion of the *primary ſcale.*

L. If I miſtake not, Alexis, the melody you have laſt mentioned, is ſaid to be the compoſition of David Rizzio; who was murdered before he completed it; and thus it remains a monument of that unfortunate event; beſides, I have heard it aſſerted, that he not only compoſed this air, but many of the melodies, that are deemed by us, authentic reliques of Scotiſh muſic.

A. How it came to enter the brain of any rational being, Lycidas, that Rizzio was the author of, our national melodies, is to me, a matter of much ſurpriſe. The notion is ſo abſurd, as to merit no ſerious refutation. For to ſuppoſe him the author of our Scotiſh melodies, as ſung in the lowlands, is not leſs ridiculous, than to aſcribe to him alſo, thoſe ſung in the Highlands.—And to be capable to invent the one, or the other, neceſſarily implies, his alſo being the inventor of the ſcale to which our melodies are referable, which is abſurd—thus let us diſmiſs this digreſſion.

We come now to trace the progreſs of our national taſte for muſic on this ſide the Tweed, about the time (1730) we are ſpeaking of; and it would ſeem that notwithſtanding, our having baniſhed "The kiſt fu' o' whiſtles that mak ſic a cliero" from our kirks, and monaſtaries, ſtill a love for the more ſcientific muſical compoſitions prevailed; particularly among the more enlightened, and ſuch as had made muſic a ſtudy in Italy and other parts abroad. For we find by "a collection of the choiceſt of the Scots tunes, adapted for the harpſichord, or ſpinnet and within compaſs of the voice, violin, or german flute, by Adam Craig. Edinburgh 1730 * which is de-

* Engraved by R. Cooper, with whom the late celebrated Strange ſerved his apprenticeſhip.

dicated * " to the honourable Lords and Gentlemen of the muſical ſociety of Mary's Chappell" (afterwards tranſlated to St. Cecilia's, hall) that ſymphonic compoſitions continued to be cultivated in Scotland. But while exotic muſic gained ground in this country, our native melodies lay neglected.

From the time Ramſay publiſhed his " Tea-table Miſcellany," no collection of ſongs appeared worth mentioning, if we except Craig's, till in the year 1746, after his return from Italy, William M'Gibbon publiſhed his firſt ſet of a " Collection of Scots " tunes;" and in 1755 he completed his third ſet. But it appears he has taken the ſame liberties his predeceſſors had done, in giving ſuch ſets as ſuited his own fancy.

The encouragement given in London to our Scotiſh muſic, attracted ſeveral of our muſical adventurers to that city; among the reſt, James Oſwald, who ſeems to have been the only one that diſtinguiſhed himſelf much in that line. In the year 1759 he publiſhed his " Caledonian pocket companion" in twelve thin octavo volumes. This work met with great ſucceſs, and very deſervedly. Oſwald himſelf is the author of ſeveral very pretty airs in the Scotiſh ſtile † that do him conſiderable credit.

Soon after Oſwald publiſhed his collections, Robert Bremner printed in two thin folio volumes a " Collection of Scots Songs for " the voice or harpſichord, the words by Allan Ramſay" this work had a great run both in England, and Scotland. About the ſame time one Yair, a bookſeller in Edinburgh printed (1749) " The

* To the Honourable Lords and Gentlemen of the muſical ſociety of Mary's Chappell.

" As you are generous encouragers and great promoters of muſic, it is natural for me on " this occaſion to beg your patronage which is my higheſt ambition, the following col- " lection being the firſt of the kind, and the native and genuine product of the country, I " flatter myſelf that the countenance and protection of ſo noble a ſociety, will make it " generally acceptable, and contribute much to the benefit of

" My Lords and Gentlemen
" your moſt dutiful and moſt
" obedient ſervant,
" ADAM CRAIG.

† See his Caledonian pocket companion.

" Charmer, a choice collection of ſongs Engliſh and Scots. * This is merely a bookſellers job, containing a medley of all ſorts of ſentimental ſongs; nevertheleſs, many of them poſſeſs great merit.

Mr. David Herd in the year 1769, produced his collection of " the ancient and modern Scots ſongs, heroic ballads &c. now " collected into one body from the various miſcellanies wherein " they formerly lay diſperſed." Very much praiſe is due to the endeavours of this gentleman, for † having, with great induſtry reſcued from oblivion, what he deemed a ſtandard collection of our Scotiſh lyric compoſition. ‡ Though this collection has the fault of ſimilar publications, of embracing too general a ſelection, and many Engliſh ſongs, and other pieces of very inconſiderable merit, have been injudiciouſly admitted; yet upon the whole, it is a work, truly reſpectable; and the editor deſerves, what the public have long ſince beſtowed on him, the higheſt approbation—as a proof, the book is ſcarcely to be met with, eſpecially, a genuine copy.

About five and twenty years ago, Niel Stuart Muſic-ſeller in Edinburgh, printed a volume in folio in the manner of Bremner viz.

* This ſong book is the ſame Dr. Johnſton mentions in his tour to the Hebrides—a ſecond edition was printed 1765 and a ſecond volume was added by James Sibbald 1782.

† A ſecond edition in two volumes was printed in 1776.

‡ Soon after the firſt appearance of the celebrated *Tenducci* at the theatre, Edinburgh, he introduced, in order to make himſelf more popular, ſome favourite Scotiſh airs, in the muſical peices in which he appeared on the ſtage. The audience were ſo charmed with his touching manner of ſinging the melodies of the country in which he was a ſtranger; that it ſeemed to awaken them to a ſenſe of their tranſcendant ſimplicity and pathos. He from time to time made viſits to Scotland, to the high gratification of the lovers of ſong, and of thoſe who had the good fortune to become his pupils, of which I deem myſelf happy in having been of the number. " Who " could hear (ſays an ingenious author) with inſenſibility, or without being moved " in the greateſt degree Tenducci ſing " I'll never leave thee," or "the Braes of Ballendine." See diſſertation on Scotiſh muſic prefixed to the poetical remains of James I.

Here let me pay a tribute of praiſe to two eminent ſingers of Scotiſh ſong, namely, Mr. John Smeton muſician and Mr. James Balfour acomptant, both of Edinburgh, whoſe muſical and ſocial accompliſhments, and aimiable manners, endeared them to all who could appreciate their merit.

the words and muſic, adapted to the voice and harpſichord; and as vocal muſic became then much the faſhion through Scotland: Scotiſh ſong ſeemed to revive; of courſe, this collection in addition to Bremner's, had a ſucceſsful ſale; and the three volumes, when bound up in one, may be looked on, with all their imperfections, as the beſt collection of Lowland Scotiſh ſongs to be met with as yet, either in England, or Scotland.

Lord Hailes in 1770, publiſhed "Ancient Scotiſh Poems, from the M. S. of George Bannatyne" 1568, in which are a number of ſongs, or rather a collection of pieces in Scotiſh verſe, among which are to be found, a few ſongs, whoſe airs were in parts, ſuch as are preſerved in J. S. Smiths Collection of Songs, compoſed about the 1500, for example the muſic of "About the banks "of Helicon" being the air (if it may be called an air, for it is a mere drawl) directed to be ſung to "The Cherry and the Slae," which Mr. Tytler ſuppoſes "a well known tune 200 years ago, "as it was ſung to ſuch popular words; but is now loſt. * It "cannot exiſt (he continues) under other words, as the metri-"cal ſtanza of the "Cherry and the Slae" is ſo particular, that "I know no air at this day that could be adapted to it." We "find alſo, in old books, many names of ſongs, yet neither of "the verſes or tunes do we know any thing of this day." It is manifeſt, from this paſſage of the learned author of the Diſſertation on Scottiſh Muſic, that he was not fully aware, (I ſay fully, for he ſeems to have been ſo in other paſſages,) of the diſtinction neceſſary to be noticed, between the artful compoſitions of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries, and the popular ſongs of thoſe times; and by the way, it may not here be improper to remark, what in the courſe of this ſketch will be touched on at greater length, that ſuch muſic, as was then in vogue, among thoſe who made counterpoint a ſtudy, either for the chamber or for the church, was quite different to the native melodies of Scot-

* It is not loſt; for two copies of it are preſerved in a M. S. collection 150 years old (very beautifully and correctly written) in the author's poſſeſſion, as it has been adapted to words in the Maitland collection. See Pinkerton's extracts 1786.

land; and, the miſtake ſome critics have fallen into, in ſuppoſing the dull harmonic drawls of the choral compoſitions of the times, to reſemble, in any manner, the Scotch melodies, will appear to be entirely void of foundation—but to proceed.

In the year 1781, a volume of "Scotiſh Tragic Ballads" to which were prefixed two diſſertation, * notes critical and explanatory, together with a learned gloſſary, was ſent from the preſs of Mr. J. Nicols of London. A ſecond volume of "Select Scotiſh "Ballads" appeared from the ſame preſs in 1783, and decorated as the former, with a diſſertation, notes and a gloſſary. Theſe volumes were the maiden work of Mr. John Pinkerton. They contain ſeveral of our beſt tragic, and lyric productions, among which, are many forgeries, dreſſed in the antique orthography of Scotiſh poetry. In a ſubſequent work (to be noticed in another place) the author makes a full confeſſion which ſhall be given in his own words. "The ſecond part of Hardyknute, written in "1776, but not publiſhed till 1781, the editor muſt now confeſs "himſelf guilty. † Since the editor of theſe volumes is in the "confeſſional, he muſt not omit that in the firſt volume, beſide "the ſecond part of Hardyknute, No. 16, the Laird of Wood-"houſelie is written by him, as is No. 17. Lord Livingſton, yet "of both he had ſmall lines from tradition. No. 18. Binnorie, "is one half from tradition, one half by the editor; though he "could not now himſelf diſtinguiſh the lines. No. 19. the "death of Monteith is wholly by the editor, upon no tradition "whatever. No 20. Lord Airth's complaint, is from a M. S. "then, and now in the editors poſeſſion. No. 21. I wiſh I were "where Helen lies, is all the editors; ſave the three firſt lines, "which he heard a lady repeat." ‡ The author who thus modeſtly confeſſes his forgeries is an hiſtorian of great celebrity.

——pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit aeque poteſtas. *Horace.*

* "1776 Theſe diſertations, &c. were written of this date, but ſlight additions have been made to them from time to time;" See diſertation ii page xxxvii note.

† Pinkertons liſt of Scotiſh Poets prefixed to ancient Scots ballads 1786. page 128.

‡ Page 131 ibid.

" St. Cecilia; or the Lady's and Gentlemen's harmonious " companion: being a ſelect collection of Scots and Engliſh ſongs, " many of which are originals," edited by Charles Wilſon a Printer in Edinburgh, made its appearance in a very handſome ſmall octavo in 1779. The original pieces are few, and of no great merit; ſave Tullochgorum, and John o' Badenyon, (both of which are to be found in the ſelection anexed,) and a few others; this work hardly deſerves notice.

John Callander Eſq. of Craigforth, and Dr. David Doeg Rector of the Academy in Stirling by their joint labours produced, in 1781, with a profuſion of notes and obſervations, the two ancient Scotiſh poems of the Gaberlunzie-man, and Chriſt's kirk on the green. The former of theſe pieces belongs to the claſs of compoſition here referred to, the latter will be noticed in its proper place. The notes and obſervations diſplay much learning and fancy. Their prominent feature however, is perhaps Etymology in exceſs, and ſurely never was a poor ballad ſo tortured with notes, as this admirable old ſong, of the Gaberlunzie-man.

In the year 1786, Mr. John Pinkerton publiſhed a ſecond ſelection of " Ancient Scotiſh Poems" from the Maitland collections with " large notes, and a Gloſſary," a work of much learning and ingenuity. The Songs which it contains are not of the claſs of compoſition, we at preſent treat of, and what is ſaid of Lord Haile's collection, is applicable to thoſe in Mr. Pinkerton's, viz. that they do not ſeem to have been ſung to any of the popular Scotiſh melodies known; of courſe, if they ever were adapted to muſic, it was that which, has already been mentioned, the dull harmonies of counterpoint, the faſhion of theſe times.

About the year 1786, a collection of ſongs and poems intitled " the Poetical Muſeum" was printed at Hawick by C. Caw, in which are inſerted ſeveral border-ſongs, deſcriptive of the times, and only valuable on that account.

Mr. James Johnſton muſic-engraver in Edinburgh has already printed five volumes of his " Scots muſical muſeum" a work of conſiderable reputation. The late Mr. Stephen Clerk organiſt,

and our Scotiſh Bard Robert Burns beſtowed no ſmall pains on this publication, their endeavours have been ſeconded by Mr. Johnſton who has executed his part, with great neatneſs.

Mr. George Thomſon has given an elegant volume of Scotiſh ſongs to the public, and a ſecond is in great forwardneſs. The celebrated Pleyel is intruſted with the reviſal of the melodies; and ſome modern poets * have contributed towards enriching this work with new words to favourite old airs. To give a decided opinion on the merits of an undertaking untill laid in the manner the ingenious editor propoſes before the public, were unfair; but there is every reaſon to expect, that as far as he is concerned, it will merit the attention of the muſical Connoiſſeur and man of taſte.

Sig. Dominico Corri while he taught young ladies to ſing, and play on the harpſichord in Edinburgh, printed a collection of Scotiſh Songs, in the manner he ſung them. The work is poor and of little uſe, ſave to thoſe who were his pupils.

About ſeven or eight years ago, William Napier of London publiſhed a ſplendid ſelection of Scotiſh ſongs, and in order to give it every poſſible pre-eminence, he engaged ſeveral of the moſt faſhionable compoſers of the day, to arrange accompanyments with all the pomp of Science. The reſult, was juſt as might have been expected, a mere *paſticcio* of crude ideas. The elegant ſimplicity of Scotiſh melodies, when left to the caprice of miſguided fancy, is entirely loſt, in the attempt to harmonize them.

A collection of genuine Scotiſh ſongs, faithful and correct, is ſtill much wanted. If an individual were to attempt this taſk, it ſhould be, as an ingenous author expreſſes himſelf "ſome "perſon qualified, in point of erudition, information, muſical "knowledge, taſte, and language to do juſtice to the national "ſong of Scotland." † The author now quoted, has been at great pains in collecting, not only, whatever relates to Scotiſh

* Robert Burns, Alexander Thomſon (author of the paradiſe of taſte) and Peter Pindar.

† Hiſtorical eſſay on Scotiſh ſong.

ſong, but has alſo, with a perſevering induſtry, rarely to be met with, ſelected, collated, and arranged the moſt part of what is extant, in two volumes octavo; very neatly printed at London 1794.

L. Thus far Alexis, you have conducted the information you have been pleaſed to communicate very much to my ſatisfaction. I ſhall deem it an additional favour, your cloſing this ſubject, with ſome remarks on the poetry and muſic, of that part of our country, beyond the Grampian mountains, where a different language is ſpoken by "a people untouched by the Roman or "Saxon invaſions on the ſouth, and by thoſe Danes on the eaſt "and weſt ſkirts of their country: The unmixed remains of "that Celtic empire which once ſtreached from the pillars of "Hercules to Archangel."*

A. To give an extenſive

VIEW OF THE POETRY AND MUSIC OF THE HIGHLANDS,

would far exceed the limits uſually alloted to converſation; therefore, in calling your attention to the topics I mean to touch on, my aim ſhall be to make my remarks as brief as may be conſiſtent with the nature of the ſubject in queſtion.

I have already had occaſion to remark, that, though the muſic of the Scotiſh Highlanders be radically, ſo to ſpeak, the ſame with that ſung to the Lowland Scotiſh ſongs; yet a marked originality evidently characteriſes the former, that ſeems clearly to evince it to be the fundamental melody from which the latter is derived. Moreover the Gaelic language being an original one, and the

* See Dalrymples memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland.

poetry of the Highlands being chanted to melody peculiar to itſelf; nothing can be a more deciſive proof of the originality of the Highland airs. Theſe may be claſſed in the order following.

CLASS I. Gay, lively, animating.

CLASS II. Tender, ſoothing, plaintive, pathetic.

To the firſt claſs, belong the Luinigs, Iorrums, ſongs of humour, ſatyrical, deſcriptive, and ſuch as rouſe to heroic deeds &c.

To the ſecond, belong love-ſongs, ſongs of praiſe, laments, and elegaic deſcriptions &c. to one or other of theſe claſſes may be referred the melodies that are uſually chanted in reciting the poetry of the Highlands—the reels, Strathſpeys, and bag-pipe muſic, may alſo be referred to the above arrangement, as they all expreſs, leſs or more, ſentiment and paſſion in their characteriſtic conſtructions.

The reel ſeems prevailent in the Braes of Athol, and over the weſt part of Perthſhire, and is pretty univerſal through Argyleſhire. The ſtrathspey ſeems peculiar to the great tract of country through which the river Spey runs. Through the North-Highlands, and weſtern Iſles, a ſpecies of melody, partaking ſomewhat of the reel, and ſtrathſpey, ſeems more reliſhed by the natives, to which they dance, in a manner peculiar to theſe parts of the Hebrides. * The Athol reel is lively, and animating in a high degree. The ſtrathſpey is much ſlower, better accented, and more expreſſive in its cadence. The movements to the former are ſpirited, yet leſs graceful; while the peculiar caſt of the ſtrathſpey, which generally poſſeſſes a more varied melody, beſides accent, and expreſſion, is full of ſentiment and paſſion. Any one the leaſt acquainted with the Border melodies, muſt perceive the character to differ materially from thoſe of other more remote parts, particularly the Highlands. "Go to Berwick Johnny" " We'll a' awa' to bonny Tweedſide" " Souters o' Selkirk" " Maggie Lauder" "Logan water" "Leader haughs and Yarrow" " Flowers o' the Foreſt, and many others, are evidently of a different caſt to the Highland-reels, Strathſpeys, Iorrums, Luinings &c. as alſo for the moſt part, ſuch melodies as are either played, or

* Specimens may be ſeen in M'Donald's collection of Highland airs.

ſung, this ſide of the Grampians. In traverſing the wilds that bound Cumberland and Roxburgh-ſhire, through great part of which, run the rivers Tiviot and Tweed, a ſtriking contraſt of manners, is obſervable among the inhabitants, from thoſe ſituated nearer to where theſe rivers deliver themſelves to the ſea at Berwick. The former ſtill preſerve much of their original hoſpitality and energy of character. Their ſongs are ſung with violent geſture and vehemence;—while the latter, inhabitating a country, by nature fertile, and cultivated to the higheſt point of human induſtry, are mild and courteous. They ſing their melodies to words expreſſive of their innocent emotions and rural occupations, with an artleſs ſimplicity peculiarly their own. A ſimilar provincial difference in point of ſong, is to be obſerved through almoſt every diſtrict in Scotland.

• It appears to me, from what I have heard, that the Iriſh muſic, is either remarkably tender, ſoothing, plaintive and wildly ſweet, or pecularly whimſical as to its cadence and ſtructure—ſometimes remarkably gay and animating, at other times droll and full of conceit, marked by excentricities that ſeem altogether unaccountable—On the contrary, the Scotiſh melodies, (to uſe the words of an ingenious, author ſpeaking of the Lowland melodies) are ſweetly and powerfully expreſſive of love and tenderneſs, and other emotions ſuited to the tranquil-

• It may not be improper to remark, by the way, that Highland airs adapted to Lowland words, are frequently to be met with in different parts of the Lowlands—and ſometimes low country airs are adapted to modern compoſitions in the Highlands. This exchange of melodies not only takes place among the Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland but alſo, very often among the Iriſh and Scots—among the inſtances that might be mentioned, Elin o roon or "Robin Adair" "Humours of Glen" "Malro, Langolee" "Cauld froſty morning, Cain dubh dielis. Fudero bullaro, and a vaſt variety of others, that ſhew in a remarkable manner the affinity of the muſic of Ireland and Scotland.

There are ſeveral of 'em (ſays Martin ſpeaking of the Highlanders) who invent tunes very taking in the ſouth of Scotland, and elſewhere; ſome muſicians have endeavored to paſs for the firſt inventors of them by changing their name, but this has been impracticable; for whatever language gives the modern name, the tune ſtill continues to ſpeak its true original, and of this I have been ſhown ſeveral inſtances. Deſcription of the weſtern Iſlands of Scotland.

lity of a paſtoral life, * which he contraſts with the Highland melodies, melancholly, and touching when expreſſive of lamentation and grief; but which in their wild ſeeming irregularity, poſſeſs a ſpirit-ſtirring power that awakens every emotion of the human breaſt, and calls forth aſſociations ſuitable to deeds of darkneſs, deſtruction, and death!

Having thus taken a curſory view, Lycidas, of the nature, and characteriſtic peculiarities of the Highland muſic; it remains to ſay a few words, on the Inſtruments of muſic in uſe among the natives of Scotland.

In former times, the harp was the ſole muſical inſtrument of Britain; as it was alſo that of Ireland. At what time the various ſpecies of bag-pipes were introduced into common uſe among the vulgar, has not been aſcertained; It ſeems of very remote antiquity; and hath appeared in various forms, and powers, in almoſt every country in Europe. The Italian bag-pipe, uſed by the Calabrian ſhepherds, though it conſiſts of more tubes in harmonic tune, than either the Yorkſhire, Northumberland, Scotiſh-Lowland, Iriſh, or Highland great-pipe, yet it is much more limited as to its compaſs and powers, than any of thoſe mentioned; for it can only play two or three tunes at moſt. The hymn to the Virgin † is the principal; its cadence is ſo touching that the moſt refined ear in muſic, is pleaſed, notwithſtanding its being ſcarcely referable to any rule of art—tis the ſame melody Sterne's Maria played with ſuch inexpreſſible ſweetneſs. Although this pipe conſiſts but of few notes, yet its harmonic conſtruction, together with its paſtoral ſimplicity is peculiarly pleaſing, tender, pathetic. The Iriſh bag-pipe, is by far the moſt perfect of any known. The York-ſhire and Northumberland are the next; the Scotiſh-lowland is little different, and the leaſt pleaſing of any, is the great Highland bagpipe. ‡ It muſt be confeſſed,

* See Beaties Eſſay on poetry and muſic.

† See Corelli's grand Concert opera viii where this beautiful and ſimple melody is introduced.

‡ " This inſtrument (viz. *Tibia utricularis*, or bagpipe) was not unknown to the " Greeks, who called it ασκαυλος. I ſaw (ſays Dr. Burney) a repreſentation of one in marble, of antient Greek ſculpture, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Moriſon at Rome. It is "

that unleſs cuſtom reconciles, this inſtrument, be it ever ſo well played, is truly inſufferable to an ear familiariſed to ſcientific muſic; eſpecially in the chamber. Yet, in the field, when played to a band of Highlanders, the bag-pipe, harſh as it may ſeem, is of the firſt importance. It animates every action, and renders labour and toil, not only ſufferable, but even lightſome. This rude inſtrument is the delight of the modern Highlanders. It preſides on all occaſions—at merry-makings, and funerals, in peace and in war. How different to the harp, the former tuneful companion of the ancient bard! At what time the bag-pipe came to ſupplant the harp, is not even gueſſed at by tradition. But few of the ancient harp melodies remain. If one can judge of the merit this ſpecies of muſic poſeſſes, by the ſpecimens that are ſtill chanted to ſuch ſongs as are deemed the moſt ancient, its claims are very high indeed. † The decay

" probable that the union of this inſtrument with the ſyrinx ſuggeſted the idea of an or-
" gan. According to Suetonius, when Nero heard of the revolt by which he loſt his
" empire and life, he made a ſolemn vow, that if it ſhould pleaſe the Gods to extricate
" him from his preſent difficulties, he would perform in public—on the bagpipe. See Burneys hiſtory of muſic.

† The idea ſeems to have ſtruck the learned and ingenious American Franklin that our Scotiſh melodies, particularly the more ancient, " were originally compoſed for the harp
" and that of the moſt ſimple kind (I mean a harp without any half notes, but thoſe in
" the natural ſcale, and with no more than two octaves of ſtrings, from C, to C,) I con-
" jecture, from another circumſtance, which is, that not one of thoſe tunes really ancient,
" has a ſingle artificial note in it; and that in tunes where it was moſt convenient for the
" voice to uſe the middle notes of the harp, and place the key in. F, where the B, which
" if uſed, ſhould be a B flat, is always omitted by paſſing over it with a third." Doctor Benjamin Franklin's letter on Scotiſh muſic to Lord Kames.

Vague as this philoſophic muſician expreſſes himſelf, it ſhews plainly his deſire to refer our Scotiſh melodies to ſome general criterion, which, in all probability, had his knowledge in muſic, and acquaintance with this ſubject, extended farther, the view preſented in this diſcuſſion, might have offered itſelf to his keen penetration and univerſal genius. Nothing ſhews it more evidently, than the error he has fallen into, of ſuppoſing the melodies he alludes to, neceſſarily to be placed in the key of F, where B, is flat in the character; and in order to avoid this flat, (which, as he ſuppoſes his harp to conſiſt of two octaves viz. from C, to C, and having no half-tones, conſequently, no ſuch note in this range can exiſt) by the ſkip of a third, he gets quit of it, and ſeems ſatisfied with his notion; whereas, on the contrary, had he fallen on the true Scotiſh ſcale, or what we have taken

of genuine taſte for ancient ſong among the Highlanders is rapidly advancing. Thoſe who caught the dying voice of the laſt bards are themſelves droping away, and ſoon; very ſoon the tales of other times will be heard no more. Several ancient poems are fortunately preſerved in the collections of the M'Donalds, Smith, and in thoſe of Perth printed by Giles—many of theſe ancient peices have appeared before the public in tranſlations. Among thoſe that deſerve to be particularly noticed are the tranſlations of Smith, and M'Pherſon. Doctor Smith as a man of letters, an antiquarian, and a profound Gaelic ſcholar has acquited himſelf with much credit and reputation. The tranſlation of Oſſians poems by Mr. James M'Pherſon will preſerve his literary reputation while a taſte for the ſublime and beautiful remains.

L. As you have mentioned the poems of Oſſian, I would fain know, whether or not, you entertain any doubts of their authenticity?

A. Be aſſured Lycidas, a Highlander would at the queſtion, "can you ſpeak Gaelic?" when he ſcarce could make himſelf intelligible in any other language, be leſs ſurpriſed; than were you to call in queſtion the authenticity of the ancient ſongs of "Oſſian the ſon of the king of woody Morven." He would pity the ignorance of the enquirer—and tell him to learn the language, liſten, and judge for himſelf—but I am aware that affirmation avails but little to the peeviſh ſceptic, whoſe ſoul ſeems to exiſt in a cold train of ſuſpence, aud uncertainty.

L. I am clearly of opinion, Alexis, that groundleſs aſſertions ought to be treated with contempt, as inſulting the true ſpirit of enquiry. Literary pride, and affected obſcurity are leſs tolerable, than ignorance and ſelf-ſufficiency. But liberality of ſentiment ought ever to preſide in the purſuits of literature. "The "love of truth (ſays a celebrated author) is the only paſſion a

the liberty to denominate *the primary ſcale of muſic*, he muſt have known, that neither B, natural, nor B, flat, belong to the order of muſical intervals in which the Scotiſh melodies are compoſed.

philoſopher ought to indulge." * Let this ſacred flame guide us in our reſearches; facts will then form the baſis of genuine data; by gradual ſteps we ſhall be led to concluſions, at once clear, and ſatisfactory. But as Lord Bolinbroke juſtly remarks, that " it is " much harder to examine and judge, than to take up opinions " on truſt," † it becomes me to ſearch with due circumſpection, into the grounds of my belief, on a ſubject, that ſeems enveloped in much obſcurity, and no ſmall degree of national prejudice.

A. Be aſſured, Lycidas, I mean not to bend your opinion to my ipſe dixit; neither ſhall that illiberality, diſplayed by certain diſputants be admitted; but while the unmeaning nonſenſe contained in the pages written on the authenticity of Oſſians poems, ſleeps quietly on the ſhelves of the curious; let us with candour, and fairneſs, examine, what I ſhall lay before you, reſpecting the ancient ſongs preſerved by oral tradition among the Highlanders, aſcribed to that Bard. If in the courſe of our converſation, it ſhall appear, that poems are ſtill to be found (for I fear the time is faſt approaching, when they ſhall but live in tranſlations) as vary in no great degree, from thoſe given by the late learned and ingenious James M'Pherſon in his Fingal and Temora ‡; we may reaſonably conclude, that ſuch poems were

* M. Chaptals Elem; de Chimie.

† Reflections on exile.

‡ Many pieces of the Scotiſh bards are ſtill remaining in the Highlands of Scotland. Of theſe a curious ſpecimen, and which conſidered in a more extenſive and general reſpect, is a valuable monument of the poetry of a rude period, has lately been given to the world under the tittle of " the Works of Oſſian." It is indeed very remarkable, that in theſe poems, the terrible graces, which ſo naturally characteriſe, as ſo generally conſtitute the early part of poetry of a barbarous people, ſhould ſo frequently give place to a gentler ſet of manners, to the ſeveral ſenſibilities of poliſhed life, and a more civilized and elegant ſpecies of imagination. Nor is this circumſtance which diſarranges all our eſtabliſhed ideas concerning the ſavage ſtages of ſociety, eaſily to be accounted for, unleſs we ſuppoſe that the Celtic tribes, were ſo ſtrongly addicted to poetical compoſitions, and who made it ſo ſo much their ſtudy from the earlieſt times, might by degrees have attained a higher vein of poetical refinement, than could at firſt ſight or on common principles be expected among nations whom we are accuſtomed to call barbarous; that ſome few inſtances of an elevated ſtrain of friendſhip, of love, and other ſentimental feelings, exiſting in ſuch nations, might lay the foundation for introducing a ſet of manners among the bards, more

the materials from whence he collected, ſelected and arranged the epic compoſitions that have been preſented to the public by him, in the form alluded to.

The part which the Highlanders were led to take from time to time in ſupport of the claim the family of Stuart laid to the Britiſh throne, brought odium on their patriotiſm, and made them obnoxious to the calumny of the ſtrenuous adherents of the houſe of Brunſwick. Various other political reaſons, * of little importance to our preſent inquiry to mention, lowered our Scotiſh Highlanders in the eſtimation of our ſouthern neighbours. Not only their name inſpired ungracious feelings; but their very language was execrated as an unmeaning jargon, unfit for human ſpeech, and only uſeful in propagating rebellion among a factious race of barbarians. How then was it to be credited, that among the wilds, where thoſe unconquerable ſpirits dwelt, were to be found, poems, the productions of more rude and remote times, that deſcribed heroiſm and an elevation of ſentiment, hardly to be met with, in ſtages of civilization the fartheſt advanced; breathing a flame of poetic enthuſiaſm ſcarcely equaled by the Greek and Roman poets?

It was not unknown to many of the learned in the Lowlands, that poems referring to old times, and relating ſtrange adventures of a race of heroes, hitherto unheeded by any hiſtorian, were to be found in the Highlands; yet untill M'Pherſon gave the firſt ſpecimen † of his tranſlation of the poems of Oſſian, * few thought it worth while to enquire after the poetical compoſitions of the ancient Caledonians. When this ſpecimen appeared,

refined and exalted than the real manners of the country: and that panegyrics on thoſe virtues, tranſmitted with improvements from bard to bard, muſt at length have formed characters of ideal excellence, which propogated among the people real manners bordering on the poetical. Diſſertation I. prefixed to Warton's hiſtory of Engliſh poetry.

* The tide of political influence from the North that burſt in upon the throne when Lord Bute came into adminiſtration may be conſidered as none of the leaſt cauſes of prejudice againſt the North Britons,

† " Fragments of ancient poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and tranſlated " from the Gaelic or Erſe language; Edinburgh printed for G. Hamilton, and J. Balfour M DCC LX.

public curioſity was ſo much excited, as to encourage the ingenious tranſlator to proceed in the work he had begun. † Having completed his Fingal an epic poem in ſix books, he prepared it for the preſs with great expedition; and as it was the ladder by which he was to aſcend to eminence as a man of letters; he took great care to have it in the poſition that ſuited beſt his purpoſes. No ſooner had Fingal appeared, than all, eager to devour the compoſitions of a Celtic bard, ſnatched from the delighted bookſeller copy after copy of this novel production. But the chilling inſinuations of ſome, and the broad unmannerly aſſertions of others, and ſuch too as carried along with them the influence of public opinion, had ſuch an effect, on the enthuſiaſm with which they were received, as to ſink them ſuddenly into cold admiration. But M'Pherſon by this time was patroniſed, by what the world call the great, conſequently, his Temora was carried into the cloſets of all thoſe who read as matter of courſe; for what a great man recommends, is eagerly ſought after. Miſerable indeed, is the ſtate of literature, when a book is read, or not, at the nod of a thing called a patron! The celebrity of Oſſians poems, had now reached our neighbours on the continent. Tranſlations were made, and the encomiums beſtowed on the man that reſcued them from oblivion, were liberal in the extreme. Jealouſies aroſe among the literati of England. Doctor Samuel

* In the "Scots Magazine," (printed by Sands, Donaldſon, Murray and Cochrane) for the years 1752, 1755, and 1756—vol. xiv. page 283. vol. xvii. page 92 and 295, vol. xviii. page 16 are to be found what the author calls tranſlations from the Iriſh, which are mere paraphraſes of a few ancient poems current in the Highlands. The author of theſe peices was Jerom Stone ſchoolmaſter at Dunkeld. He died at the age of thirty of a fever, much lamented as a ſcholar and aimable man.

† Our literary adventurer (M'Pherſon) while a ſtudent at the Univerſity in 1758. had produced an epic poem, entitled "the Highlander." The fate of this juvenil piece, gave little encouragement to exert his talents in original compoſitions; and he wiſely reſolved, to ſtick faſt to that which promiſed more laſting reputation, and greater probability of gain. Having obtained the ſanction of public opinion on the "Fragments of ancient poetry" printed in 1760, he in the year folowing produced "Fingal an epic poem in ſix books, together with ſeveral other poems, compoſed by Oſſian the ſon of Fingal. Tranſlated from the Gaelic language by James M'Pherſon 4o. pp. 270—12 ſh. g.—Becket." And ſoon after, his Temora in eight books, appeared.

Johnſton was at the head of a formidable attack on the authenticity of Oſſian. Of all the means that can be deviſed, that of calling in queſtion the authenticity of any production, is the moſt certain way to damn it; were it the work of a Milton, a Gibbons, or Johnſon himſelf. The doubts and ſcruples of a great mind impoſe abſolute infidelity on weak and frivolous comprehenſions. Hence, the peeviſh rejection of what is genuine, by thoſe who think little and prate a great deal. When Doctor Johnſon's journey to the Hebrides was firſt publiſhed, the idea of the authenticity of Oſſian, by the magic of his pen vaniſhed into air. But ſomething in its ſtead, conſidered as no leſs viſionary by ſome, was recogniſed by this grave philoſopher as having a local exiſtence, and very prevailant where the poems he ſought after in the original were not to be found. Talents, and worth, with ſuperſtition are not unfrequently united. Newton himſelf believed in many metaphyſical ſubtilties, but we know not if he believed in the ſecond ſight of my countrymen—be that as it may, Lycidas, my care ſhall be to lay before you what has come within the compaſs of my obſervation, and let the concluſions you draw from what I ſhall communicate, be the reſult of your own reflections.

L. Whatever you may be pleaſed to advance, Alexis, in illuſtration of the authenticity of thoſe ancient poems aſcribed to Oſſian. ſhall be met on my part, with candour; reſerving to my ſelf, the privilege I have uſed all along, of making ſuch remarks, as are naturally ſuggeſted in the courſe of our converſation.

A. Beaſſured, Lycidas, your remarks, but heighten the pleaſure I feel in communicating what little knowledge I am poſſeſſed of on this ſubject. To proceed, then—perfectly ſatisfied, that, whatever might be adduced in evidence of the authenticity of the works of Oſſian, would be conſidered, (when coming from a native,) as nothing more, (by thoſe who look on this controverſy as having gone to bed long ago,) but a fruitleſs attempt, to awaken the dull, inſipid ſubject, once more, with little better temper, information, and good breeding, than formerly had characterized the paper war carried on ſome years ago, I had determined in my own mind to remain ſilent; and let thoſe who conſidered the

the tranſlations of Macpherſon as " forgeries—an inſult to truth —an attempt to gull the Engliſh nation," remain in quiet poſſeſſion of their mode of thinking on this head; untill very lately, when in looking over a reſpectable periodical publication I obſerved that authentic matter reſpecting the originals of Oſſians poems would be deemed a welcome article of information. I had taken up the pen for the purpoſe of gratifying this deſire, when you did me the favour to requeſt my opinion on the ſubject of Scotiſh ſong; and as I conſider every thing that relates to the art of poetry in Scotland, as connected with its hiſtory, which at ſome future time I mean to lay before you, I ſhall make no apology in reading to you this letter, which was intended as a communication.

To the Editor of the monthly magazine.

SIR,

Having obſerved in one of your late numbers, a wiſh expreſſed that ſome one acquainted with the original poems aſcribed to Oſſian, would give ſuch information reſpecting them as conſiſted with his knowledge, in order to throw as much light as poſſible on that obſcurity that ſeems to envelope their authenticity; I beg leave to offer the following.

Open, and fair diſcuſion ſeems to characterize your publication. This puts your correſpondents on a par, and preſerves that liberality that ought at all times to be the boaſt of a periodical work. If you deem the following worthy your attention, you are at liberty to make what uſe of it you pleaſe.

" Why the Scotiſh literati (ſays an ingenious writer *) ſhould " be more particularly addicted to literary impoſitions than thoſe " of any other country, might be a curious ſubject of inveſtiga- " tion for their new Royal Society. Doctor Johnſon, indeed, is " of opinion that a Scotchman muſt be a very ſturdy moraliſt, " who does not love Scotland better than truth; and he will al-

* Hiſt. eſſay on Scotiſh ſong page lxiii.

" ways love it he ſays (Johnſon) better than enquiry: and if a falſe-
" hood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it.
" However this may be (continues the author already mentioned)
" the fact is indubitable; and the forgeries of Hector Boethius,
" David Chalmers, George Buchanan, Thomas Dempſter, Sir
" John Bruce, William Lauder, Archibald Bower, James Mac-
" pherſon, and John Pinkerton ſtamp a diſgrace upon the nation-
al character, which ages of exceptionleſs integrity will be re-
quired to remove." Here is a broad-ſide with a vengeance!—
but let us hear what ſome *honeſt* Scotchmen ſay—All the High-
lands (tis a highlander that ſpeaks too! †) has not yet been able to
" ſhow three lines of the original excepting thoſe Mr. Macpherſon
" publiſhed as a ſpecimen, and for which no ſort of evidence has
" yet been produced." Hear what Mr. Pinkerton ſay's "no frag-
" ments of Britiſh poetry in Scotland are to be found; many ſpeci-
" mens of Iriſh poetry in Scotland have been publiſhed; but none
" older than a century, or two. Tranſlations have alſo appear-
" ed; but in general, of no fidelity. Thoſe of the poems aſcrib-
" ed to Oſſian, in particular, have deſervedly drawn much of the
" public attention; but they will only miſlead any reader who
" wiſhes to form an idea of Celtic poetry. ‡ Doctor Blair (con-
" tinues this author) a man above all ſuſpicion, produces at the
" end of his deſſertation on Oſſian a cloud of witneſſes, and
" moſt of them highly reſpectable, to the tradition of particular
" parts, nay poems. Does this prove their antiquity? It rather
" proves that ſome paſſages, really traditional, were written a cen-
" tury or two ago, and are freſh in the memory. The fact is
" the later bards neglected old ditties for their own productions,
" juſt as we ſee Corelli and Handel paſſing into ſilence becauſe
" every fiddler is a compoſer". So far Mr. Pinkerton. Now
Sir, having in the foregoing extracts, given the ſentiments of thoſe

† William Shaw author of an Inquiry into the authenticity of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian. Gaelic Dictionary &c.

‡ One would wiſh to know Mr. Pinkertons idea of Celtic poetry—parhaps he may oblige the world one day, with a few ſpecimens, as he condeſcended to do, on a former occaſion in the tragic, and comic ſtile of ancient Scotiſh ballads.

who look on the tranſlation of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian, as ſpurious, I ſhall proceed to lay before you my reaſons for entertaining a different opinion.

Ever ſince I could recollect any thing, tales in verſe, recited to a ſpecies of melody, peculiarly wild, and touching in its cadence, were wont to be ſought after, when the Highlanders, weary with the fatigues of hunting, fiſhing or other occupations, were diſpoſed to liſten to,the exploits of their forefathers; groups of young and old would gather round the evening fire, liſten with eager attention to the one who ſung, feel with lively emotion the ſentiments, and incidents expreſſed in the tales he thus recited. The frequent introduction of the marvelous in theſe tales,rendered the feats of ſuch as,in their pace could meaſure vallies, ſtep from mountain to mountain, ſtride over lakes, walk over ſeas and perform progidies of valour, quite familiar. But theſe legends were liſtened to with amazement only. Far different emotions were raiſed, when ſuch ſongs as recorded the actions of heroes who were " a ſtream of many tides againſt the " foe of their people; but like the gale that moves the graſs to " thoſe who aſked aid."

It was not till many years after the period I have mentioned, that Macpherſon's tranſlations of ancient Gaelic poetry, fell into my hands. The pleaſure I felt, in recognizing the ſongs, that were wont to inſpire me with heroiſm, and melt me in tears, can eaſily be imagined. Early aſſociations preſented themſelves —the poems of Oſſian ſeize on my imagination—they awaken the emotions, and ſentiments of my ſoul—I behold as it were the aged Oſſian—I ſit by him on the moſs gray ſtone—I ſigh, I weep by turns while I liſten to " the tales of other times"—I mingle among his heroes—I fancy myſelf one—and the heroes of Oſſian,are not "the "ſons of little men." Judge then my ſurpriſe,when,for the firſt time, I heard the authenticity of Oſſians poems called in queſtion! I had occaſion to meet at a friends houſe in Edinburgh,an uncouth figure, dreſſed in the habit of a clergyman, whoſe name was Shaw, who frequently uſed to hold converſations with my friend (he being an adept in the Gaelic language,) on ſome publications he was at that time engaged in. At theſe meetings I frequently bore a part in the converſation; and having heard ſome ſurmiſes drop from

Mr. Shaw, reſpecting the tranſlations of Macpherſons that ſeemed ſomewhat at variance with declarations he Mr. Shaw had ſet his face to in print * it aſtoniſhed my friend, and no leſs amazed me. At that time I was ignorant of his intention to turn traitor in the cauſe he had ſo warmly eſpouſed, and ſoon after diſplayed in his "Inquiry into the authenticity of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian." But his plans unfolded themſelves in due time.

> Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb.
> The ſteep where Fame's proud temple ſhines afar!
> Ah! who can tell how many a ſoul ſublime
> Has felt the influence of malignant ſtar,
> And waged with fortune an eternal war! BEATIES Minſtrel.

But Mr. Shaw, thinking perhaps, it juſt as prudent to beat a parley in time, and patch up the matter with Madam Fortune, ſeized the favourable moment, and raiſed the hue and cry againſt M'Pherſon, for having made a daring attempt to cajole the public into a belief, that Fingal and Temora were tranſlations from the Gaelic language. Shaw's apoſtacy was forgot in the public clamour; while M'Pherſon undiſmayed ſtood all the attacks that were levelled at his veracity as a man, and reputation as an author. His conduct is not to be ſcrutinized in this place. The oponent of Shaw, was Mr. John Clark. The literary ſkirmiſhes of theſe Caledonian champions are deſervedly forgot. While many of the Lowland literati, from their total ignorance of the Gaelic language, were unable, when aſked, to give any ſatisfactory opinion with reſpect to the authenticity of Oſſian's poems; and not a few of the Highlanders, who, in early life had entered on the great concerns of life, could only recollect, as it were a dream, that poems, ſuch as were tranſlated by M'Pherſon, wont to delight them in the happy days of youth and gayety; our neighbours ſouth of the Tweed, impatient at our heſitations, were on the point of concluding, that what was alledged muſt be true; and aſſertions, without ſufficient proof, were very fairly rejected.

* Analyſis of the Gaelic language by William Shaw. He is likewiſe the author of a Gaelic Dictionary.

The public opinion ſeemed to hover between the extremes of doubt and perſuaſion, when Mr. Tho. F. Hill's correſpondence in the Gentleman's Magazine during the years 1782 and 1783, made its appearance. This ſtrange medley of incorrect originals and tranſlations; † with accounts at full length, of the manner he obtained them; and concluſions, deduced from the ſame; forming a heterogeneous maſs of almoſt unintelligible matter, ſeems to have diſſipated every doubt, and fixt the opinion of many, that the poems of Oſſian, are nothing more, than a mere literary forgery, practiſed on the credulity of the public, by James M'Pherſon, who, himſelf was "the Homer of the "Celtic tongue." "Every one at leaſt is, or ought to be, "now ſatisfied, that the epic poems of Oſſian, who is ſup- "poſed to have exiſted in the fifth century, as profeſſedly "tranſlated by M'Pherſon, are chiefly, if not wholly, of his "own invention" ‡ The opinion of this author, may ſerve as an example, to ſhew the determined reſolution of ſome, to reſiſt any farther attempt to reſcue from miſreprentation, the true ſtate of the queſtion with reſpect to M'Pherſon's Oſſian. My purpoſe is not to perſwade, thoſe who will not liſten to plain ſimple facts; on the contrary, I ſhall leave ſuch, to contemplate the idea they have already formed; and ſhall beg leave to ſtate, what appears to me beſt calculated, to lead directly to the points I mean to eſtabliſh, viz. *That poems, aſcribed*

† Theſeoriginals ſeem to be very ſimilar to the Iriſh ancient pieces in Miſs Brook's collection, which in all probability, are the fugitive remains of ſome one whoſe poetical name was Oſſian a native of Ireland, brought hither from time to time by the bards and harpers who came to this ſide the water.

From all that Mr. Hill was able to collect (in three ſeveral journeys to the Highlands in illuſtration of his concluſions) from uncorrupted ſources of information (Alexander M'Nab a blackſmith in Glenorchy being his principal correſpondent) he thinks himſelf authoriſed "to conclude that the Oſſian of M'Pherſon and Smith, is a mutilated compi- "lation from Highland ſongs, aſcribed indeed to that bard, yet very little likely to be "his compoſition"—page 31. This author renders this concluſion entirely nugatory, by an obſervation in a preceeding paragraph page 30. "It is remarkable that in ſpite "of all the objections to their authenticity, neceſſarily produced by ſuch a treatment (he "means his own) they ſtill poſeſs an internal evidence of originality, which has enabled "them hitherto to withſtand all the torrent of oppoſition"—and this is granting all that can be deſired by the moſt ſtrenuous advocates for the authenticity of Oſſians poems.

‡ Hiſtorical eſſay on Scotiſh ſong.

to Oſſian, did exiſt, and were univerſally known in the Highlands, prior to M'Pherſon's firſt attempt to tranſlate them—that they are neither wholly, nor chiefly of his own inventions—neither are they literary forgeries—but that he, with the aſſiſtance of others, collected, and arranged them, in a ſyſtematic form, as tranſlated and preſented by him to the public—and farther, to exhibit a comparative view of his own original productions in poetry, with his tranſlations; and thus be enabled to ſhew clearly, the vain ſuppoſition, that he was the author of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian.

Whatever may have been pretended to the contrary, it is moſt true, that ſo far as I ever could learn, but very few Manuſcripts conſiſting of ancient Gaelic poems, * (if we except ſuch as M'Donald of Clanranald had in his family, ſo often mentioned in the controverſy reſpecting Oſſian's poems) are now to be found in the Highlands of Scotland. The authenticity of theſe poems, muſt reſt on human teſtimony alone; and he who peeviſhly rejects this, needs go no further with me in the way I mean to lead ſuch, as are diſpoſed to liſten to plain facts, in illuſtration of what I ſhall endeavour to eſtabliſh.

John Davie Eſq. of Gavieſide (a gentleman of reſpectability and unbiaſed veracity, the friend, and partner in trade of the late learned and ingenious Doctor Hutton author of a theory of the earth &c.) when a very young man, was wont to make an annual viſit to the Highlands in the ſhooting ſeaſon. In one of theſe excurſions, about the year 1743 or 1744, while in queſt of game, he accidentily fell in with a group of Highlanders, that had in the midſt of them, an aged man, who ſeemed much agitated while reciting what appeared to him (Mr. Davie) who underſtood not the language a ſpecies of rude ſong, deſcriptive of action and ſentiment. The people arround he who was declaiming, ſeemed, at times, much moved with what they liſtened to. Mr.

* That the Gaelic (or as ſome call it the Iriſh—in fact the diſtinction is immeterial) was a written language among men of learning in the Highlands, is mentioned by Martin in his "Deſcription of the weſtern Iſlands of Scotland" p. 89. "Fergus Beaton hath the "following ancient Iriſh manuſcripts in the Iriſh character; viz. Avicenna, Averroes, Joannes de Vigo, Bernandus, Gordonus, and ſeveral volumes of Hippocrates"—why not allow, that the poetry of the natives was alſo committed to writing though now loſt; or in hands that will not produce them?

Davie applied to his companion (who underſtood Gaelic) for an explanation of what he had witneſſed—his friend very readily complyed with his requeſt, and tranſlated, extempore, in the beſt manner he could, ſome paſſages of what they had heard. When the tranſlations of M'Pherſon's(Fingl and Temora) afterwards fell into Mr. Davies hands, he was ſtruck with the ſimilarity they bore to what he had met with in the Highlands. This teſtimony ought to carry with it great weight, as it comes from ſo reſpectable a quarter, and from one, too, unconnected in any manner with an intereſt to ſupport a literary fraud; and above every mean art, were it even to add luſtre to the reputation of his country for genius and learning. "Who can take pleaſure (ſays Dr. Johnſon) in leſſening the reputation of Milton, which in ſome degree leſſens the honour of the Engliſh nation"—yet, ſome there are, who ſcruple not, becauſe a greater than Milton happened to flouriſh in a remote age, north of the Tweed, to call in queſtion the very exiſtence of our immortal bard!

Mr. Jerom Stone, ſchoolmaſter at Dunkeld, made ſome paraphraſes * of ancient poems which appeared long before M'Pherſon thought of collecting or tranſlating his "Fragments of ancient poetry" publiſhed in 1760. This then is another proof, that ancient fragments of Gaelic poetry were known to exiſt, prior to M'Pherſon's tranſlation of Oſſian's poems.

* See in the "Scots Magazine for the years 1752, 1755, and 1756—what he calls tranſlations from the Iriſh—a ſpecimen of Mr. Stones paraphraſe

——His awful ſword did like the lighthning ſhine!
No force of ſteel could through his armour paſs
His ſpear was like a maſt, or mountain pine,
Even kings and heroes trembled at his name,
And conqueſt ſmiled where'er the warior came!
Great was the ſtrength of his unconquered hand,
Great was his ſwiftneſs in the rapid race;
None could the valour of his arm withſtand,
None could outſtrip him in thedays of chace.
Yet he was tender, merciful and kind;
His vanqniſhed foes his clemency confeſs'd;
No cruel purpoſe laboured in his mind,
No thought of envy laboured in his breaſt,
He was all gracious, bounteous, and benign, See Stones paraphraſe of Albin and the daughter of Mey—Scots Magazine vol xviii. p. 16.

Colin Campbell Esq. Collector of the customs at Fort William, a Magistrate of strict integrtity, as well as a person of unquestionable veracity, told me lately, that he recollects perfectly the time Mr. M'Pherson (who was his intimate friend) was busy in procuring materials for his intended publication of Ossians poems *. Mr. Campbell did me the favour to put into my hands, "The "Highlander a Poem," a juvenile production of M'Pherson, which was presented to Mr. Campbell by the author at the time it was printed (1758)—extracts from which, shall be given in course.

From such undoubted, and respectable evidence as here adduced, and much more, were it deemed necessary, might be added; it appears beyond a doubt, *that poems ascribed to Ossian did exist; and were uuiversally known throughout the Highlands, prior to M'Phersons first attempt to translate them—that they are neither chiefly, nor wholly his invention—neither are they literary forgeries.*

Mr. M'Pherson lived in family with a gentleman of his own name at Strathmaisie in Badenoch, who was not only an eminent adept in the antiquites of his country, but also an excellent Gaelic scholar, and a poet of no small reputation. † This gentleman was of the utmost service to Mr. M'Pherson in his undertaking; and if report speaks true, assisted him, not only in collecting, and collating the various editions which were picked up in their researches after the genuine remains of Ossians poems, but also, in arranging, and preparing the work as it appeared in the form laid before the public in the fragments, and afterwards in the Fingal and Temora as published by Mr. M'Pherson and printed by Becket 4to. 1761 London. Besides the assistance of Mr. M'Pherson of Strathmaisie—our author was indebted to many other of his friends, for their kind endeavours to forward his views, in procuring whatever lay in their power, that

* The time alluded to is well on to half a century—such as could then recite these ancient poems in all their purity, were then advanced in years, and by far the greater number are now no more. Among the few that remained in May last (1797) who could repeat many passages at considerable length of the fragments of Ossian, were Alexander M'Donell at Glenturret, Donald M'Donell at Monessie at Bairroy, and Donald Cameron Brae-lochaber. The former two are since dead—in a very few years, scarely one will be found who can repeat a line of ancient Gaelic poetry, as the young people totally disregard every thing of the kind.

† See several of M'Pherson of Strathmaisies pieces in the collection printed by Gillies, Perth 1786. They possess a considerable degree of merit indeed—are light, free, and spirited.

in any manner related to the poems he had the good fortune to reſcue from the neglect they were faſt haſtening to; and thus it appears, *that he, with the aſſiſtance of others, collected and arranged them, ſo, as to preſent them in a ſyſtematic form, as tranſlated by him to the public.* If it be aſked, what parts he found entire, what portions he found mutilated, in what manner he ſelected, arranged, reviſed &c; unleſs he has left behind him information on that head; it is, I fear, no eaſy taſk to anſwer theſe queſtions. M'Pherſon of Strathmaiſie is dead—ſo alſo, is our tranſlator himſelf—as are moſt of thoſe, who beſt could inform us. Can any one tell in what manner the poems aſcribed to Homer were collected into one body, and given to the Athenians at the command of the tyrant Piſiſtratus *? The queſtion is not eaſily anſwered—nor is it perhaps, of any great moment.

It now remains, *to exhibit a comparative view of our authors original productions in poetry, with his tranſlations of Oſſians poems; and thus be enabled, to ſhew clearly, the vain ſuppoſition, that, he was the author of the poems aſcribed to Oſſian.*

Let us examine carefully this part of our enquiry. By comparing Mr. M'Pherſon's "Highlander a poem"— with the poems of Oſſian—we ſhall be furniſhed with a teſt of his talents for original compoſition, as well, as for his abilities as a tranſlator; and by this means, be enabled, to judge, whether, if we cannot trace in the one, ſuch marks of ſuperlative genius, as clearly characterizes the ſpirit and pathos of the other, we may not reaſonably conclude, he was not the "Homer of the "Celtic tongue" for example.

* "I have not concealed (ſays Doctor Ruſſell in his hiſtory of ancient Europe pages "373, and 374.) the great or the good qualities of Piſiſtratus; yet can I not aſcribe all "his beneficient actions to liberal motives." He farther remarks "I rather think he was "deſirous, like every politic uſurper, of furniſhing them with amuſement, that they "might not perceive he had left them only the ſhadow of liberty, in the forms of their "free conſtitution, aud attempt to recover the ſubſtance; that they might have leſs "leiſure or inclination to plot againſt his arbitrary government."

Although the works of our Britiſh Homer were not collected at the command of our moſt gracious ſovereign: yet, the unexampled liberality, munificence, and zeal he hath diſplayed on every occaſion in patroniſing all manner of Arts and Sciences, muſt render his name immortal in the annals of Britiſh literature!

EXTRACTS FROM

THE HIGHLANDER A POEM*.

CANTO I.

The youth I ſing, who, to himſelf unknown,
Loſt to the world and Caledonia's throne,
Sprung o'er his mountains to the arms of fame,
And wing'd by fate, his ſires avenger, came;
That knowledge learn'd, ſo long deny'd by fate
And found that blood, as merit, made him great.
The aged chieftain on the bier is laid;
And grac'd with all the honours of the dead;
The youthful warriors as the corſe they bear,
Droop the ſad head, and ſhed the generous tear.
For Abria's ſhore, Tay's winding banks they leave,
And bring the hero to his father's grave.
His filial tears the godlike Alpin ſhades,
And tow'rds the foe his gallant wariors leads.
The chief along his ſilent journey wound,
And fix'd his rainy eyes upon the ground;
Behind advanced his followers ſad and ſlow,
In all the dark ſolemnity of woe. page 1 & 2.

EXTRACTS FROM

FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT POETRY

COLLECTED IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

AND TRANSTATED FROM THE GAELIC OR ERSE LANGUAGE†.

By the ſide of a rock on the hill, beneath the aged trees, old Oſſian ſat on the moſs; the laſt of the race of Fingal. Sightleſs are his aged eyes; his beard waving in the wind. Dull through

* Edinburgh printed by Wal. Rudiman jun. and company 1758.
† Edinburgh printed for G. Hamilton and Balfour 1760.

the leafleſs trees he heard the voice of the north. Sorrow revived in his ſoul: he began and lamented the dead.

How haſt thou fallen like an oak, with all thy branches round thee! Where is Fingal the king? where is Oſcar my ſon? where are all my race? Alas! in the earth they lie. I feel their tombs with my hands. page 37.

" Thicken your lines, the battle's ſhock ſuſtain,
And gall with vigour the recoiling Dane.
Brave Caledonians! face your country's foe;
Your lives are her's, her own on her beſtow.

page 23

——" Follow my friends, your Alpin leads the way"
He ſaid, and ruſh'd upon the phalanx'd Dane,
The bending ranks beneath his ſword complain.
Arms, groans of men, beat time to ev'ry wound,
Nod at each blow, and thunder on the ground.

page 22

—But Fingal came in his ſtrength, and ſmiled at the vaunters boaſt. They threw their arms round each other; they ſtruggled on the plain. The earth is ploughed with their heels. Their bones crack as the boat on the ocean, when it leaps from wave to wave. Long did they toil; with night, they fell on the ſounding plain; as two oaks with their branches mingled, fall craſhing on the hill. The tall ſon of Morny is bound; the aged overcame.

page 39.

Far on a head-land point condens'd they ſtood,
And threw their eyes o'er ocean's ſable flood;
Tall ſhips advance afar: their canvas-ſails
In their ſwoln boſom gather all the gales;
Floating along the ſable back of ſea,
Before the wind they cut their ſpumy way;
Bend in their courſe, majeſtically ſlow,
And to the land their lazy journey plow.

Thus ſpungy clouds on heaven's blue vault ariſe,
And float, before the wind, along the ſkies;
Their wings oppos'd to the illuſtrious ſun,
Shine, as they move, majeſtically on,
Thus god-like Harold brought his floating aid,
Unknowing Sueno's number'd with the dead.
From Anglia's coaſts he call'd his troops afar,
To aid his brother in a foreign war.
Arrived, he in the wave the anchor throws,
Attempts to land, and Albion's chiefs oppoſe;
Wave on the fatal ſhore the fatal ſpear,
And ſend the arrow whizzing thro' the air.

page 77 and 78.

Far in the blue diſtance of the deep, ſome ſpot appeared like the back of the ridge-wave. But ſoon the ſhip encreaſed in our ſight. The hand of Ullin drew her to land. The mountains trembled as he moved. The hills ſhook at his ſteps. Dire rattled his armour around him. Death and deſtruction were in his leyes His ſtature like the roe of morven. He moved in the lightning of ſteel.

—He ſaid "—and ſtalked away wth manly ſtate,
Grandeur, with awe commix'd, informed his gait.
His pond'rous mail reflects the trembling day,
And all his armour rings along the way. page 48.

CANTO II. opens thus

Heav'n's op'ning portals ſhot the beam of day;
Earth changed her ſable robe to ſprightly gray:
To weſts dark goal the humid night is fled,
The ſun, o'er ocean, rears his beamy head;
The ſplendid gleam from Scotiſh ſteel returns,
And all the light reflexive mountains burns.
Deep ſounding bag-pipes, gaining on the air,
With lofty voice awake the Scotiſh war. page 16.

—Evening is grey on the hills. The north wind reſounds through the woods. White clouds riſe on the ſky; the trembling ſnow deſcends. The river howls afar, along its winding courſe. Sad, by a hollow rock, grey hair'd Carryl ſat. Dry fern waves over his head; his ſeat is in an aged birch. Clear to the roaring winds he lifts his voice of woe.

page 16.

I have already ſhewn that two years only had elapſed, from the time M'Pherſon publiſhed his original piece, and that in which he gave to the public the ſpecimen of his tranſlations from the Gaelic. In the courſe of the year following, he publiſhed his Fingal and Temora complete. Before I cloſe this ſubject, I ſhall lay before you, the opening of Fingal Book I. in the one column as firſt printed in the ſpecimen from which the preceeding extracts are taken: and in the oppoſite column, the ſame paſſage, as printed in his firſt edition of the poem complete—it opens ſudden and impreſſive *.

Cuchulaid ſat by the wall; by the tree of the ruſtling leaf†. His ſpear leaned againſt the moſſy rock. His ſhield lay by him on the graſs. Whilſt he thought on the mighty Carbre whom he ſlew in battle, the ſcout of the ocean came, Moran, the ſon of Fithil. Riſe Cuchulaid, riſe! I ſee the ſhips of Garve. Many are the foe, Cuchulaid; many the ſons of Loclin. Moran! thou ever trembleſt; thy fears much encreaſe the foe. They are the ſhips of the deſert of hills arrived to

Cuchullin ſat by Tura's wall; by the tree of the ruſtling leaf. His ſpear leaned againſt the rock. His ſhield lay by him on the graſs. As he thought of mighty Cairbar, a hero whom he ſlew in in war; the ſcout of the ocean came, Moran the ſon of Fithil. Riſe, ſaid the youth, Cuchullin, riſe; I ſee the ſhips of Swaran. Cuchullin, many are the foe; many the heroes of the dark-rolling ſea.

Moran, replied the blue eyed chief, thou ever trembleſt ſon of Fithil; thy fears have much

* Semper ad eventum feſtinat; et medias res
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

† The aſpin or popular tree—ſo written in a note on this ſpecimen.

aſſiſt Cuchulaid.

I ſaw their chief, ſays Morân, tall as a rock of ice. His ſpear is like that fir; his ſhield like the riſing moon. He ſat upon a rock on the ſhore, as a grey cloud upon the hill. Many, mighty man! I ſaid, many are our heroes; Garve, well art thou named, * many are the ſons of our king.

He anſwered like a wave on the rock; who is like me here? The valiant live not with me; they go to the earth from my hand. The king of the deſert of hills alone can fight with Garve. Once we wreſtled on the hill. Our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place, and rivulets changed their courſe. Three days we ſtrove together; heroes ſtood at a diſtance, and feared. On the fourth, the king ſaith, that I fell; but Garve ſaith, he ſtood. Let Cuchulaid yield to him that is ſtrong as a ſtorm. No I will never yield to man. Cuchulaid will conquer or die.

encreaſed the foe. Perhaps it is the king of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ullins plains.

I ſaw their chief, ſays Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His ſpear is like that blaſted fir. His ſhield like the riſing moon. He ſat on a rock on the ſhore; like a cloud of miſt on the ſilent hill. Many chief of men! I ſaid, many are our hands of war. Well art thou named the mighty man, but many mighty men are ſeen from Tura's wall of wind. He anſwered, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me? Heroes ſtand not in my preſence; they fall to earth beneath my hand. None can meet Swaran in fight, but Fingal, king of ſtormy hills. Once we wreſtled on the heath of Malmor, and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place; and rivulets, changing their courſe, fled murmuring from our ſtrife, three days we renewed our ſtrife, and heroes ſtood at a diſtance, and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal ſays, that the king of the ocean fell; but Swaran ſays, he ſtood. Let dark Cuchullin yield to him that is ſtrong as

* Garve ſignifies a man of great ſize.

	the ſtorms of Malmor. No' replied the blue eyed chief I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead.
Go, Moran, take my ſpear; ſtrike the ſhield of Caithbait which hangs before the gate. It never rings in peace. My heroes ſhall hear on the hill. *	Go Fithil's ſon, and take my ſpear; ſtrike the ſounding ſhield of Cabait. It hangs at Tura's ruſtling gate; the ſound of peace is not its voice. My heroes ſhall hear on the hill. †

By comparing the firſt ſketch with this extract given from Book I. of Fingal, you will percieve at once, how much M'Pherſon varied, and improved the verſion; and a better proof cannot be given of his working faithfully after the original, nor can any thing demonſtrate more clearly, the ſtrong deſire he had of, even excelling it; this appears manifeſt in every edition which he ſuperintended himſelf. I muſt not omit mentioning, the manner in which I have been ſurpriſed, by M'Pherſon, not unfrequently, in his tranſlation, ſurpaſſing, ſuch original paſſages as I have ſeen written, printed, or recited. I am not ſingular in this obſervation; I have converſed with ſeveral that have acknowledged the ſame thing ‡. It may be aſked, does not this very acknowledgement throw a doubt on the Gaelic being the original?

I cannot by any means admit, though the Engliſh verſion may in many paſſages be ſuperior to the original, it in any way, affects the authenticity of the poems; nay, on the contrary, were the Engliſh the original, the cheat would at once appear;—it would be leſs conciſe—Engliſh idioms would be manifeſt, and betray at the firſt glance; above all, the ſentiments, incidents, and events would be ſuch, as could not but mark a forgery on the face of the whole. An original in litrature, is known, by the profound critic, from a mere tranſlation or imitation. In a ſimilar way, the connoiſeur in painting, diſtinguiſhes a copy, from an original

* Fragments of ancient poetry 8vo. 1760.

† Fingal book I. 4to. London 1761.

‡ I find by a M. S. note ſubjoined to M'Kennons eſſay, (printed for William Creech Edinburgh 1785,) that Mr. William M'Queen Miniſter of Snizort in the Iſle of Sky was alſo of opinion that the Engliſh copy was not inferior to the Gaelic.

of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo—by the free, ſpirited mode of handling—richneſs and clearneſs of colouring—elegance in deſign—artful and maſterly diſpoſition of light and ſhade—depth of thought, and exquiſite taſte diſplayed in the compoſition, ſo that a perfect whole, manifeſts itſelf the production of a great maſter. Thus, by the internal evidence, which alone can conſtitute the beſt criterion of their authenticity, the poems of Oſſian are to be eſtimated. Spurious productions in imitation of them, but ſerve as foils to their tranſcendant ſuperiority. The works of Bollinbroke have been ſucceſsfully imitated; ſo were alſo, thoſe of Shakeſpeare. But Burke was more fortunate than Mr. Ireland: and Vortigern was laught at, and conſigned to oblivion; while " the Vindication of Natural Society" is received with reſpect and admiration. The reaſon is obvious. Bollinbroke, is more eaſily imitated,than Shakeſpeare; for creative genius was requiſite in the one; while a happy train of thought, and elegance of ſtile, were all that was requiſite in the imitator of Bollinbroke.

Before I conclude, I ſhall in addition to what I have already laid before you, preſent to your readers, the original of a paſſage that is much admired in M'Pherſon's tranſlation.

FINGAL ADDRESSES OSCAR THUS.

The Original.	M'Pherſon's tranſlation.
Amhic mo mhic, 'ſe thurt an Righ,	Son of my ſon,began the king,
Oſcair, arigh nan og fhlath,	O! Oſcar! pride of my youth,
Chonnaic mi dealra do loinne, 'sb'em' uaill	I ſaw the ſhining of thy ſword,
Bh'i gamharrc do bhuaidh sa' chath.	and gloried in my race. Pur-
Lean gu dluth re cliu do ſhinnsreachd,	ſue the glory of our fathers,
'Sna dibir a bhi mar iadſan.	and be what they have been,
'Nuar bu bhoe Treunmhor nan rath,	when Trenmor lived, the firſt
Is Trathul athair nan truem laoch,	of men, and Trathal, the
Chuir iad gach cath le buaidh,	father of heroes. They fought
Is bhuannhaich iad cliu gach teugmhail;	the battles of their youth, and
Is mairihh an iomrabh ſan dan	are the ſong of bards. O! Of-
Air chuimhn aig na baird an deigh ſo---	car! bend the ſtrong in arm;
O! Oſcair! claoidh thus' an treun-amach	but ſpare the feeble. Be
'S thor tearmann do'n lag-lamhach fheumach;	thou a ſtream of many tides a-
Bi mar bhuinne-ſhruth reothairt geamhraidh	gainſt the foes of thy people;

Thoirt gleach'd do naimhdean na Feinne,
Ach mar ſhann-ghaoth fheimh thla ſhamhraidh
Bi dhoibhsin a ſhireas do chobhair --
Mar ſin bha Treunmhor nan buadh,
'S bha Trathull nan ruag 'na dheigh ann:
'S bha Fionn 'na thaic do 'na fhann,
'Ga dhion o ainneart huch eucoir.
'Na aobhar ſhininn mo lambh,
Le failte raichainn na' choinneamh
Is gheibheadh e fasgadh is caird
Fo ſgail dhrithlinneach mo loinne.

but like the gale that moves the graſs, to thoſe who aſk thine aid. So Trenmor lived; ſuch Trathal was; and ſo has Fingal been My arm was the ſupport of the injured; and the weak reſted behind the lightning of my ſteel.

I ſhall now bring to a cloſe the remarks I had to make on the ſubject of the authenticity of Oſſians poems, in the hope, that ſome light has been thrown on the various topics touched on in the courſe of this communication. I am

Sir

Yours &c.

A. The letter now read to you, Lycidas, contains the chief outlines of all that I know reſpecting the poems of Oſſian; and further enlargement on the ſubject, were to little purpoſe; for unleſs you be prediſpoſed to receive diſpaſſionately, and draw concluſions deduced from the evidence laid, though in a narrow compaſs, before you; it were in vain, the attempt, to impreſs conviction.

L. Though much inclined, as the eloquent Gibbon ſays "to indulge the pleaſing ſuppoſition that Fingal lived and Oſſian ſung"—yet I ſincerely own, however plauſible the evidence you have adduced may appear to thoſe who underſtand the language in which the poems are ſaid to have been originally compoſed, it does not ſtrike me ſo irriſiſtibly, as to do away every ſcruple that may exiſt in my mind; but you cannot be ſurpriſed, if one, who is by no means intereſted in this queſtion of authenticity, at the ſame time, willing to be informed, expreſſes his doubts, for no other purpoſe, than to be enabled to form a rational opinion on this, hitherto myſterious ſubject.

A. I would fain know, how it is poſſible, for a perſon, ignorant in point of language, to be ſatisfied with any circumſtantial proof, (for nothing more is here aimed at) however ample, and

authentic; unleſs, ſuch, appears to his apprehenſion, ſufficiently concluſive to warrant the points I have endeavoured to eſtabliſh? To this, I ſhall anſwer, by ſuppoſing a parallel caſe by way of illuſtration. You will allow, that the dialects ſpoken in the Lowlands of Scotland, and throughout great part of England, are very ſimilar.

L. Granted.

A. That the Ballad of Chevy chace is common to theſe dialects.

L. I believe ſo.

A Let us ſuppoſe, that by accident, ſome dozen years ſince, a copy of this ballad, had found its way to China; and that a Scotſman, having met with it, at Pekin, well acquainted with the Chineſe language, willing to communicate the beauties of this renowned epic ſong, in a Chineſe dreſs, actually accompliſhed a very good tranſlation of it. To get it properly introduced into notice among the Chineſe Critics, is the next point—this at laſt gained; the Chineſe literati read it with a mixture of pleaſure and ſurpriſe.

The novelty being over, a Critic of great credit and reſpectability, deemed the moſt profound of the order, moreover, a great author and a good man,--this critic, I ſay, entertaining no great opinion of the ballad of Chevy chace, neither caring much for its tranſlator, nor what is more, for the country, in which the events it records, are ſaid to have happened, nay, ſo little does all this affect him, that when his opinion is queſtioned with regard to its chief beauties;—he anſwers cooly—what ought my opinion to be of anarrant forgery? 'tis a fooliſh piece, recording certain fooliſh actions, that perhaps did, or did not happen in a very fooliſh country. The Chineſe critics petrified in amaze, behold each other in ſilence—they begin to write ballads—chevy chace, upon chevy chace, the thing is as eaſy as can be—and nothing now is heard among the chineſe ſave. "God proſper long our noble king"— they are ſatisfied—tis all a cheat—a vile forgery—and the poor Scot is traduced as being the author of chevy chace! they accuſe him publickly as being an impoſter—he is aſtoniſhed! he aſſures them he is merely the tranſlator—that the original is quite current in his own country—every body knows it, or has at leaſt heard of it, and many can repeat parts of it—but his aſſurances are vain—and they are ſatisfied. It ſo happens, that ſome more Scotch-

men find their way (let us ſuppoſe in a Dutch veſſel for inſtance) to Pekin—the Chineſe critics, determined to confront the tranſlater of chevy chace, and at once confound him, enquire privately at the newly arrived Scots, concerning the favourite ballad of chevy chace, the Scotchmen give every information in their power; but not without muſing on the oddneſs of this whim of the Chineſe.—The critics expreſs ſtill ſome doubts—the Scots aſſure them, that the ballad is quite common in their country—they are preſſed by the the critics to repeat ſome verſes of the original—the Scots look at one another, each waiting to hear the other repeat a ſtanza or two—no—not one of them can repeat a word! ſtrange! Oh! o! (exclaim the Chineſe) we have now diſcovered the cheat! theſe raſcals love their country better than truth—away with them!—the poor Scotchmen left to reflect on the indignation of the Chineſe critics, know not what to think—mortified at the contempt thrown on their veracity—ſtung with chagrin at their own forgetfulneſs—they know not how to regain the confidence of the Chineſe—one fellow more cunning than the reſt, falls on the beſt method he could poſſibly deviſe, and this is, to confeſs the ballad of chevy chaſe, to be a mere forgery—a trick to raiſe the admiration of the Chineſe empire in favour of our national ſong—The Chineſe critics catch greedily at this honeſt avowal of the cheat, and hold in utter contempt, the fabricator of "God proſper long our "noble king"—and all his country-men, and country. At laſt a great Lord and his ſuperb ſuit arrive in China—the whole Empire hear of the tidings, the Chineſe literati, expect to be highly gratified in the old controverſy on chevy chace; and a formal deputation wait on his Lordſhip ſoon after his arrival, to learn every authentic circumſtance reſpecting the renowned ballad of chevy chace. His Lordſhip, willing to do homage to the learned deputation, gives with ineffable condeſcention, the minuteſt circumſtance reſpecting the hiſtory, ſo far he knows, of this celebrated heroic ballad—by fortunate chance, he has in his travelling library, a copy of Percy's "reliques of ancient poetry"—he turns up the ballad, and reads with exquiſite tone, accent, and jeſture—the Chineſe critics liſten attentively; and by means of an interpreter, underſtand every word—they cannot help remarking, however, that many paſſages ſeem to differ widely from

the tranſlation of the Scotchman; and particularly, where the Engliſh king ſeemed, ſo little to regret the death of his loving ſubjects, (as expreſſed in the Engliſh copy of chevy chace,) ſtruck them as a remarkable circumſtance, and as the very ſame thing is expreſſed in the former tranſlation, of the Scotiſh kings indifference about the matter, they were the more ſurpriſed, but conceiving this, a trait no wiſe remarkable in ſavage times in a rude nation, they ſhrugged up their ſhoulders, and thought no more of the matter. They took their departure with ſeeming ſatisfaction, expreſſing with moſt profound reſpect their high conſideration of his Lordſhips condeſcention. Notwithſtanding all this—the Chineſe literati ſeem much in doubt reſpecting the authenticity of chevy chace. Not ſatisfied, with what has already reached them on this ſubject, they have actually ſent one of their number, although he does not underſtand the language of England, nor will he deign to learn one word, (for it is too barbarous for a Chineſe to utter a ſingle ſyllable of it) yet he expects, to collect, every authentic document, relative to this very intereſting enquiry. But how will the Chineſe ſtare on his return, when they get all the various editions that may be picked up from manuſcripts and old collections of ancient ballads, together with the learned annotations, various readings, &c. &c. How will they be able to diſtinguiſh the genuine from the ſpurious, the originals from imitations and parodies! O it will be a rare puzzle! "The battle of Otterbourne" confounded with the "Huntes of Chiviot!" What a ſtriking inſtance will it exhibit of Engliſh erudition, and ſtrict regard to hiſtorical truth!

L. Truly, Alexis, this whimſical parallel of yours, is calculated to end our converſation jocoſely enough; and in this good humour we ſhall part, with a determination to reſume this ſubject, when our leiſure and inclination unite in a favourable opportunity.

A. With pleaſure, Lycidas, I ſhall, to the beſt of my power, lay before you, with equal candour and ſimplicity, any thing farther that may come to my knowledge on the ſubject of Scotiſh ſong.

THE END OF A CONVERSATION ON SCOTISH SONG.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF POETRY IN SCOTLAND.

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SCOTLAND.

IT Is by no means eaſy, to aſcertain, with any degree of preciſion, the æra, when metrical compoſitions were firſt invented in the Lowlands of Scotland.

In the rude ages of ſociety, the chief events depend on friendſhip, love, or war. The ſentiments theſe ſituations naturally inſpire, are not unfrequently expreſſed in numbers; and ſuch eſſays, however artleſs, and inharmonious, form the rudiments of poetry among a people devoted to their original habits and inclinations. The ſimple, inelegant attempts of our earlier poets, to convey to poſterity, the occupations, principal events, and manners of our forefathers, on account of their uncouth phraſeology, and want of method ought not to be neglected; on the contrary, the riſe and progreſs of ſuch attempts, however rude, as an art, becomes an intereſting object of enquiry to us, their deſcendants, who hold every thing connected with our progreſs in civil ſociety, in due veneration and regard. Were we to be ſatisfied, as a certain learned writer would fain perſuade us, that the ſtream of Scotiſh poetry was

formed from the ſources of Britiſh, Iriſh, and Pictiſh compoſitions in verſe, we would endeavour to the utmoſt of our power, to clear away, the rubbiſh that impedes our reſearch, ſo as to diſcover the ſpring. The taſk were ungracious, idle conjecture tireſome, and there is little proſpect, after all, of gaining much information on this head. So taking it for granted, that the language of the Lowlands of Scotland, ſo far back as three or four centuries, was nearly the ſame it happened to be, at the acceſſion of James VI. of Scotland (and I. of England) to the throne of theſe realms; we ſhall reſt ſatisfied with what little knowledge we can find prior to his time; and examine more minutely, the progreſs of poetry from that period, down to our own times.

Learning had made little advances in Scotland, before the middle of the fifteenth century. The peaſant was too poor, and the baron, too proud to learn aught, ſave, the one how to command; and the other, to obey. The cloiſtered Monks, and Friars, were the happy few, who, free from the turmoils of ſtate, and the poor privilage of—earning a ſcanty ſubſiſtance, lived in complete independence. Twas in ſuch eaſe and gaiety, that Lermont and Winton wrote their metrical rhapſodies. The firſt of theſe, namely,

Thomas Lermont * flouriſhed about the year 1270. † He was a native of Tweedale. He is ſaid to have written a metrical romance, called "Sir Triſtram." As no copy of this piece, nor indeed, any of his works are extant, it is impoſſible to gueſs at their merit—like the fictitious Merlin, he was deemed a prophet; and nothing remarkable happened, that vulgar tradition did not immediately trace to one or other of his preſages. Superſtition, in all ages hitherto, has led, or miſled mankind; and it is to be feared, will, leſs, or more, influence the ſpring of human action: untill clearer perceptions of the general laws of the natural and moral ſyſtems be eaſier acquired, and civil ſociety be cordially united on rational, and more diſen-

* Alſo called Thomas the Rhymer—ſee Mackenzie's lives of the Scotiſh writers.
† See Pinkertons liſt of Scotiſh poets.

tereſted principles. The next perſon we know any thing of as a poet, is,

JOHN BARBOUR Archdeacon of Aberdeen, author of the "life of king Robert Bruce" * a work of great merit indeed†. He compoſed the maſterly performance alluded to, in the year

——of grace
"A thouſand three hundred, and ſeventie
"And five;"

he died at an advanced age in 1390. This poem, † though its ingenious author calls it a romance, is founded on facts; and is ſuch upon the whole, as juſtly entitles it to a legitimate connection with the ſtandard hiſtory of Scotland.

ANDROWE OF WINTOWNE "a regalare chanoune of Sanct "Androws" (as he calls himſelf) author of the Cronicle of Scotland, is juſtly celebrated for this very learned and elaborate work, ſo deſervedly eſteemed, as containing in remarkable good and harmonious verſe, conſidering the time he wrote, an epitome of Scotiſh Chronology from Fergus ſon of Eric, down to the year A. D. 1408. ‡ Winton died at the advanced age of ſixty. His life muſt have been a very pleaſant one indeed. Prior of the monaſtery in that ſmall romantically ſituated Iſland in Lochleven, (Fifeſhire) he had every thing around him in uniſon with tranquility and eaſe. Ah! hapleſs Mary! thine was not the lot of Winton! to thee this delightful ſpot was but a priſon—till the magic hand of love ſhot the bolts, and ſnatched thee from the horrors of a dungeon. § But to return to our venerable poet—he certainly was worthy of more enlightened times; and may be deemed a great improver of the art of poetry, as it then ſtood in the fifteenth century. The cotemporary of Winton, was,

* See Lord Hailes annals vol. 11. p. 3.

† A Manuſcript copy written 1489 is in the Advocates library. It has been many times printed, as at Ediuburgh 1648, Glaſgow 1665, both editions in 8vo. black letters, again at Edinburgh 1670 in 12mo. alſo black letter.

‡ See Pinkerten's liſt of Scotiſh poets—he ſays in the kings library there is a capital copy of his chronicle. It is now elegantly printed in two volumes Royal octavo.

§ See Whitaker's Queen Mary.

JAMES I. KING OF SCOTS. This accompliſhed prince was treacherouſly murdered in the flower of manhood by his uncle the Earl of Athol in the year 1437. He was a poet and muſician. His poetical remains have only reached us; of courſe we can ſay nothing of his muſic. * Few deſerved the high title of a poet better than James. "Men of active "and ſuperior parts (ſays the ingenious author † of the "diſſertation on the life and writings of king James I.) have "often ſoared to thrones; but how few of the ſceptered rank "have diſtinguiſhed themſelves as men of genius! and rarer "ſtill, how few to rank and genius have joined the qualities "of the heart, virtue and publick ſpirit! ſo rare a phenomenon, "however, was James I. king of Scotland." Frederick the great of Pruſſia, was a votary of the muſes, in the double capacity of poet and muſician—he was a philoſopher too—but alas! he was —a warrior!—a deſpot!

Mr. Tytlar having done ſuch ample juſtice to the "poetical ‡ remains" of king James, the reader is referred to that learned and pleaſing performance, as containing much critical knowledge, and information reſpecting the language of our early Scotiſh poets.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, one HOLLAND, wrote a poem, extant in the Hyndford collection (Manuſcript in the Advocates library) called "the Howlet," it is noticed in Warton's hiſtory of Engliſh poetry. It is written in the ſtile of allegory, a ſpecies of compoſition much in vogue in the middle ages. Pope and Hayley have revived this heterogeneous ſtile; but the genius, taſte and judgement, diſplayed in their pleaſing productions, together with the bewitching charms of highly poliſhed verſe, in ſpite of inconſiſtency, forces admiration and deſerved applauſe.

Blind Harry, by way of eminence called HENRY THE MINSTREL has left behind "The Actis and deides of the illuſter

* The favourite idea that king James was either the inventor, or, in any conſiderable degree cultivated, far leſs improved the genuine Scotiſh melodies, is by no means eſtabliſhed on any authentic evidence.

† William Tytler Eſq.

‡ Printed at Edinburgh for John Balfour 1783.

and vailyeand campion ſchir William Wallace of Ellerſlie imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Lekprevick, at the expenſis of Henrie Charteris; and ar to be ſauld in his buith, on the north ſyde of the gait abone the throne. Anno Do. M,D,LXX 4to. black letter. Harry, who was blind from his infancy, as mentioned by Major, went about, like Homer, reciting his own compoſitions. This celebrated epic romance, is of all the poems among the Lowland Scotiſh by far the moſt popular;—It records the actions of a patriot; and ſuch a patriot as Wallace deſerves the wreath of immortality—I have heard an anecdote of a Highland rebel, who, after the laſt fruitleſs attempt to re-eſtabliſh the Stuart family on the britiſh throne, had preſerved himſelf from the fate of many of his unfortunate aſſociates by ſculking among the mountains of Perthſhire. At times he would venture down to a neighbouring glen, where a low country ſhepherd was occupied in the charge of a ſheep-farm, (in thoſe days very uncommon in the Highlands) and having entered into the bonds of friendſhip with him, it was a matter of great conſolation, to hear the ſhepherd read the valiant achievements of Wallace. The Highlander, would pace backwards and forwards while the ſhepherd read aloud. When Wallace, as repreſented in the poem, was hard preſſed, the Highlander would draw his ſword—the rage of battle kindled in his aſpect—he cut the air with his ſteel—he became breathleſs in the combat—and exclaimed—" courage my friends!" The next Poet of any conſequence that deſerves to be noticed is,

William Dunbar. He was born in eaſt Lothian. His poems are many, and poſſeſs great merit. Warton particularly notices him, and ſpeaks high in his commendation. The " Golden Terge" and the " Thiſtle and Roſe" a (complimentary piece on the marriage of James IV. of Scotland and Margaret Tudor the daughter of Henry VII. of England †) are among the beſt of his works. The contemparyof Dunbar, was,

Walter Kennedy a native of Ayr-ſhire (in the Bailerie of Carrick which now gives a title to the Prince of Wales)

† Lord Hailes' collection from the Banatyne M.S. in a advocates library.

He appears to have had the knack of * flyting in a high degree. It was then a faſhionable amuſement to ſcold in verſe. The practiſe, is ſtill kept up by grub-ſtreet minſtrels, but rather in a more poliſhed ſtile—ſtill it does not reach to that ſuperlative pitch of excellence, ſome deem it ſuſceptible; hence, the ardour diſplayed, by minor poets, at what few attain, ſave a Horace or a Butler.

In one of theſe corners, where nature ſeems to retire amidſt her deepeſt ſolitudes, in former days choſen as a fit place for rearing an alter to the moſt high, did GAWIN DOUGLAS dedicate his time to the God of nature and the muſes. Dunkeld, is delightfully ſituated on the river Tay—tradition mentions it as once, a ſtrong fortreſs, and one of the paſſes to the Highlands. This diſtrict was at an early period errected into a Biſhoprick. Douglas, on the death of George Brown, † was raiſed to the dignity of Biſhop and appointed to this Dioceſs ‡ After ſome oppoſition, he was left in quiet poſeſſion of his appointment. He died at London in the 48th year of his age, and was intered by the ſide of Thomas Halſay Biſhop of Laghlin in Ireland in the Hoſpital church in the Savoy—their epitaphs appear on one ſtone. Our buſineſs is not with the Eccleſiaſtic, but with the poet. Gawin Douglaſs ſtands confeſſedly at the head, in the age he lived, of thoſe his cotemporaries, as a firſt rate poet. His chief work "the Bukes of Eneados of the famoſe poet Virgill tranſlated out of latyne verſes into Scotiſh metir, by the reverend Father in God, Mayſter Gavin Douglas Biſhop of Dunkel, and unkil to the Erle of Angus. Every buke having its particular prologe. Imprinted at London 1553. 4to" is a performance of uncommon merit—it is the labour, as he himſelf tells us, of eighteen months only! § a proof what genius can achieve when in full vigour,

* See Ramſay's ever green.

† 1515.

‡ See the life of Gawin Douglaſs perfixed to his Virgil Edin. 1710.

§ ——as God len one grace.
It was compilys in auchtene monethis ſpace;
See Epilogue to the whole immediately preceding the "Exclamations."

The prologues to each book, are in a ſtile truely original, and ſhews what a rich vein, he poſſeſſed for diſcriptive poetry. The learned, ingenius Ruddiman has given, with the addition of a very complete gloſſary, an elegant edition of this work, (printed at Edinburgh 1718 for Symſon and freebairn) to ſpeak of the merits of Douglas as a poet would far exceed the bounds preſcribed to this ſhort ſketch—his works muſt be read—and to read them, is the higheſt pleaſure. Beſides the Eniad, he has written other pieces, among which are "King Hart" and "the Palice of Honour" both allegorical poems—the former is in the Maitland collection and printed among the ancient Scotiſh poems 1786—the latter is very ſcarce and hardly to be met with.

The ſixteenth century, ſeems to have been the auguſtan age of poetry in Scotland. Many cotempory poets diſputed the wreath of pre-eminence with the Biſhop of Dunkeld; but none ſeemed to rival him in excellence, ſo much as Sir DAVID LINDSAY of the mount. About the middle of this century, the minds of men became more enlightened; liberality of ſentiment, and refined manners, gradually ſmoothed the way for a great change that was about to take place. This was the reformation of religion—an innovation no leſs reſiſted in Scotland, than on the Continent of Europe. Lindſay our poet, had imbibed the principles of a reformer. While this laid him under perſecution from the church; the ſtate, who ſecretly hated the overweening influence of the clergy, willingly gave countenance to a layman of Lindſays riſing celebrity, who with a verſatility of talent could ſo happily make it ſubſervient to the purpoſes of either, the keeneſt ſatyr, or dramatic * deliniations of character. James V. his lord and maſter, was alſo his friend, and if report ſpeaks true fellow-votary of the muſes†; it is but natural to ſuppoſe, their joint labours would contribute in no ſmall degree, to haſten the decline and fall of popiſh ſuperſtition.

* "Lindſay has had the honour of being the firſt who introduced dramatic poetry in-
"to Scotland"—M'Kenzies lives.

† The two firſt ſongs in this collection are ſaid to be of his compoſition, viz. "the gaberlunzie-man," and "the Jolly Beggar."

The reformation was at laſt eſtabliſhed in Scotland, and in the year following (1567) the moſt accompliſhed, beautiful, and unfortunate princeſs that ever ſwayed a ſcepter was depoſed;—and by her unrelenting ſubjects, ſuffered to languiſh eight-teen years in an Engliſh priſon! till at laſt, her ſufferings terminated in a murder, wanton, as inhuman, perpetrated by a ſiſter Queen, at once the pride and diſgrace of the Engliſh nation.

Among the fooliſh things, of this even enlightened age, was burning of witches! nay burning books was alſo an amuſement. In this burning humour did the popiſh aſſembly piouſly paſs an act, ordaining the works of Sir David Lindſay to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman! * This was a meritorious act, and deſerves to be recorded—wicked boys, fooliſh people, and idle prieſts are fond of fire and fagot. Perhaps a ſtate acts wiſely, in gratifying this paſſion—one would think ſo, elſe, why ſo many inſtances appear to juſtify the remark?

Lindsay, having filled with reputation and emolument, ſeveral offices in the ſtate, retired to his paternal inheritence, and paſſed the remainder of his days, in that dignified eaſe, ſo congenial to true genius aud independance of mind. His works are many, and of unequal merit. Some of them are capital; others, reach not beyond mediocrity. But as †Warton has ſo ably pointed out the moſt ſtricking beauties of this truly excellent author—to him therefore, the reader is referred for farther information†.

A high degree of licentiouſneſs, the uſual concommitant of ſudden emancipation, ſeemed for a while to tarniſh the luſtre of the newly eſtabliſhed reformation. The clergy alone, were examplery in their conduct. John Knox, who was among the firm champions of civil, as well as eccleſiaſtical liberty, appeared as the chief. He had many things to combat, and he performed prodigies of valour. His powers were great, and his energy was in proportion. Among the many abſurdities he had to enveigh againſt, ſacred dramas were not among the leaſt

* See Pitſcoties hiſtory

† Hiſt. of Engliſh poetry Sect. xiv.

popular. To the vulgar, the humours of Punchinello are not more amuſing, than the hiſtorical play of Balaam and his aſs*. This ſpecies of drama, ſo much in vogue through moſt of Chriſtendom from the middle of the eleventh century, till towards the end of the ſixteenth, was not leſs reliſhed in Scotland than elſewhere. But although the reformed religion had baniſhed inſtrumental muſic, as well as "Plays of Miracles;" yet, ſuch favourite amuſements, were too precious to be utterly neglected. They were ſuch as admitted of modification; accordingly, ſecular incidents were ſubſtituted, for, the miraculous deſcent of the holy ghoſt; and inſtead of angels, and miniſtring ſpirits, faries, and hobgoblins, were permitted in their place—thus we ſee, as Warton obſerves "that the modern drama had its foundation in our religion, and that it was raiſed and ſupported by "the clergy. The truth is, that members of the eccleſiaſtical ſocieties "were almoſt the only perſons who could read, and their "numbers eaſily furniſhed performers; they abounded in "leiſure, and their very relaxations were religious."† The church newly regenerated in Scotland, could not now, permit ſuch ſpectacles as neceſſarily were exhibited when our firſt parents Adam and Eve appeared naked on the ſtage, which

*"Balaam with an immenſe pair of ſpurs, "rode on a wooden aſs, which incloſed "a ſpeaker" Warton's H. of Eng. poetry page 247. vol. I.

"In the days of ceremonial religion "(he means the mehanical devotion of pious "fraud) they uſed at Wytney (in Oxford-"ſhire) to ſet fourthe yearly in manner of a "ſhew, or interlude, the reſurrection of our "Lord &c. For the which purpoſes, and the "more lyvely heareby to exhibite to the "eye, the hole action of the reſurrection, the "prieſtes garniſhed out certain ſmalle pup-"pettes repreſenting the perſons of Chriſte, "the watchmen, Marie, and others; a-"mongeſt the which, one bare the parte of "a waking watchman who eſpiing Chriſte "to ariſe, made a continual noyce, like to "the ſound that is cauſed by metynge of "two ſtyckes, and was thereof commonly "called JACK SNAKER OF WYTNEY. The "like toye I myſelf, beinge then a child, "once ſawe in Poule's Churche at Londone "at a feaſt of Whitſuntide; where the com-"ynge downe of the Holy Goſt was ſet "forthe by a white pigeon, that was let "to fly out of a hole that is yet to be ſene "in the mydſt of the roofe of the greate ile "With the like doome ſhews alſo, they uſed "everie where to furniſh ſundrye parts of "their church ſervice, as by their ſpectacles "of the nativitie, paſſion and aſcenſion "&c." See Lambardes Topographical Dictionary 1570.

† Wartons hiſtory of Engliſh poetry p. 249 vol I.

were beheld by the audience, with profound attention, and great ſedateneſs, while the newly fallen pair, in ſorrow and tears were ſtitching together the fig leaves to make themſelves aprons withal! "they had the authority of ſcripture (ſays Warton) for ſuch a "repreſentation, and they gave matters juſt as they found them "in the third chapter of Geneſis. It would have been abſolute "hereſy to have departed from the ſacred text in perſonating "the primitive appearance of our firſt parents." Thus it would ſeem, that, what is ſanctioned by convention, cuſtom, or public authority becomes familiar by habit, and eaſily reconciled to the eſtabliſhed rules of propriety and order; for, an abſurdity vaniſhes, when no one laughs; and a piece of drapery on a live human figure, may at one time be deemed becoming, when at another period it is held up to redicule;—thus, a hoop, ample in its dimenſions, added dignity and grace to a belle of former faſhion; and but lately, a high frizzled topee, ſide-curles and buſhy club, anointed with ſwines greaſe, froſted with moſt exquiſitely perfumed hair-powder gave to the modern beaux the charms of an Adonis! but faſhions are no leſs changeable, than are times and manners; for example, what might at this day be deemed indecorous in church, was beheld by our forefathers with admiration and delight; a ſacred drama, now, might excite riſibility, no leſs, than a modern tragedy uſually does; or a comedy moſt richly garniſhed in all the cant gibberiſh of the day while it extorts peals of applauſe from crowded benches on the firſt night of its repreſentation!

As the Engliſh ſtage ſeems to have been erected on the remans of ſacred exhibitions in churches; ſo, in like manner, the origin of the Scotiſh ſtage is to be traced ſo far back as the times when plays of miracles, myſteries, and moralities were ſet forth by pious prieſts, * in illuſtration of true doctrine, and for the edification and amuſement of their ſimple flock, ſo as to keep them ſtedfaſt in the faith, and ſubordinate in all things, as becometh meek and true believers.

* "The ſubjects were ſcriptural, the clergy the compoſers, the church was the ſtage, "and ſunday the time of exhibition." Hugo Arnots Hiſt. of Edinburgh p. 74.

When profane dramatic pieces were firſt introduced as a ſpecies of public amuſement, they appear to have been, by the ſpecimens handed down to us, but rude in their ſtructure, courſe in point of wit, and by no means ſuch as would ſuit a ſqueemiſh audience of modern times. PHILOTUS, * the production of an author unknown, is a comedy of this character; yet, it abounds with ſtrokes of humour not unworthy of a better piece. Sir David Lindſay, is certainly to be looked on, as the chief dramatiſt of the Scotiſh ſtage, in its ſecularized early ſtate; and as in the infancy of the Grecian tragedy, the poet himſelf was wont to be the chief actor betwixt the pauſes of the chorus, † ſo in like manner, LINDSAY, often made his appearance in the tragedies he himſelf had written. § Theſe dramatic exhibitions were uſually in the open air; and as the theatre was ample, the audience, of conſequence, muſt have been mixt and numerous.

The drama, in its profane garb, ſeemed to languiſh in Scotland. The gloom of ſuperſtition, even in its reformed aſpect, eventually prevailed, and not untill late in the preſent century, were plays permitted to form any part of the public amuſement ‖.

* See Biographia Dramatica.

† Du Freſnoy on the principal painters.

§ Voltaire was alſo in the habit of appearing in his own dramatic pieces "the "higheſt gratification (ſays Gibbons) which "I derived from Voltaires reſidence at Louſanne, was the uncommon circumſtance "of hearing a great poet declaim his own "productions on the ſtage." Memoirs of Gibbons page 72.

The GREENSIDE, between Leith and Edinburgh was formerly the place allotted for plays, ſhews, and tourmaments—See Arnots Hiſt. of Edinburgh—Robertſons Hiſt. of Scotland. &c.

‖ "The Scotch (ſays Warton) from "that philoſophical and ſpeculative caſt "which characteriſes their natural genius, "were more zealous and early friends to a "reformation in religion than their neighbours in England. It was natural that "ſuch a people, in their ſyſtem of ſpiritual "refinement, ſhould warmly prefer the ſe"vere and rigid plan of Calvin." Had a ſpirit of toleration mingled in the zeal for church diſcipline, the anathemas fulminated from the Scotiſh pulpits had been ſpared. But the ſons of Theſpis found no quarter from fanatic reformers, and were driven hence to roam at large, ſeek ſhelter in a barn, and even claſſed with vagrants and ſturdy beggars. 'Twas thus it happened in the iron age of the church.

When the duke of York (afterwards James VII.) came down to Scotland, he had in his ſuit a company of comedians. But this company was for private entertainment only; and untill, a ſmall theatre was built in the Cannongate in 1746 by Mr. Lacy Ryan, ſuch itt'nerant parties as came

Horrible, as chriſtian perſecution may appear, yet, when religion is fixt profeſſedly on the baſis of civil eſtabliſhment, the crimes it engenders, muſt not wholly be attributed to the meek ſpirit of the goſpel. In the alternate ſtruggles to eſtabliſh Epiſcopacy and preſbetry, the fortitude diſplayed by the victims of fanaticiſm was marvellous in the extreme. While the unhappy ſufferers, were liſtning in ſpirit, to the ſoothing airs of miniſtring angels, in tuneful ſalutations that wafted the ſoul to paradiſe, their mercileſs tormentors, cheered themſelves, with ſongs of deriſion, and madly exulted in the buſineſs of deſtruction. The rage of religious perſecution had ſcarcely ſubſided, when political concerns began to agitate the public mind. This ſoon burſt forth in the civil wars, and fruitleſs conteſts to ſupport the declin-

from to time, were oblidged to perform in ſuch places as could beſt accomodate them. At laſt however, the ſhield of authority was ſtreached forth; and popular prejudice began to decline apace. Even the clergy ſeemed leſs rigid, and one of their number, actually, had written a tragedy. In December 1756 it made its firſt appearance, and notwitſtanding its chaſtety, ſimplicity and moral tendency, moreover, it confeſſedly having derived its chief incidents from the popular ballad of Gil Morice, it was looked on as the production of a fallen angel; and the ingenious author of Douglas was perſecuted, and oblidged to abandon his profeſſion. Whether remorſe for this unpardonable tranſgreſſion, or any other more powerful cauſe, has ſo blunted the edge of his acumen; is left to conjecture; but certain it is, ſince the time Douglas made its firſt appearance, which is upwards of thirty years, nothing of any conſequence has dropt from the pen of its author.

The theatre royal as it now ſtands, was built by ſubſcription (and opened December 1769) while Mr. Roſs was manager. His ſucceſſors in theatrical buſineſs, have furniſhed the Edinburgh audience from time to time the feaſt of mental pleaſure with much ſatisfaction and credit. The pieces brought forward with ſucceſs at the Edinburgh theatre (productions of Scotchmen) were the "Prince of "Tunis" by Mr. M'Kenzie, Mr. Logans Runnymede, Mr. M'Donalds Vimonda, and a few other ſtill-born brats that ſleep quietly in their original nonenity

It would certainly be a ſubject of curious inveſtigation to know the reaſon why the dramatic genius, particulary in the comic department, is ſo ſtinted in its growth north of the Tweed—True, Thomſon, Mallat, Smollet and others have been ſucceſful candidates for dramatic fame; yet it ſeems ſtrange, that ſo very few have ſucceeded in this way. If we except the "Patie and Roger" of Ramſay, there is hardly a comic dramatic piece worth the notice. Dr. Pitcairns "Aſſembly or Scotch Reformation a co-"medy" written in the end of laſt century is an exception. This piece was a ſevere political ſatyr, of courſe never acted on the ſtage.

ing family of Stuart. On every occaſion, the lyric muſe, is ready to record what poſſeſs before the eye; and hence, the number of political ſongs to popular melodies preſerved by party ſpirit, and communicated to our modern collections of national ſong. †

"VEDDERBURNS complainte of Scotland vyth ane exhortation to the three eſtaits to be vigilant in the diffens of their public veil" is a curious piece worthy of notice, as exhibiting not only a deal of learning and claſſical knowledge, but alſo, throws ſome light on the faſhionable ſongs of the times, as mentioned in this truely ingeneous piece. * Theſe, however are in no wiſe ſimiliar to the ſongs of the Lowlands of Scotland; but ſeem

† It does not appear, that ſuch as cultivated the art of poetry in Scotland, were anxious to preſerve the characteriſtic compoſitions of the vulgar; on the contrary,—"to "imitate and rival the French and Italians "formed their devotion" (ſee J. D. Iſrael's miſcellany.) Thus Douglas, Lindſay, Ingles, the Maitlands, Scott, Montgomery, Drummond and others, neglected the doric muſe of their native plains, to rival the genius of Lope de Vega, or the querrelous ſtrains of Petrach. True indeed, "Chriſt kirk on "the green" and a few other exceptions, are to be found in ſeeming contradiction to this remark; but, by far the greater part of the works of our earlier poets abound with the ſame imigary, nicety, and petty elegance that embelliſhed the productions of their cotemporaries in England and on the Continent.

* A liſt of theſe ſongs above thirty in number is to be ſeen in Ritſon's extracts from the "Complaint" but ſuch as expect to find any of the ſangs of the Lowlands among this liſt will be diſapointed. Theſe ſongs undoubtedly were ſung to the 2, 3, and 4 part drawls, of which ſpecimens are to ſeen in J. S. Smiths ſongs in ſcore before the year 1500, and alſo in the collection printed by John Forbes (Aberdeen 2d. edition 1666 and 3 edition 1682) entitled Cantus, Songs, and Fancies to ſeveral muſical parts, both apt for voices and viols," and noticed in the above mentioned Gentlemans ingenious Hiſt. eſſay on Scotiſh ſong.

It would ſeem, that the ſongs of the populace of Scotland had been licentious in a high degree; elſe, it is preſumed, more of them would have appeared on record—but few, very few indeed, were even to be met with in Ramſays days "my being well "aſſured (ſays he) how acceptable new "words to known good tunes would prove, "engaged me to the making verſes for "above *ſixty* of them—about *thirty* more were done by ſome ingenious young gentlemen "(ſee preface to Ramſays Tea-table "Miſcellany 1724)' Thus it appears, that ninety new ſongs were introduced in place of the originals, which are perhaps irretriviably loſt, or, were ſuch as could on no account be admitted into a collection like Ramſay's.

Soon after the reformation, a ſtrange production appeared, intitled "Ane compendious booke of Godly and ſpiritual ſangs collectet out of ſundrie partes of the ſcripture, with ſunderie of other ballatis, changed out of the profaine ſanges, for avoiding ſinne and herlotrie, with augmentation of ſundrie gude and godly ballates, not contained in the firſt

to enumerate ſuch,as were commonly ſung,by thoſe who cultivated ſong as a branch of polite learning. Whether the "complainte" be the production of the perſon whoſe name it bears, or the compoſition of SIR JAMES INGLIS thus celebrated by Sir David Lindſay.

"Qho can ſay more than ſchir JAMES INGLIS ſayis
"In ballatis, farſis, and in pleaſand playis? LINDSAYS PAPINGO.

Seems uncertain—be that as it may it is a pleaſing and intereſting performance, and deſerves to be reſcued from the obſcurity in which it has lain—it being ſo ſcarce, that one copy only is known to be now extant.

DUNCANE LAIDER, * or MAKGREGOR'S TESTAMENT a poem (anonymous)was communicated to Mr. Warton by Mr. Pennant when collecting materials for his hiſtory of Engliſh poetry. He ſpeaks of it in high terms, and gives ſeveral ſpecimens. The poet mentions the fall of James the fourth at the battle of Flowden-field, ſo fatal to the Scotiſh nobility fought in the year 1513. Makgregor's teſtament ſeems to conſiſt of a ſpirited ſatyr on "the "ruinous policy and general corruption of public manners, prevailing in Scotland, under the perſonage of the STRONG MAN, that is, tyranny or oppreſſion."

Oppreſſion cliket gude reule be the hair,
And ſuddenlie in ane preeſoun him flang;
And cruiltie caſt Pitie our the ſtair,
Qhuill innocence was murtherit in that thrang.

In the Hyndford and Maitland M. S. S. are to be found many

edition, Edinburgh printed by Andrew Hart in the year 1621, newly corrected and amended by the firſt original copie—a ſpecimen of the ſame book was publiſhed at Edinburgh in 1764 by the late Lord Hailes. The original is in the poſſeſſion of Mr. George Paton of the Cuſtom houſe Edinburgh. This whimſical, ſerio-comic collection is a mere curioſity, and but marks the ſpirit of the times—the airs to the words, (being apparantly parodies on profane ſongs as are mentioned in "Yederburns complaint") are to be looked for no where elſe but in the muſic books of ſuch as could ſing by note and in parts—a ſimilar performance to the above, made its appearance among the congregation of Bareans in Scotland, the production of their ſpiritual guide Mr. Barkclay.—Example, "Had awa' bide awa' had awa' frae me Dei'lie"—Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen, lying on my bed mama? an angel bright &c.

* Probably from the Gaelic word Laidir, ſtrong.

valuable ſpecimens of the minor poets in the ſixteenth century—the chief of theſe are the production of,

ALEXANDER SCOT. Moſt of his pieces are amatory; and for the age, poſſeſs harmony of verſification, feeling, and ſentiment. They abound in alliteration, which ſeems to have been a principal ſtudy among the poets of his time. * Extremes may meet; and beauty may run into deformity—alliteration when ſkilfully managed, may greatly enrich, ſmooth elegant and flowing verſe; but, beware of ſilly conceit, and ſubſtituting ſound for ſenſe. It perhaps may be deemed ſomewhat fanciful to give a place among the poets to,

MARY STUART QUEEN OF SCOTS. Why not? "ſhe is reported "to have written poems in the Latin, Italian, French and Scot-"iſh languages†." But the hints contained in this eſſay relate to *The riſe and progreſs of the Art of Poetry in the Lowlands of Scotland*, not merely ſuch pieces as were compoſed in the doric dialect of the reſpective ages, to which they belong, of conſequence, there appears no inconſiſtency in giving a place to the Queen of Scots in the catalogue of the poets of Scotland. Princeſſes, merely ſuch, are no favourites with the author of theſe pages. But he adores beauty, in whatever ſtation, united to talents and elegant accompliſhments. Theſe become more intereſting when ſuffered to ly neglected; or more cruel fate! immured in a dungeon! loſt to the unhappy poſſeſſour, as well as to the age they were deſtined to adorn. The celebrated letters of Mary to Bothwell are in French, as are alſo, the ſonnets uſually perfixed to them. A piece of hers, expreſſing her emotions of regret on leaving France, where but lately ſhe had ſhone the morning ſtar of youth and beauty, is to be found in the Anthologie Françoiſe 1765, p. 19. This little ſonnet, for it is no more,

* "The author of Waller's Life aſ-"cribes to him the firſt practice, of what "Erythraeus and ſome late critics call "*Alliteration*, of uſing in the ſame verſe "many words beginning with the ſame "letter. But this knack, whatever be "its value, was ſo frequent among ear-"ly writters, that Gaſcoign, a writer "of the ſixteenth century, warns the "young poet againſt affecting it. Shak-"ſpear in the *Midſumer Night's Dream* is "ſuppoſed to redicule it; and in another "play the ſonnet of Holofernes fully diſ-"plays it." See Johnſon's life of Waller.

† See Walpole's catalogue of royal and noble Authors.

has ſeveral times been tranſlated prettily enough, and is to be found in ſeveral collections of fugitive pieces*.

Henry Lord Darnley, † the huſband of Mary, was accuſed of ſome little gallantries with the muſes. But his connection with thoſe coy dames, ſeems to have been of a very harmleſs nature; as but one ſlip only, appears in record againſt him; which Lord Hailes has moſt faithfully preſerved in his ſelection from the Bannatyne M. S.

The ample information reſpecting the manuſcript collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, to be found in the appendix of "ancient Scotiſh poems, 1786," precludes the neceſſity of enlarging in this place on the merits and hiſtory of the works in queſtion; to this curious and intereſting appendix, therefore, the reader is referred. In the Maitland manuſcript is a ſong entitled "The banks of Helicon"—it is the panegyric of a doating lover on his miſtreſs,—poſſeſſing little merit, ſave ſmoothneſs of verſification. Whether this piece be the original words to the muſic of "About the banks of Helicon" in the manuſcript referred to in page 15 of the converſation on Scotiſh ſong, ‡ ſeems doubtful; as to this muſic, many pieces in the ſame meaſure have been adapted—for example "the Viſion,"

* Mary on loſing ſight of the French coaſt is ſaid to have repeated theſe words of tender regret "Adieu donc ma chere France, que je perds du tout de vue; je ne vous verray jamais plus." Brantome Dames illuſtres tom. 2. p. 119. The ſame ſentiment ſeems to run through the beautiful ſonnet alluded to, thus elegantly tranſlated.

Ah! pleaſant land of France, farewell;
My country dear,
Where many a year
Of infant youth I loved to dwell!
Farewell, forever happy days!
The ſhip which parts our loves conveys
But half of me:—One half behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endleſs love,
And bring the other to thy mind.

This verſion is the production of John Baynes Eſq. "a gentleman of conſiderable "erudition, uncommon genius, and fine "taſte; who died univerſally lamented, at "the immature age of 27." See Hiſt. eſſay on national ſong, and Hiſt. eſſay on Scotiſh ſong 1783.

† The ſcull of this royal debauchee is preſerved among the curioſities of the Antiquarian ſociety of Scotland—it exhibits a melancholly proof of the effects of his incontinence.

‡ This manuſcript collection of Engliſh ſongs, (ſuch as appear in Smiths ſongs before 1500) was put into my hands by a young friend, who in all probability will one day diſtinguiſh himſelf in the republic of letters. I ſhall give in his own words an account of it, in the manner he made the communication. "It ſeems to have be-

beginning thus, " Bedoun the bents of Banquo brae," (* to which Ramſay has affixed the ſignature of Alexander Scot,) is the maſterly performance of a firſt rate genius. Doctor Beatie is of opinion " the Viſion" is the work of a modern hand—be that as it may, the piece in queſtion, in point of poetical merit, and elevation of thought, will yield to few compoſitions in any language. The " Cherry and the Slae," an allegorical poem, by,

Captain Alexander Montgomery, is alſo in the meaſure of the " Banks of the Helicone." Mr. John Pinkerton talkes very ſlightingly of this poets performances—but, he, who ſays, nobody can read Spencer, † and that Ramſay's " Gentle Shepherd" is an hyper-monſter, whoſe monſtroſity out monſters that monſter," is not to be regarded as the moſt mannerly of hyper-critics—ſuch as are inclined to judge for themſelves, will find ample gratification in reading, not only the " Cherry and the Slae," but alſo many pieces by the ſame author to be found in Mr. Pinkerton's collections of Scotiſh poetry. Another royal author paſſes under review—this is no leſs a perſonage, than,

James VI. King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. &c. &c. The laſt mentioned author writes his eloge thus,—" this pitiful prince, was alſo

" longed (the M. S.) to the deceaſed Mr. " Cranſton miniſter of Ancrum in the " preſbytery of Jedburgh who died 9 or 10 " years ago (date of Mr. John Lyden's " letter the young gentleman alluded " to is October 27th 1797) for at the " ſale of his library a ſhort time after his " death I drew it from a looſe parcel of " waſte papers into the library room and " ſeeming to value it as a curioſity was pre- " ſented with it by one of the curators who " told me he fancied it had once belonged " to ſome perſon on the Border"—the date marked on a leaf is 1639—two or three names appear on it viz. William Stirling, James Jamiſone, Marie Campbell—in the ſame hand-writing is anexed a collection of common pſalm tunes as ſung in the " churches reformed within the realm of " Scotland 1635," as appears by a printed copy in my poſſeſſion the verſion then in uſe ſet to muſic as ſung in the reformed kirk eſtabliſhed by John Knox.

* See Ramſay's Ever Green.

† " Witneſs Spencer, whom nobody " can read, and yet he is thought a good " poet" (ſee preface to ancient Scotiſh poems 1786.)

The accompliſhed Gibbons was of a different opinion " the nobility of the " Spencers has been illuſtrated and en- " riched by the trophies of Marlbrough; " but I exhort them to conſider the *Fairy* " *Queen* as the moſt precious jewel in " their cornet." (See Gibbons memoirs written by himſelf—edited by Lord Sheffield p. 3. 4to. 1794.)

a pitiful poet." An earlier panegyriſt, a cotempory, and humble admirer of his moſt ſacred Majeſty is of a different opinion.

Relliquias flammae Trojanaque rudera, Magnus
Luſtrat Achilleum dum Macedo tumulum;
Si fortunatum magno proclamat Achillem
Voce, canes numeris hunc quod, Homere, tuis.
O fortunatos! quibus una eſt gloria ſummi.
Vatis et ore cani. Regis et ore coli.

THOMA MORAVIO SCOTO.

"His Majeſties owne ſonnet on the deſtruction of the Spaniſh Armada" (in 1588) beginneth thus,

The nations banded 'gainſt the Lord of might,
Prepared a force, and ſet them to the way,
Mars dreſt himſelf in ſuch an awful plight,
The like whereof was never ſeen they ſay.
They forward came in monſtrous array, &c.

This ſublime ſonnet was moſt humbly imitated, by his obſequious chancellor Maitland, already mentioned, in manner following,

Inſano tumidae gentes coiere tumultu,
Auſae, inſigne nefas, bello ultro ciere tonantem.
Mars ſeſe accinxit; metuenda tot agmina nunquam
Viſa ferunt; propecare truces miro ordine turmae; &c.

His ſacred Majeſty gave to the admiring world "The pſalms of king David tranſlated by king James." Whatever the merits, or demerits of this royal ſuper royal production may be, criticiſm heeds not; knowing, the difference, if any happened on this ſcore, is made up long ago between the royal poets, in Abrahams boſom; to which abode, may all pious princes happily be called to join in tuneful hallelujahs for their deliverance and triumphant reward, a crown of glory.

* This paraphraſe of David's pſalms by James is perfixed to the Scotiſh Epiſcopal prayer book printed by Andro Hart Edinburgh 1612. again at the ſame place in 1637 by Robert Young printer to king Charles the firſt, and laſtly on a beautiful type and fine paper by the celebrated James Watſon, and ſold at his ſhop oppoſite the Lucken-booths, Edinburgh 1712.

" It is not my purpoſe (ſays Horace Walpole) to give an ex-
" act account of the noble and royal authors of Scotland: I am
" not enough verſed in them to do juſtice to writers of the moſt
" accompliſhed nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one
" country is endowed with a ſuperior portion of ſenſe, I ſhould
" be inclined to give the preference in that particular." * This flattering compliment, from ſo eminent an author, is highly grateful to the feelings of every north Briton; but if the ſentiment it meant to convey, reſts on the literary celebrity of our Scotiſh nobility and royal perſonages, I much fear, it might apply as a banter, but unleſs, we throw into the ſcale, a few illuſtrious plebeans, whoſe labours have added to the general ſtock of uſeful, and ornamental ſcience, the " ſuperior portion of ſenſe" this country, may have to boaſt of muſt weigh light in the balance.

Amongſt the illuſtrious group of plebeans portrayed in Scotiſh biography, none more forcebly ſtarts from the canvas than doth GEORGE BUCHANAN poet and hiſtorian—a name ever conſecrated to Liberty and the muſes. This extraordinary genius firſt drew breath in February 1506† at a time when the clergy lived in open defiance of, not only the laws of eſtabliſhed order, but in direct oppoſition to the pure precepts of that religion they, by their diſſolute lives, brought into diſrepute and eventual diſgrace. The feudal ſyſtem was then in the plinitude of its power. The influence of eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment had reached its zenith. The regal prerogative imbicile, and bowed down, had to ſtruggle with the ambition of the church, and power of the nobles. It was not till Buchanan advanced in years he beheld with digniſied ſatisfaction this momentous conteſt come to an iſſue. The active part he had taken in accompliſhing this great event, namely, the Reformation, laid him open to perſecution from all quarters. The clergy, whoſe implacable reſentment is at all times ſure as it is poignant, opened their battery upon him. His exaltation to ſituations of honour and emolument, laid him open to the thundering ordnance of ariſtocratic vengeance; but he withſtood their attacks

* Anecdotes of noble and royal authors vol. 2 page 142 4to.

† The place of his birth is in the pariſh of Kilearne, ſhire of Lenox—he was the third ſon of his family—being in all eight, five ſons and three daughters. See Chalmers life of Ruddiman page 111.

with a conſtancy and firmneſs, that amazed and enraged them ſtill the more. By the former body, he was branded as an athieſt; and by the latter, as a high-minded republican. Both appellations were then new, of courſe little underſtood; and in a ſhort time, the one was regarded a bugbear, the other, a mere nonentity.

Buchanan, born of parents by no means wealthy * had to climb the ladder of his ambition by ſlow, and gradual degrees. Nature, ſo to ſpeak, had rendered his mind active, vigorous; and had ſtampt him with a ſuceptibility for various and extenſive knowledge rarely the lot of humanity; add to this the early impreſſions he muſt in all likelihood, have imbibed, in beholding the ſurrounding proſpects of the place of his nativity, where the magnificent ſcenery of Lochlomond harmonizes in all that is ſublime and beautiful, then be it conſidered, how highly prepared, ſo richly ſtored an imagination was ſent to the ſchools to be matured to its utmoſt perfection. But obſtacles, untoward, and unforſeen, at firſt ſeemed to deny our promiſing genius the benefits of a liberal education.

How cheerleſs the proſpect of a woman, from whoſe boſom drops into an untimely grave, the huſband of her youth! how much more is her cup of affliction imbittered, when the tender offspring of their early attachment have hardly wherewithal to ſatisfy the ſimple wants of nature! Such was the deplorable ſituation of our poets mother. And thus, under the heavy preſſure of a numerous infant family, ſhe had to ſtruggle againſt the ills of a ruined fortune. Her third ſon George, the ſubject of this memoir, had paſſed through the ordinary courſe practiſed in the ſchools then eſtabliſhed Scotland, when his inſatiate thirſt for knowledge made him ſigh after an univerſity education. But how this was to be accompliſhed, was, no eaſy matter. With means barely ſufficient to procure the common neceſſaries of life—without a benefactor to extend an unſolicited bounty—without a patron to puſh him into notice—how could an orphan boy purſue the bent of his inclinations? Although, as the moral, and eloquent

* He was the ſon of Thomas Buchanan (ſecond ſon of Thomas Buchanan the firſt of "Drummakil") by Agnes the daughter of James Heriot of Trabrown—ſee Buchanan's (of Achmair) hiſtorical eſſay on the ſurname Buchanan 1723.

Johnſon beautifully remarks, " It is the fate of thoſe who toil at " the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear " of evil, than attracted by the proſpect of good; to be expoſed " to cenſure, without hope of praiſe; to be diſgraced by miſcar- " riage, or puniſhed for neglect, where ſucceſs would have been " without applauſe, and dilligence without reward" * yet, ſome individuals, by the well earned fruits of honeſt induſtry, place themſelves above want; and if generoſity accompanies their felicity of fortune, it rarely happens a fit object is wanting to call forth ſo noble an affection. James Harriot the uncle of young Buchanan, who had raiſed himſelf thus to eaſe and independence, was happily diſpoſed to aſſiſt the infant family of his ſiſter with the tenderneſs of a brother and liberality of a friend—George was the object of his immediate attention, and he ſent him to Paris to purſue his accademic labours. † Two years had ſcarcely elapſed when this worthy uncle died, and young Buchanan, was left without the means of farther ſupport. ‡ Alone, in a far diſtant country, friendleſs, unprotected, without money, broken in ſpirit, drooping in ill health—all powerfully combine to preſent to his morbid imagination the fond idea of his native home. He determines at laſt to return; but the means to accompliſh this, was not within his reach. England and Scotland were at war; and while John Duke of Albany was preparing to return to the relief of Scotland with the French auxiliaries deſtined on that expedition, Buchanan, at the inexperienced age of ſixteen embraced this opportunity to return, and inliſted as a private ſoldier. How deplorable the condition of many a poor wretch, who, thus voluntarily, if it may be ſo conſidered, throw themſelves into a mode of life, wherein murder becomes a duty; and the violation of the firſt law of nature, the ſport of perverted humanity! whether ſo obvious a reflection had ſtruck the mind of our young adventurer, is not known; but certain it is, he quited the ſervice at the end of his firſt campaign. He was now in his

* See preface to Johnſons Dictionary folio.

† In the year 1520—of courſe he was a lad of 14 years of age.

‡ 1522.

native country. But, without money, or friends. His better fortune began to dawn; and ſoon after he was admited as a *pauper** in the univerſity of St. Andrews. The celebrated John Major † diſtinguiſhed young Buchanan by his friendſhip. He purſued the career of learning with ſucceſs; and obtained his firſt accademic honour in the degree of Batchelor of Arts, before he had accompliſhed the twentieth year of his age‡. The following ſummer.§ Buchanan followed his preceptor Major to France, where, by his intereſt he was placed in what was lately known by the name of the Scotch College at Paris. Here again he was approved firſt as Batchelor and afterwards as Maſter of Arts; ‖ ſoon after we find him profeſſor of grammer in the college of St. Barbe**. He now began to ſhew his talents as an author; Linacre's grammer tranſlated from the Engliſh into Latin, dedicated to his then pupil, Lord Caſſillis made its firſt appearance in 1533. The year following he returned with his pupil and friend to Scotland.

Meanwhile, the germ that had been ſown in ſecret ſprung up; and while nurtured with the blood of martyrs, it ſpread forth thoſe branches under whoſe ſhadow, the foundation of a church, regenerated, reformed was about to be laid, and reared up with the utmoſt care, in the beauty of holineſs. Buchanan was no idle obſerver. His talents for ſatyr ſoon brought buzzing about his ears eccleſiaſtical drones in abundance. Protected by the great, he had the leſs to fear, and heeded not the menaces of a diſſolute fraternity of Monks, whoſe ſcandelous lives needed not the ſcourge of ſatyr to laſh them into contempt. James V. had conceived favourably of Buchanan; for we find in 1536 he had engaged him as preceptor to his ſon James Stuart †† (afterwards Abbot of Kelſo.) The poetical miſcellany entitled "the Franciſcan," was during this period the production of his leaſure hours. The king, who is ſaid to have

* Or generally called *Burſer* i. e. admitted to the benefit of a foundation.

† At that time profeſſor of philoſophy in St. Saviors college and aſſeſſer to the Dean of Arts. See M'Kenzies lives and Irvines Nomelature.

‡ On the 3d October 1525—ſee the Faculty regiſter.

§ 1526.

‖ See Chalmer's life of Rudiman.

** 1529.

†† His mother was "Elizabeth Shaw of the family of Sauchie"—ſee Chalmers life of Rudiman page 315.

commanded our poet thus to commit himſelf, baſely left him to the mercy of the enraged clergy. He was actually impriſoned in the caſtle of St. Andrews*; and had not a nephew of the Archbiſhop of Glaſgow interpoſed, the conſequences of his imprudent conduct might have overwhelmed him in diſgrace and eventual ruin. He fled to the Engliſh court for protection. But here he found new ſcenes of horror;—and no ſooner had he eſcaped the dungeon, than fire, and faggot preſented; for THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH† was buſily employed burning both proteſtants and papiſts with equal humanity, and impartial juſtice—all tending ultimately to the eſtabliſhment of true religion—however, this by no means ſuited George Buchanan's idea of the matter; and thinking it as well to ſlip quietly out of the way leſt he ſhould be honoured with the crown of matyrdom, a diſtinction he by no means coveted—he by the kindneſs of a confidential friend,‡ was enabled to paſs over into France; and here we find him once, more depending on his talents and induſtry for a ſubſiſtence. He had been little time in Paris, when, to his great mortification he had to encounter the machinations of his countryman and implacable enemy Cardinal Beaton, who at that time was ambaſſador from the Scotiſh court.

To elude the perſecution of this high-minded, malevolent prieſt, Buchanan had recourſe to his prudence. The reſult was, his accepting an invitation he had recieved from Andrew Govea § to aſſiſt him in a private academy then newly eſtabliſhed at Bourdeaux. Thus we ſee Buchanan, while yet in the flower of manhood, with a heart full of ſtrong and voluptuous paſſions, ambition enough to conquer, and govern the whole, the imagination of a poet, the mind of a philoſopher, the craft, and ſubtility of a ſtateſman—all, all buried in the humble ſtation of a ſchoolmaſter!—and yet—contented—happy. Thus glided away three of the pleaſanteſt years of his exiſtence, in a charming

* ibid.
† Henry VIII.
‡ Sir John Rainsford.
§ By birth a Portugueſe.

climate, free from every care;—chearful and unconcerned, as the gay ſociety in which he duely performed the

> Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
> To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
> To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
> To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
> The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
> Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
> Surpriſes often. —— THOMSON'S SPRING.

Among all the profeſſions in civil ſociety, that of a ſchoolmaſter is by far the moſt neceſſary;—and to the diſgrace of the community which he ſo faithfully ſerves,—the leaſt rewarded! Is not this a proof of our ſlow advancement in civilization—I had almoſt ſaid our want of humanity? yet the ſchoolmaſter hath his conſolations, the unheeding world know not how to rob him of. Though his emoluments be ſlender, and his reputation but limited; ſtill his leaſure is in his own hands, which he prizes above every other conſideration. In his hours of relaxation from buſineſs, his purſuits are congenial to his wiſhes, and when happily, the muſes form part of his devotions, how often have we we ſeen ſuch rational recreations enriching the ſphere of poetical ſcience. A more illuſtrious inſtance of this remark, can hardly be adduced, than the poetical labours of George Buchanan.

The product of our poets leaſure, was, rich, and valuable. Four tragedies, compoſed after the ancient model, odes and miſcellaneous pieces, all in ſuch purity of language, as added to Roman litrature, and the precious reliques of ancient learning. While thus engaged in the laudable and innocent purſuits alluded to, the Arch-biſhop of Bourdeaux recieved information, that, there actually lived in quiet, and perfect ſecurity, within his paſtoral juriſdiction, the arch heretic George Buchanan!* This ſeemed not to alarm the prelate ſo much as might have been expected; and our poet was ſuffered to remain unmoleſted; till time and circumſtances afforded him an opportunity to fix his reſidence elſewhere.

* Cardinal Beaton is ſaid to have been the informer.

An enemy not leſs formidable than the inquiſition, appeared at Bourdeaux.—This was the plague; from whoſe malignancy Buchanan made his eſcape by ſuddenly withdrawing himſelf to Paris; where he taught for ſome years in the college of Bourbon.

Andrew Govea, his friend and former collegue, having been called to eſtabliſh a new college in the populous city of Coimbra in his native country Portugal, prevailed on Buchanan to accompany him thither, with alluring promiſes of emolument and honour*. A year had ſcarcely elapſed when Govea died. Buchanan, who had now paſſed his fourtieth year, found himſelf once more aſſailed by the Franciſcans. It was found out that he had ate fleſh in lent! This was a crime of ſo heinous a nature as to merit the inquiſition. He accordingly met his deſerts; and eighteen month's impriſonment wrought a marvelous change on, the habits of our poet. But the penance enjoined was not ſo ungracious as might have been ſuppoſed,—for this was none other, than, tranſlating David's pſalms, into Latin verſe†. The literary world have to bleſs the accident that put him into the power of the Franciſcans of Portugal. Having obtained his liberty, he ſet ſail for England, where he ſafely landed in 1552. He remained but a few months when he returned to France; where ſoon after his arrival he was engaged by the Mareſchal de Briſſac as preceptor to his ſon Timoleon de Coſſe, ‡ and during the five years he ſpent in forming the mind of his pupil, he accompanied him in frequent journies to Italy, and other parts. In this comfortable ſituation he devoted his leaſure by turns to Metaphiſics, Theology, and Poetry§. Having fulfilled his engagements, he returned to his native country. But affairs wearing a very unſettled aſpect in Scotland, he left it, and once more viſited Paris. During his reſidence there, he ſuperintended the printing his verſion of the pſalms; ‖ and ſoon after quited France, to return thither no more.

* 1517 when John III. reigned, to whom he inſcribed a copy of verſes.

† He dedicated his maſterly performance of Jephthes to Briſſac printed 1654. Paris.

‡ "Who roſe to be an accompliſhed gentleman and a great commander." See Chalmers life of Ruddiman.

§ "In this ſtation it was he wrote his learned poem on the ſphere" ibid.

‖ See Lord Gardenſtones Miſcellanies.

On Buchanan's return to Scotland * he found ſo great a change to what he deemed for the better, as brightened every hope of civil and religious liberty that reigned ſupreme in his inmoſt ſoul. The Franciſcans driven hence, Cardinal Beaton, no more,† the reformers preſſing forward to the grand object of their wiſhes; were circumſtances that gave him ſecret ſatisfaction. Yet, he delayed avowing openly his principles, which were thoſe of a reformer on the broadeſt poſſible baſis, untill a favourable moment on which he was to ſeize preſented itſelf. Buchanan ſacrificed every conſideration to the main point. In keeping this ſtedfaſtly in view, he loſt ſight of every thing elſe. He heeded neither the ties of friendſhip, nor gratitude; and hence, the apparent inconſiſtency of his conduct; and conſequent attacts on his morals. It would lead us two far, to follow him through the mazes of court intrigue; therefore, we ſhall briefly ſtate his ſubſequent ſituations, as far as they are connected with his literary purſuits.

Buchanan, was now advanced in life. His literary reputation which was fully eſtabliſhed at home, and abroad, rendered him an object of veneration and high regard. He now appeared in the enviable character of Latin Inſtructor to the beautiful Queen of Scots,‡ and afterwards the preceptor of her ſon. But while he was forming the mind of his pupil; he ſcandalized the mother as an incontinent woman, a murderer, a traitreſs, and one who turned a deaf ear to the juſt demands, of her people. §

* In 1561-2 as ſome will have it.

† He was cruelly butchered in his palace at St. Andrews. He had been the cauſe of dreadful havock among the reformers.

‡ "The Queen readeth daily, after her "dinner, inſtructed by a learned man Mr. "George Bowhannan ſomewhat of Lyvie". Randolphs letter to Cecil dated at St. Andrews the 7th of april 1562, in the paper office.

From this period his exaltation may be dated.

In october 1564 he obtained the whole temporalities of the abbey of Corſraguel a handſome penſion of five hundred pound Scots, a great ſum in thoſe days. See Keith 259. In 1566 he was appointed principal of St. Leonards College of St. Andrews—and in 1569-70 he reſigned this office in order to devote his time to the education of the infant prince; during his minority, and his mothers ſhameful impriſonment. Buchanan paid ſucceſſively his court to the Regents, Murray, Lennox, Mar, and Morton—in 1571 he was made keeper of the privy-ſeal—which he reſigned in favour of his nephew Thomas Buchanan, and in 1578 was nominated in the kings Council.

§ See his "Detection"—a ſcandalous production.

Sedition had done its part. Rebellion had ſtalked abroad; and on the fatal 15th. of June 1567. the Queen was by her mercileſs ſubjects thrown into priſon. Meanwhile the royal pupil of Buchanan was advancing to manhood; and when he came finiſhed, from the hand of his accompliſhed maſter, behold he was a pedant! a ſcribler of verſes! a ſmatterer in Greek, and Latin! a mere maker of puns!—yet, ſuch was the prince, who was deſtined to aſcend the throne of Elizabeth!

Throwing into ſhade the blameable part of Buchanan's conduct, which no one with a clear conſcience can attempt to juſtify; we ſhall view him in the vale of years, engaged in the arduous taſk of devoting the remainder of a long life to his celebrated hiſtory. Still his mind was vigorous; and from his extenſive erudition, and long experience in the great world, much was expected. But alas! with all the claſſical elegance which illumines the ſplendid page of his hiſtory,—truth, too often is loſt in the blaze! And though, all the Roman breathes in its eloquence, ſtill, the fœtid odour of party ſpirit, ſickens the impartial enquirer, who turns from it with diſguſt, and ſeeks for more authentic and diſintereſted information elſewhere.

If the hiſtorian is accuſed of partiality; the poet ſtands confeſſed as the rival of Virgil himſelf in beauty and variety of diſcription; his tragedies may bear a compariſon with thoſe of Euripides, Æſchylus or any of the ancients. His epigrams are lively, and have ſufficient point. His ſatyrs are keen, and lacerate at every ſtroke. His lyric compoſitions for harmony and variety of verſification, ſplendid and luxuriant imagery; purity and elevation of ſentiment, beauty and ſublimity of ideas are ſecond to none in any age, or language—but as the learned author of his memoirs * modeſtly expreſſes himſelf "To write a regu-
"lar criticiſm on the poetical works of Buchanan, or to give even
"but a faint idea of the wonderful variety of their contents and
"beauties would require a large volume"—and as there is already more than a proportional part of the few ſheets alloted to this ſhort ſketch, taken up, with ſome ſlight obſervations on the

* Lord Gardenſtones miſcellanies.

life, and writings, of our favourite hiſtorian and poet; it is neceſſary, to paſs on; refering the reader to the ingenious work from which the above quotation is taken; where, are diſplayed, a ſolidity of judgement, a richneſs and ſprightlineſs of imagination, an elegance and ſimplicity of taſte, animation and purity of ſentiment, together with a glowing philanthropy throughout, that in no ſmall degree, characterizes the learning, and abilities that were wont to ſhine at the Scotiſh bar. Before we take leave of our poet, we ſhall contemplate for a little, the latter part of his life. At the age of ſeventy, we, find him in full poſſeſſion of his mental faculties, buſily employed in aiding with his influence and pen, the great intereſts of the reformation. All that ſtoic firmneſs, by which he was ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, was called forth to withſtand the ſhafts of calumny. But, "the force of his mind was only to be broken, by the "ſtroke that diſolved his mortal exiſtence." * Which event took place "at Edinburgh on ſaturday the 28th of Septem-"ber 1582, in the ſevenety-ſixth year of age." † The malignancy of his enemies, purſued him beyond the grave. Becauſe he had the infirmities of human nature—he was repreſented as licentious and diſſolute—nay, his very talents were called in queſtion! But the traducers of his memory were the weak and ſuperſtitious—and his perſecutors when living, were wicked and refractory prieſts.

The only apology, for having detained the reader by the way in purſuit of our ſubject, that ſhall here be offered, is, that the poetical works of Buchanan have, for upwards of two centuries, been read at our Grammar ſchools and Univerſities; of conſequence, while our youth performed their academic exerciſes with deligence and attention, the art of poetry hath been greatly advanced while peruſing the works of this great maſter. Surely, it is unneceſſary to mention, how much a Pitcairn, an Armſtrong, a Thomſon, a Mallet have profited by the poetical labours of Buchanan? And is it not a reproach to the country that

* Lord Gardenſtones miſcellanies.

† Chalmers life of Ruddiman p. 349.

claims him as one of her brighteſt ornaments, that ſince the amiable, ingenius, Ruddiman edited his original poems in 1715, a complete copy hath not appeared in print; while the moſt ſplended editions of the Engliſh poets have iſſued from the preſs, till taſte itſelf is tired with gratification.

Soon after the reformation, there appeared, an evident falling off in the poetical productions of the ſixteenth century.

JOHN BUREL Burges in Edinburgh, in the year 1590 produced two pieces in verſe, entitled "The diſcription of the "Queen's Majeſties maiſt honorable entry into the toun of "Edinburgh upon the 19th of Mai 1590," and "The paſſage "of the Pilgrimer, devidet into twa pairts"—theſe pieces (printed in Watſon's collection of part 2d. Edinburgh 1709,) poſſeſs but little merit, and hardly deſerve notice. In the latter poem, the Scotiſh names of many birds, and ſeveral beaſts, daily becoming obſolete, may be ſomewhat intereſting; but ſave a very few ſtanzas animating enough in deſcription, and where the poet points out in his allegory the evils of civil ſociety; the piece is rather heavy and prolix. It is in the meaſure of "the Bankes of Helicon."

In 1592 John Rolland in Dalkieth "tranſlated out of prois into Scotis meitre The ſeven Sages" mentioned in Pinkertons liſt. Several other writers, whoſe names are affixed to pieces preſerved by Bannatyne in his M. S. (Advocates library) reſpectable as minor poets, were it thought of ſufficient moment to allot a place to each, might be noticed; but this muſt become, the future taſk of a more patient enquirer, whoſe labours may do ſufficient juſtice to the reſearches here pointed out, and ſo warmly recommended.

In all ages, whatever were the viſciſitudes of human events, men, curious in making collections of fugitive pieces, have appeared, and have preſerved to poſterity the effuſions of genius, with as much care, as if the amuſement of the imagination were as eſſential, as the moral rectitude of mankind. An example of this kind occured in the century already mentioned, viz. the curious collection of pieces in verſe, made by George Bannatyne a canon of the cathedral of Murray. This M. S.

ſeems cotempory with the Maitland collection, and contains pieces common to both—whether the poems in it be ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſuch as may be deemed genuine ſpecimens of Scotiſh poetry, is a queſtion; for ſeveral pieces by Engliſh poets, ſuch as Withers and Haywood are therein found. The moſt valuable parts of this collection have been extracted, and printed by Ramſay, Lord Hailes, and Pinkerton. This M. S. was preſented in 1772 to the Advocates library by the Hyndford family, and is a truely valuable donation.

Being now about to cloſe my remarks on the advance poetry had made during the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries; I cannot take my leave of ſo rich a field, wherein ſo many laboured, not in vain, without feeling the livelieſt regret; the more eſpecially, as what appears in proſpect, but preſents a ſterile waſte, a cheerleſs void, where every thing that regards the purſuits of elegant litrature, ſeems, either blighted, or ſtinted in its growth; and while the progreſs ofpoetry ſeemed arreſted in its career in Scotland, our neighbours in England were making rapid advances in all manner of uſeful and ornamental knowledge. SHAKESPEARE had exhauſted the ſources of dramatic compoſition; WALLER had warbled in the moſt mellifluous meanders of flowing and harmonious verſification; MILTON had ſoared to the ſublimeſt heights of poetic excellence; and DRYDEN with eagle-vigour had pearched on the pinicle of Parnaſſus, and had dared to ſnatch the wreath from the immortal Pindar himſelf. Such, then,were the poets of England in the ſeventeenth century. The eighteenth, now ſo near a cloſe, and about to give in to poſterity an account of its advancement in civilization,can hardly, with all its accumulated knowledge and acquirements, boaſt of ſo bright a conſtellation of great and original poets, as the former two; yet, the fair tablet, on which are roled the many Shakeſpeares, Wallers, Miltons, and Drydens of this age, may challange future generations, to vie with it, in ſound ſenſe, good taſte, and refined criticiſm. And now, I proceed, not without heſitation, to trace the progreſs of poetry from the acceſſion of our ſixth James to the Britiſh throne, down to the reign of the preſent ſovereign.

No ſooner had James ſucceeded to the royal dignities of England, than the muſes, as if faſcinated by the ſplendour of a ſouthern court, fled from Scotland, to encircle the throne of the pedantic monarch.* Muſt genius forever, be doomed, to court the ſmiles of the little great? Forbid it, thou guardian genius of art and ſcience! How muſt the feeling heart, ſwell with honeſt indignation, when it is conſidered, how many ſink, unheeded, into obſcurity and want; not, becauſe they challenged, the admiration and careſſes of the age they lived in: but, knowing not the art to flatter feeble royalty, or fawning hypocricy, in the ſhape of a pitiable thing, called a courtier! Thus, Buchanan was, neglected in his old age; † and Burns, alas! ſuffered to droop, languiſh, and ſink in poverty !‡

The acceſſion of our ſixth James to the throne of England, on the demiſe of Elizabeth, ſeemed to effect, very little change, on the manners of thoſe whom he was called to govern. Although his ſpeech was, of the broadeſt Scotiſh dialect, yet, few aped their beloved ſovereign, in his language, and as few, it is believed, imitated the grace, eaſe, and dignity of his mein, and familiarity

* "He retailed the ſcraps of BUCHANAN, "affected to talk much, figured in church "controverſies, and put on the pedantic "appearances of a ſcholar, whilſt he ne- "glected all thoſe of a good man, as well "as a king"—ſee Bolinbroke's idea of a patriot king p. 216.

† At the age of ſeventy, (ſays Lord Gardenſtone) when oppreſſed by the gout and ſtone, he publiſhed his tragedy of John the Baptiſt, which is inſcribed to his pupil with a tone of firmneſs and dignity worthy of his former fame. "If at any time," ſays Buchanan, "impelled by bad counſellors, "or the licentiouſneſs of the kingdom, "overcoming a virtuous education, you "act amiſs, I intend this work as an evi- "dence to poſterity, that the fault lies not "with your preceptors, but with you, ne- "glecting to follow their proper admoni- "tions." The treatiſe *De Jure Regni* is inſcribed to king James, in the ſame independent and manly ſtile, Lord Gardenſtones memoirs of George Buchanan p. 268.

‡ The laudable exertions made by thoſe who have ſo generouſly ſtept forward in behalf of the widow, and orphan family of Burns, hath, I underſtand been crowned with ſucceſs. It is hoped, the taſk of preparing for the preſs the edition of his former, and poſthumous works, to be publiſhed for the benefit of his family, by gentlemen, no leſs conſpicuous for genius and talents, than probity, and honour, will doubtleſs, meet that countenance, and ſupport ſo ardous an undertaking merits; ſo that a comfortable proviſion may be made for the widow, and the fatherleſs.

of manners. Thoſe who wiſhed to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the republic of letters, wrote in the improved and improving language of the age of Queen Elizabeth. Of conſequence, the poetry of Scotland was ingrafted on that of England; and hence, the ſudden change ſo manifeſt in the Scotiſh writers, ſoon after ſouth and north Britain, became united under one monarch. The firſt poet of any reputation, who flouriſhed in the ſeventeenth century in Scotland was,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER Earl of Stirling. His works are, four tragedies, Jonathan, an heroic poem, Doomſday a holy poem, Aurora a poem, a Parænefis to the Prince (Henry ſon of James VI.) The latter piece ſave one, was printed at London 1604, and the former two, were reprinted, and improved, in 1637, Folio, and again in 1727, 12mo. ſo that his works are by no means rare. His merits, as a poet, are very conſiderable; a careful peruſal of his labours, will amply reward, the reader of feeling and taſte. He was born 1580, and died at the age of ſixty. He was among the firſt who obtained a royal grant of lands in Nova Scotia. In the collection of poems part II. printed at Edinburgh 1709 by Watſon are to be found a ſpecimen of very pretty verſes by,

Sir ROBERT AYTON. Some of his Latin pieces are preſerved in the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum. He was private ſecretary to the wife, of James VI. Ann of Denmark, of courſe, one of the wits of that ſapient monarchs court. Among the poets of this century (1600,)

JAMES MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, the laſt of Scotiſh heroes muſt have a place. This gallant general, who unfortunately, like his royal maſter (Charles I.) fell a ſacrifice to the dire events of the times, in the high tone of a royaliſt, admoniſhes his miſtreſs thus,

But I muſt rule and govern ſtill,
And always give the law;
And have each ſubject at my will,
And all to ſtand in awe:
Or in the empire of thy heart,
Where I ſhould ſolely be,
Another do pretend a part,
And dare to vie with me;

Or if commitees thou erect,
And go on ſuch a ſcore,
I'll ſmiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.
But if no faithleſs action ſtain
Thy love and conſtant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my ſword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll crown and deck thy head with bays,
And—love thee more and more.

Another piece, no leſs characteriſtic of this heroic chief, is to be found, with his name anexed, in a collection of papers relative to the unfortunate Charles, printed A. D. 1649, namely, the celebrated epitaph on his royal maſter,

Great! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd blood demands ſupply
More from BRIAREUS hands than ARGUS eye,
I'll ſing thy obſequies with trumpets ſounds
And write thy Epitaph with blood and wounds.

MONTROSSE.

written with the point of his ſword.

And the gallant ſoldier moſt religiouſly kept his word—Montroſe, with unparalled heroiſm, and generalſhip, with a mere handful of men, almoſt undiſciplined, and little better than free-booters, fought many battles; and had nearly, by his prodigies of valour checked the progreſs of liberty, ere it had commenced its glorious march, which led to the eſtabliſhment of THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

Various readings.

Great, Good, and Juſt, could I but rate
My grief, *to* thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world *in* ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould deluge once again.
But ſince thy *caſe much rather cries*
For Briareus hands, than Argus eyes,
I'll tune thy *elegies to* trumpets ſounds,
And write thy Epitaph *in* blood and wounds.
See Henrie Gutherie Biſhop of Dunkeld's memoirs p. 255. A. D. 1702.

It rarely happens, that during civil contentions, and times of public calamity, the fine arts are cultivated, with any degree of ardour, or ſucceſs. A few individuals indeed, may in ſome meaſure, abſtract themſelves from the buſy ſcene, who, with a happy portion of rational contentment, can ſquare their deſires, to their means, and thus, preſerve, unblemiſhed, their probity, and independence; holding on the "noiſeleſs tenor of their way" unheeding the dangers that threaten on all hands; while the fate of empire ſeems poiſed in the doubtful balance, whether, anarchy, with all its horrors, ſhall preponderate, or, arbitrary meaſures, be driven to the utmoſt poſſible limits that caprice can invent, or tame forbearance patiently ſubmit to—ſome individuals, I ſay, who, endowed with a happy genius for poetry, may dally with the muſe, and lay up for more propitious days, the darling offspring of theſe ſtolen embraces—thus it happened, that,

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden during the civil calamities of his time, devoted his retreat from the world. He at the early age of twenty five, darted into ſolitude, and like an eagle, perched on his native rock, biding defiance to the ſtorms that loured over the political hemiſphere of Europe at the commencement of the ſeventeenth century; which ſo happily terminated, in the humiliation of a proud monarch, * and the glorious revolution which, ſecured to Engliſhmen their BILL OF RIGHTS.

Drummond ranks high as a poet. He hath culled the ſweeteſt and lovlieſt flowers of Parnaſſus, but rarely aſcends beyond the midway eminences—here, he reſts, not idle, and while warbling his "wood-notes wild" the muſes, deſcend from the top-cliffs of the ſacred mountain, and drink, with delight, the harmony of his ſilver-toned lyre. And often, as with printleſs ſtep, they depart, with lingering, and affectionate glances that beſpeak their unfeigned approval, beckon him, as they aſcend; but he prudently, declines; knowing, how dangerous it is to climb the giddy heights, that prove ſo fatal to "many a ſoul ſublime" where few, ſave a Pindar, a Dryden, a Gray, or a Colins dare venture, and look round them, in ſafety.

* Louis XIV.

My limited plan, admits not, of any other, than very general remarks on the works of the poets of Scotland, elſe, I were tempted to devote a few pages to a critique on Drummonds poetical labours, which in the opinion of every judicious reader, muſt give pleaſure, while a taſte for ſuch poetry, as reaches the heart, is felt and acknowledged. But, as indiſcriminate praiſe, is really next to none, I ſhall treſpaſs on the readers patience, with a few, ſlight remarks on ſome of his principal pieces.

It muſt be confeſſed, that the order in which Drummonds poems at preſent ſtand (the edition that lies before me is that of J. Watſon 1711) is by no means calculated, to exhibit their merits to advantage. A new edition of his ſonnets, madrigals, ſongs, elegies, miſcellanies &c. properly arranged, ſo as to ſhew the characteriſtic excellence of each, is much wanted; and thus, juſtice would be done to an author, whoſe works, will not loſe, by a compariſon with many of the beſt Italian, Spaniſh, or Engliſh poets.

His Miſcellanies conſiſt of eighteen pieces. They are upon the whole, rather quaint; and ſave his Epitaphs, are the worſt of his compoſitions in verſe. We may except the " 16 To his Amourous thought" which is a pretty enough conceit.

The ſpeech of *Caledonia* repreſenting the kingdom, delivered at the pageant the 15th of June 1633 on Charles I. entering Edinburgh, is a noble production,

> Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell,
> With her pure ſiſters, Truth, ſimplicity;
> A Mar's adoring brood is here, their wealth
> Sound minds, and bodies of as ſound a health;
> Walls here are men.——

" The river of Forth feaſting (though) a panagyrick to the high and mighty prince James VI king of Great Britain, France and Ireland." Poſſeſſes a deal of merit, particularly in happy deſcription.

> O long long haunt theſe bounds, which by thy ſight
> Have now regained their former heat and light.
> Here grow green woods, here ſilver brooks do glide,
> Here meadows ſtreach them out with painted pride,

Embroid'ring all the banks, here hills aſpire
To crown their heads with the aethereal fire,
Let mother earth now deckt with flowers be ſeen:
And ſweet breath'd zephyres curl the meadows green,
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimſon ſhower,
Such as on Indies ſhoars they uſed to pour:
Or with that golden ſtorm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rained when his blew-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day out weave,
May never night riſe from her ſable cave
Swell proud my billows.———

Indeed the whole of this poem, is admirable. "The Shadow of the Judgement" a fragment, is, perhaps, his beſt piece. He here, makes a bold attempt at the ſublime; and not without ſhewing he poſſeſſed a portion of "A muſe of fire" which the divine Milton ſeemed to claim excluſively his own.

Above thoſe bouudleſs bounds where ſtars do move,
The cieling of the chriſtal round above,
And rain-bow-ſparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each under ſphere———
———————the King of ages dwells.
Hither ſurcharged with grief, fraught with annoy,
(Sad ſpectacle into that place of joy,)
Her hair diſordered dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace,
The crimſon mantle wont her to adorn
Caſt looſe about, and in large pieces torn,
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eyne
Along her cheeks diſtilling chryſtal brine,
Which downward to her ivory breaſt was driven,
And had bedewed the milky-way of heaven,
Came PIETY:

Her ſiſter CHARITY bare her company, and appears before the throne of the almighty, with tender babes curling round her neck, now preſſing ſome to her breaſt, and kiſſing others—while ſhe deplores her proſcription on earth, where

Miſchief mounts to ſuch a high degree
That there, now none is left that cares for me;

Juſtice and Truth next appear—the deſcription is ſublime,

Scarce had ſhe ſaid, when from the Nether World,
(Like to a Lightning through the Welkin hurl'd,
That ſcores with Flames the Way, and every Eye
With Terror dazles as it ſwimeth by)
Came Juſtice; to whom Angels did make place,
And Truth her flying Foot-ſteps ſtraight did trace.
Her Sword was loſt, the precious Weights ſhe bare
Their Beam had torn, Scales rudelie bruiſed were;
From off her Head was reſt her Golden Crown,
In Rags her Vail was rent and Star ſpangl'd Gown,
Her Tear-wet Locks hang'd o'er her Face, which made
Between her and the Mighty King a ſhade;
Juſt Wrath had rais'd her colour (like the Morn
Portending Clouds moiſt Embryo's to be born)
Of which, ſhe taking Leave, with Heart ſwoln great,
Thus ſtrove to plain before the Throne of State.

In ſhort, there is much to praiſe, and but little upon the whole, to cenſure, in this diviſion of his poems viz. the "Flowers of Sion" a fervent ſpirit of piety breathes throughout, that characteriſes the feeling and fancy of the divine poet.

His "Madrigals and Epigrams" are pretty enough conceits, and riſe above mediocrity—a ſpecimen may be neceſſary to ſhew the truth of this remark.

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even Kiſſes me affords
Of her (dear her) ſo far who's abſent now?
How did I hear thoſe Words,
Which Rocks might move, and move the Pines to Bow?
Ay me! before Half Day
Why didſt thou ſteal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that Gueſt again.

When firſt the Cannon from her gaping Throat
Againſt the Heaven her roaring Sulphure ſhot,
Jove wak'ned with the Noiſe did aſk with Wonder,
What Mortal Wight had ſtoln from him his Thunder;
His Chriſtal Towr's he feared, but Fire and Air
So high did ſtay the Ball from mounting there.

"Tears on the death of Mœliades" is an elegaic piece on the death of prince Henry (James VI's ſon) and is of no value.

" Urania, or Spiritual poems" are ſix in number—very little can be ſaid to their praiſe either. " Poems, the ſecond part," are ſonnets chiefly, a few madrigals, and a ſong, ſuch, as if ever ſet to muſic, muſt have tired the hearer, as much as if he were condemned to hear a Calvaniſt congregation ſing the 119 pſalm to the Dundee tune. In "part the firſt" is another ſong, but though ſomewhat too long yet, ſome paſſages, are excellent—for example,

Her Hair more bright than are the Morning's Beams
Hung in a golding Shower above the Streams,
And dangling ſought her fore-head for to cover,
Which ſeen did ſtraight a Sky of Milk diſcover,
With two fair Bows, Love's Bows, which never bend
But that a golden Arrow forth they ſend,
Beneath the which two burning Planets glancing
Flaſht Flames of Love, for Love there ſtill is dancing.
Her either cheek reſembled bluſhing Morn,
Or Roſes Gules in Field of Lillies born:
'Twixt which an Ivory Wall ſo fair is raiſed,
That it is but abaſed when its praiſed.
Her Lips like Rows of Coral ſoft did ſwell,
And th' one like th' other only did excel:
The Tyrian Fiſh looks pale, pale look the Roſes
The Rubies pale, when Mouth's ſweet Cherry cloſes.
Her Chin like Silver Phoebe did appear
Dark in the midſt, to make the reſt more clear:
Her Neck ſeem'd fram'd by curious Phidia's Maſter,
Moſt ſmooth, moſt white, a piece of Alabaſter.
Two foaming Billows flow'd upon her Breaſt,
Which did their tops with Coral Red increſt:
There all about as Brooks them ſport at leaſure,
With Circling Branches Veins did ſwell in Azure:
Within thoſe Crooks are only found theſe Iſles
Which Fortunate the dreaming old World ſtiles.
The reſt the Streams did hide,———

His " Polemo-middinia" is a curious ſpecimen of macaronic verſe, unworthy the pen of him, who as he himſelf informs us " was the firſt in the iſle that did celebrate a " miſtreſs dead, and Engliſhed the Madrigal." Yet this ſame Polemo-middinia, has not only been popular among the vulgar,

but even, the learned themſelves, deemed it not beneath notice; for, the learned Biſhop Gibſon, in 1691 printed an edition of it, with notes, and illuſtrations, wherein he has ſhewn, a very rediculous parade of learning—this edition is reprinted in the Edinburgh Magazine for November 1774—ſpecimen

> Qui pleugham lango gaddo drivare ſolebat;
> Et Hob Gyb wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin
> Et plouky faced Watty Strang atque in-kneed Alexander Atkin,
> Et Wily Dickheavy-arſtus homo,

From the extracts given from Drummond's poems, it may fairly be granted, that, his merits as a poet, are very conſiderable indeed; but though it were true, as hath again, and again been aſſerted, "that poets cannot write proſe," I am by no means willing to allow, notwithſtanding what Mr. Pinkerton ſays of him as an Hiſtorian (he allows him great praiſe as a poet) that, "his Hiſtory of the Jameſes," is "*the moſt deplorable performance that ever aſpired to the name of Hiſtory*"—(Drummond ſpeaking of ſuch as ſuffered through the weakneſs and credulity of James V. for imaginary treaſons, and viſionary conſpiracies * ſays) "Upon the like ſuſpicions "*Drumlanrig*, and *Hemps-field* ancient barons, having challenged others, had leave to try the verity by combat: the liſts "were deſigned by the king (who was a ſpectator and umpire "of their valour) at the court of the palace of Holy-rood-houſe. "They appeared upon the day, armed from head to foot, like "ancient Paladines, and after many interchanged blows to the "diſadvantage of their caſks, corſlets, and vantbraces, when "the one was become breathleſs, by the weight of his arms, and

* Among the hapleſs victims of James's fears and credulity, was Jane Douglas, the accompliſhed, magnanimous ſiſter of the Earl of Angus, (niece to the Biſhop of Dunkeld G. Douglas) who for a ſuppoſed meditated attempt on the life of the king by poiſon, was accuſed, tried, condemned, and her ſentence put in execution immediately, on the Caſtle-hill of Edinburgh, within ſight of her ſon and huſband, who beheld her through the grate of their priſon (in the caſtle) conſume to aſhes! This ſpectacle, was followed by another event, no leſs tragical, namely, her huſbands death; who in attemping to eſcape, was daſhed to pieces on the rocks; and thus ended the miſeries of two innocent perſons, who fell a ſacrifice to the rude barbarity of the times. Mr. Pinkerton takes another view of the matter—ſee his Scotiſh hiſtory.

" thunder of the blows, and the other (who was ſhort ſighted)
" had broken his ponderous ſword, the king, by heraulds, cauſed
" ſeperate them, with diſadvantage to neither of the champions,
" and the verity which was found, was, that they dared both
" fight in cloſe arms" Drummonds life of James V. p. 105.

It muſt be confeſſed,after all,that Drummond, in the character of Hiſtorian, is inferior to the Poet; but it does not follow, that he was incapable of writing proſe.

It has already been ſtated, that our poet, early in life, dedicated his leaſure to ſweet ſolitude, retirement, his books, and the muſes. What led to this choiſe,may be traced in the ſhort ſketch following.

William Drummond, was born 13th December 1585. His father Sir John Drummond, was deſcended of the Carnock family. His mothers name was Suſannah the daughter of Sir William Fouler, ſecretary to Anne of Denmark. Our poet recieved the firſt rudiments of his education at the Grammer ſchool of Edinburgh; and afterwards at its Univerſity,where he took his degree of Maſter of Arts. At the age of twenty one his father ſent him to France, where he ſtudied the civil law at Bourges.

Though the law may appear, at firſt view, a tireſome and ungracious ſource of ſtudy, yet, as ſoon as the young ſtudent can command his attention, and perceives the connection of all its branches ethical, political and commercial, it becomes a more pleaſing taſk, and brightens at every ſtep; giving a tone to the intellectual and active powers of the ſoul, that in after-life, influences every purſuit; and whether the ſtudent may chance to dictate the hiſtoric page; or ſoar in the regions of abſtract ſpeculations; eſſays to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the department of polite litrature, or devotes, as Drummond did,himſelf, to poetry; a correctneſs of thought, logical arrangement of ideas, energy,and elegance of expreſſion, perſpicuity,and an eaſy flow of language are ſo happily blended, as clearly to point out, the rigid courſe of diſcipline, a ſtudent of law, muſt neceſſarily impoſe on himſelf, preparative to eminence and diſtinction in his profeſſion.

Whatever the notion of our poet might have been on this head, doth not appear on record; but we find him on the death of his father in 1610, returned after a ſtay of four years abroad; and after having laid aſide any farther thoughts of a profeſſion that

did not ſeem to hit his fancy, he bade adieu to the active world, to enjoy rural quiet, and ſweet converſe with a few choſen friends and his muſe. The life of a literary man is little varied. His productions are the beſt records of his life; and if theſe merit not the notice of poſterity, his actions are like himſelf, hardly worth being known. Among the moſt intereſting circumſtances of our poets life, was, a viſit, the celebrated Ben Johnſon paid him in his ſolitude at Hawthornden. This romantic ſpot, ſeems to have been formed by nature, in one of her happieſt moments. All the materials that compoſe pictreſque beauty, ſeems here combined in endleſs variety—Stupendous rocks, rich and varied in colour, hanging in threatning aſpect, crowned with trees that expoſe their bare branching roots; here the gentle birch hanging midway, and, there the oak bending its ſtuborn branches, meeting each other; huge fragments of rocks, impede the rapid flow of the ſtream that hurries brawling along unſeen, and heard far beneath mingling in the breeze that gently agitates the wood. Here then, at this delightful ſpot, we behold Johnſon, who had made his journey from London an foot, and our poet, ſeated high, on a hanging craig, by turns, indulging themſelves in wit and railery, innocent, as ſprightly, or by pleaſing tranſitions, drop into ſerious topics, that led to more profound diſquiſitions, which by imperceptible degrees advanced them to purely intellectual contemplations; which often laſted, till the falling dew, or the moon peeping through the glade, warned them of approaching night; while thus happily engaged in cordial converſe, they ſeek their way back, ſcrambling through the tangled mazes, and windings of this delightful ſolitude;—now we behold them ſeated in a comfortable chamber, where the hoſpitable board is ſpread, and ſparkling burgundy invites to all the temperate joys of rural elegance, eaſe, and chearfulneſs. Thus paſſed the time, when Ben Johnſon made his pilgramage to Hawthornden. * Our poet, like he whom

* A ſubteranneous den ſcooped out of the ſolid rock under the caſtlet, is quit entire. Various have been the conjectures relative to its origin. Ignorance and ſuperſtition have their fearful ſtories about it. But what appears from record, is, that about the middle of the fourteenth century a ſanctioned *banditti*, conſiſting of the *youth* of ſome of the chief families in Scotland, made it their hiding-place! From this cave, they were wont to ſally forth, led by their preceptor *Alexander Ramſay*, to commit depredations on the Engliſh Border!—and this

he ſo happily imitated Petrarch, had a Laura, whom he immortalizes in his poems; ſhe is the ſame, ſo beautifully deſcribed in the laſt extract. She dwelled "On Ora's flowing banks" ſhe was a daughter of Cuninghame of Barns, Fife-ſhire, ſhe met his paſſion with a ſuitable return—but alas! death ſnatched her from him in a malignant fever, juſt as every thing was arranged for the ſolemnization of their nuptials. This fatal ſtroke blighted every hope. He was adviſed to travel; and accordingly, he once more

they called learning the *art of war!!*— But theſe were the battles of the crows and kites—had human bloodſhed ceaſed with thoſe barbarous times; fair Science would have ſhone forth more and more. Nor would its progreſs have been clouded, with the ſhades of ignorance, and ſuperſtition. Nor ever chaced hence, by the hideous howlings of civil broils, nor checked by the intrigues of rapacious deſpots, guilding their baits with childiſh honours and donations, ſtained with the blood of thouſands.

The heads of a converſation that paſſed between Johnſon and Drummond are preſerved among the proſe works of the latter; and as this curious piece ſhews the opinions they entertained on the works of their cotemporaries, I ſhall make no appology in giving it at full length.

"He (Ben Johnſon) ſaid, that his grandfather came from Carliſle, to which he had come from Annandale in Scotland; that he ſerved king Henry VIII. and was a gentleman. His father loſt his eſtate under Queen Mary, having been caſt in priſon and forfeited, and at laſt he turn'd miniſter. He was Poſthumous, being born a month after his father's death, and was put to ſchool by a friend. His maſter was Camden. Afterwards he was taken from it, and put to another craft, viz. to be a bricklayer, which he could not endure, but went to the Low countries, and returning home again, he betook himſelf to his wonted ſtudies. In his ſervice in the Low-countries he had, in the view of both armies, killed an enemy, and taken the *opima ſpolia* from him; and ſince coming to England, being appealed to a duel, he had killed his adverſary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whoſe ſword was ten inches longer than his. For this crime he was impriſoned and almoſt at the gallows. Then he took his religion on truſt of a prieſt, who viſited him in priſon: he was 12 years a papiſt; but after this he was reconciled to the church of England, and left of to be a recuſant. (At his firſt communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine.) He was Maſter of Arts in both Univerſities. In the time of his cloſe impriſonment under Queen Elizabeth there were ſpies to catch him, but he was advertiſed of them by the keeper. He has an epigram on the ſpies. He married a wife, who was a ſhrew, yet honeſt to him. When the king came to England, about the time that the plague was in London, he [Ben Johnſon] being in the country at Sir Rob. Cottons houſe with old Camden, he ſaw in a viſion his eldeſt ſon, than a young child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody croſs on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a ſword; at which, amaz'd, he pray'd unto God, and in the Morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who perſwaded him, it was but an apprehenſion, at which he ſhould not be dejected: In the mean time there come letters from his wife of the death of that

quited his retirement, and ſpent eight years in viſiting the moſt celebrated characters and Univerſities abroad. He greatly augmented his literary connections; and collected the choiceſt works of ancient and modern claſſics; as well as thoſe on mathematics, and mechanics. In the latter, namely mechanics, he was eminently ſkilled, as appears by his inventions, ingroſſed in a patent granted under the great ſeal by king Charles I. to Drummond; Hence it appears, the extent, and variety of his knowledge;

boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he ſaid, of a manly ſhape, and of that growth he thinks he ſhall be at the reſurrection.

He was accuſed by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing ſomething againſt the Scots in a play called Eaſtward Hoe, and voluntarly impriſoned himſelf with Chapman and Marſton, who had written it amongſt them: It was reported, that they ſhould have their ears and noſes cut. After their delivery he entertained all his friends, there were preſent Camden, Selden and others. In the middle of the feaſt his old mother drank to him, and ſhewed him a paper, which ſhe deſigned (if the ſentence had paſt) to have mixed among his drink, and it was ſtrong and luſty poiſon, and, that ſhe was no churl, ſhe told ſhe deſigned firſt to have drunk it her ſelf.

He ſaid, he had ſpent a whole night in lying looking at his great toe, about which he hath ſeen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthagenians fight in his imagination.

He wrote all his verſes firſt in proſe, as his maſter Camden taught him, and ſaid that verſes ſtood by ſenſe, without either colours or accent.

He uſed to ſay, that many epigrams were ill, becauſe they expreſſed in the end what ſhould have been underſtood, by what was ſaid before; as that of Sir John Davies, that he had a paſtoral entitled, the Maylord, his own name is Alkin, Ethra the Counteſs of Bedford, Mogbel Overbery, the old Counteſs of Suffolk, an Enchantreſs; other names are given to Somerſet, his Lady, Pembroke, the Counteſs of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his firſt ſcene, Alkin comes in mending his broken pipe. He bringeth in, ſays our author, Clowns making mirth and fooliſh ſports, contrary to all other paſtorals. He had alſo a deſign to to write a Fiſher or paſtoral play, and make the ſtage of it in the Lomond Lake; and alſo to write his foot pilgrimage hither, and to call it a diſcovery, in a poem he calleth Edinburgh;

The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other Eye.

That he had an intention to have made a play like Plautus's Amphytruo, but left it off, for that he could never find two ſo like one to the other, that he could perſwade the ſpectators that they were one.

That he had a deſign to write an epic poem, and was to call it Chorologia, of the Worthies of his Countrie raiſed by fame, and was to dedicate it to his Country: It is all in couplets, for he deteſted all other rhimes. He ſaid, he had written a Diſcourſe of Poetry both againſt Campion and Daniel, eſpecially the laſt, where he proves couplets to be beſt ſort of verſes, eſpecially when they are broke like Hexameters, and that croſs rhimes and Stanzas, becauſe the purpoſe would lead beyond eight lines, were all forc'd.

His cenſure of the Engliſh Poets was

beſides the leſſer accompliſhments what were deemed in thoſe days neceſſary in the finiſhed gentleman, as playing on the lute, which he is ſaid to have done to admiration. On his return to Scotland, he retired to his relation Sir John Scot of Scotarvat, and during his reſidence with him wrote his hiſtory of the five Jameſes. Time, change of place, and ſucceſſion of indicdent, had ſo far effaced the impreſſions of regret for the maid of Ora; that he again. felt the effects of a renewed paſſion in beholding

this: that Sidney did not keep a Decorum in making every one ſpeak as well as himſelf. Spencer's ſtanza's pleas'd him not, nor his matter; the meaning of the allegory of his Fairy Queen he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Rawleigh, which was, that by the bleating Beaſt he underſtood the Puritans, and by the falſe Dueſſa the Queen of Scots. He told, that Spencer's goods were robbed by the Iriſh, and his houſe and a little child burnt, he and his wife eſcaped, and after died for want of bread in Kingſtreet; he refuſed twenty pieces ſent him by my Lord Eſſex, and ſaid he was ſure he had no time to ſpend them. Samuel Daniel was a good honeſt man had no children, and was no poet; and that he had wrote the civil wars, and yet hath not one battle in all his book. That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if he had performed what he promiſed to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent. That he was challenged for intituling one book Mortimariades. That Sir John Davis play'd on Drayton in an epigram, who in his ſonnet concluded his miſtreſs might have been the ninth worthy, and ſaid, he uſed a phraſe like Dametas in Arcadia, who ſaid his miſtreſs, for wit, might be a giant. That Silviſter's tranſlation of Du Bartas was not well done, and that he wrote his verſes before he underſtood to confer; and theſe of Fairfax were not good. That the tranſlations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but proſe. That Sir John Harrington's Arioſto, under all tranſlations, was the worſt. That when Sir John Harrington deſired him to tell the truth of his epigrams, he anſwered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were narrations,not epigrams. He ſaid, Donne was originally a poet, his grandfather on the mother ſide was Haywood the Epigrammatiſt. That Donne for not being underſtood would periſh. He eſteemed him the firſt poet in the world for ſome things; his verſes of the loſt Ochadine he had by heart, and that paſſage of the calm, that duſt and feathers did not ſtir, all was ſo quiet. He affirmed that Donne wrote all his beſt pieces before he was twenty five years of age. The conceit of Donne's transformation or Μετεμψυχώσις, was, that he ſought the ſoul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the ſoul of a bitch, then of a ſhe-wolf, and ſo of a woman: his general purpoſe was to have brought it into all the bodies of the hereticks from the ſoul of Cain; and at laſt left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one ſheet of this, and ſince he was made doctor; repented hugely, and reſolved to deſtroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his Aninverſary was profane and full of blaſphemies, that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable. To which Donne anſwered, that he deſcribed the idea of a woman, and not as ſhe was. He ſaid, Shakeſpeare wanted art and ſometimes ſenſe; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, ſaying they

his dear Eliza, (the daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Reſtalrig) as if the maid of Ora, had deſcended in the form of this Lady, to reward his conſtancy, with an affectionate, tender companion. This adventure happily terminated in a marriage. The fruits of this union, was a numerous, and proſperous family. He enjoyed the confidence, and eſteem, of many of the brighteſt ornaments of the age he lived in; among the number were, the Earl of Stirling (already noticed as a poet) the great Montroſe,

had ſuffered ſhip-wrack in Bohemia, where there is no ſea near by 100 miles. That Sir Walter Rawleigh eſteemed more fame than conſcience: the beſt wits in England were employed in making his hiſtory. Ben himſelf had written a piece to him of the Punick war, which he altered, and ſet in his book. He ſaid there was no ſuch ground for an heroick poem, as king Arthur's fiction; and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transformed all his Arcadia to the ſtories of king Arthur. He ſaid, Owen was a poor pedantick ſchoolmaſter, ſweeping his living from the poſteriors of little children, and has nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was 30 years of age, who, he ſaid, was a good poet, as were Fletcher and Chapman, whom he loved. That Sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him, becauſe a friend to Drayton. That Sir R. Ayton loved him dearly. He fought ſeveral times with Marſton, and ſays, that Marſton wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies. His judgement of ſtranger poets was, that he thought not Bartas a poet, but a verſer, becauſe he wrote not fiction: he curſed Petrarch for redacting verſes into ſonnets, which he ſaid was like that tyrants bed, where ſome who were too ſhort were racked, others too long cut ſhort. That Guarini in his Paſtor fido kept no Decorum in making Shepherds ſpeak as well as himſelf. That he told Cardinal Du Peron, (when he was in France, Anno 1613) who ſhewed him his tranſlation of Virgil, that it was naught; that the beſt pieces of Ronſard were his odes. But all this was to no purpoſe (ſays our author) for he never underſtood the French or Italian languages. He ſaid, Petronius, Plinius Secundus and Plautus ſpoke the beſt Latine, and that Tacitus wrote the ſecrets of the Council and Senate, as Suetonius did thoſe of the Cabinet and Court. That Lucan taken in parts, was excellent, but altogether naught. That Quintilian's 6, 7, and 8 books were not only to be read, but altogether digeſted. That Juvenal, Horace and Martial, were to be read for delight, and ſo was Pindar; but Hippocrates for health. Of the Engliſh nation he ſaid, that Hooker's Eccleſiaſtical Polity was beſt for church-matters, and Selden's Titles of Honour for Antiquities. Here our author relates, that the cenſure of his verſes was, that they were all good, eſpecially his epitaph on prince Henry, ſave that they ſmelled to much of the ſchools, and were not after the fancy of the times: for a child (ſays he) may write after the faſhion of the Greek and Latin verſes in running; yet, that he wiſhed for pleaſing the king, that piece of Forth Feaſting has been his own.

As Ben Johnſon has been very liberal of his cenſures on all his cotemporaries, ſo our author does not ſpare him: for (he ſays) Ben Johnſon was a great lover and praiſer

(alſo mentioned as a poet) Michael Drayton, Ben Johnſon, and many other his cotemporaries and fellow voteries of the muſes. He died at the age of 64 on the 4th December 1649, and was buried in the family vault in the church of Leſſwade, near his own reſidence, about ſix miles to the ſouth of Edinburgh. He was a good man, an accompliſhed ſcholar, and doubtleſs ranks high as a minor poet.

of himſelf, a contemner and ſcorner of others, given rather to loſe a friend than a jeſt; jealous of every word and action of thoſe about him, eſpecially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a diſſembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of ſome good that he wanted, thinketh nothing well done, but what either he himſelf or ſome of his friends have ſaid or done; he is paſſionately kind and angry, careleſs either to gain or keep; vindicive, but if he be well anſwered, at himſelf; interprets beſt ſayings and deeds often to the worſt. He was for any religion, as being verſed in both; oppreſſed with fancy, which over-maſtered his reaſon, a general diſeaſe in many poets. His inventions are ſmooth and eaſy, but above all he excelleth in a tranſlation. When his play of the Silent Woman was firſt acted, there were found verſes after on the ſtage againſt him, concluding, that that play was well named the Silent Woman, becauſe there was never one man to ſay Plaudite to it.

Mr. Drummond gave the following character of ſeveral authors.

The authors I have ſeen (ſaith he) on the ſubject of love, are the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, (whom, becauſe of their antiquity, I will not match with our better times) Sidney, Daniel, Drayton and Spencer. He who writith the Art of Engliſh poeſy praiſeth much Rawleigh and Dyer; but their works are ſo few that are come to my hands, I cannot well ſay any thing of them.

The laſt we have are Sir William Alexander and Shakeſpear, who have lately publiſhed their works. Conſtable faith, ſome hath written excellently, and Murray with others, I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publiſh their works: but of ſecrets who can ſoundly judge?

The beſt and moſt exquiſite poet of this ſubject, by conſent of the whole ſenate of poets, is Petrarch. S. W. R. in an epitaph on Sydney, calleth him our Engliſh Petrarch; and Daniel regrets he was not a Petrarch, though his Delia be a Laura; ſo Sydney, in his Aſt, and Stell telleth of Petrarch, you that pure Petrarch long deceaſt wooes with new-born ſighs.

The French have alſo ſet him before them as a Paragon; whereof we ſtill find, that thoſe of our Engliſh poets who have approach'd neareſt to him, are the moſt exquiſite on this ſubject, when I ſay, approach him, I mean not in following his invention, but in forging as good; and when one matter cometh to them all at once, who quinteſſenceth it in the fineſt ſubſtance.

Among our Engliſh poets, Petrarch is imitated, nay ſurpaſt in ſome things, in matter and manner: in matter, none approach him to Sidney, who hath ſongs and ſonnats in matter intermingled: In manner the neareſt I find to him, is W. Alexander; who inſiſting in theſe ſame ſteps, hath ſextains, madrigals and ſongs, echoes and equivoques, which he hath not; where-

The contemporaries of Drummond, were the ingenious and learned contributors of the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*; which elegant collection "would have done honour to any nation" * as Doctor Johnson with equal candour and juſtice expreſſes himſelf. The chief of theſe, was,

ARTHUR JOHNSTON M. D. principal of Mariſchal college Aberdeen, who edited Bleau's edition 1633, † dedicated to

by, as the one hath ſurpaſt him in matter, ſo the other in matter of writting, or form. This one thing which is followed by the Italians, as of Sanazarius and others, is, that none celebrateth their miſtreſs after their death, which Ronſard had imitated: after which the two next (methinks) followeth, Daniel, for ſweetneſs in ryming ſecond to none. Drayton ſeemeth rather to have loved his muſe than his miſtreſs; by, I know not what artificial Similes, this ſheweth well his mind, but not the paſſion. As to that which Spencer calleth his Amorelli, I am not of their opinion, who think them his; for they are ſo childiſh, that it were not well to give them ſo honourable a father.

Donne among the Anacreontic lyricks, is ſecond to none, and far from all ſecond; but as Anacreon doth not approach Callimachus, tho' he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil; no more can I be brought to think him to excel either Alexander's or Sidney's verſes: they can hardly be compared together, trading diverſe paths; the one flying ſwift, but low; the other, like the Eagle, ſurpaſſing the clouds. I think, if he would, he might eaſily be the beſt Epigrammatiſt we have found in Engliſh; of which I have not yet ſeen any come near the ancients.

Compare ſong, Marry and Love, &c. with Taſſo's ſtanzas againſt beauty; one ſhall hardly know who hath the beſt.

Drayton's Polyolbion, is one of the ſmootheſt poems I have ſeen in Engliſh poetical and well proſecuted; there are ſome pieces in him, I dare compare with the beſt tranſmarine poems.

The 7th ſong pleaſeth me much.

The 12th is excellent.

The 13th alſo: The diſcourſe of Hunting, paſſeth with any poet. And

The 18th, which is his laſt in this Edition 1614.

I find in him, which is in moſt part of my compatriots, too great an Admiration of their Country; on the Hiſtory of which, whilſt they muſe, as wondering, they forget ſometimes to be good poets.

Silveſter's tranſlation of Judith, and the battle of Yvory, are excellent. He is not happy in his inventions, as may be ſeen in his tobacco batur'd, and epitaphes: who likes to know whither he or Hindſon hath the advantage of Judith, let them compare the begining of the 4th book, O ſilver brow'd Diana, &c. And the end of the 4th book Her waved locks, &c. The midſt of the 8th book, in Ragau's ample plain one morning met, &c. The 6th book, after the beginning, each being ſet anon, fulfilled out, &c. And after, Judas, ſaid ſhe, thy Jacob to deliver, now is the time, &c. His pains are much to be praiſed, and happy tranſlations, in ſundry parts equalling the Original.

* See Johnſon's tour to the Hebrides.

† Scot of Scotarvat (the brother-in-law of Drummond) was alſo a poet, and the author of "The ſtaggering ſtate of the

Scot of Scotarvat * at whoſe expence it was printed. Arthur Johnſton was born at Caſkeiben near Aberdeen in 1577 †. He ſtudied at Padua, and graduated there. On his return to Scotland, by the intereſt of Laud who admired him as a poet, he was appointed phyſician to Charles I. and ſoon after principal of Mariſchal college Aberdeen. He died at Oxford in 1641. aged ſixty four. " He holds (ſays Doctor Johnſon) " among the Latin poets of Scotland the next place to the " elegant Buchanan". His works occupy a very conſiderable proportion of the valuable repoſitory of the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum, which will hand down to poſterity, a proof, how early, and with what ſucceſs, the arts of humanity were cultivated in Scotland, when, as yet, the elegancies of poliſhed life, were almoſt unknown. It would lead me beyond the limits of my plan, to notice particularly, the ingenious contributors of the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum; therefore, I ſhall mention but one other, namely,

Mark Alexander Boyd ‡ whom I take to be the ſame noticed in Granger's " ſuppliment to the Biographical hiſtory of England." He is reported to have been " the beſt Scotiſh poet of his age; and as a writer in his native language, was on a level with Ronſard and Petrarch"—Of his Scotiſh poetry, I know nothing; § nor have I ſeen, (except what appears in the Deliciæ Poet: Scot:) any of his writings, of conſequence, can only gueſs,

Scots ſtateſmen" an " ill-informed ſatyre" ſays Lord Hailes—vide his catalogue of the Lords of Seſſion.

* His works were publiſhed at Meddleburgh in 1652 at the expence of Scot of Scotarvat.

† Mr. Chalmers ſays 1587. This ſeems at varience with Coopers engraved portrait of Arthur Johnſton perfixed to Ruddimans edition 1739 Poetorum Scotorum Muſae Sacrae by which it appears he was fifty two in 1629.

‡ Author of Epiſtolae Herodium, et Hymni ad Jacobum Regem—Del: Poet: Scot: p. 152.

§ " Poems in the Scotiſh language" " —they are immoderately extolled (ſays Lord Hailes) by " the author of the " memoirs; (Sir Robert Sibbald) but as he " eſtimates the verſes of Boyd that are " extant, much above their real value, we " cannot rely on his judgement with reſ- " pect to verſes that are loſt." Vide Sketch of the life of Mark Alexander Boyd by the late Sir David Dalrymple Lord Hailes—it is very like all his works, judicious, faithful, and well written. A copy of the book is rarely to be met with, as few were thrown off; it was merely intended as a ſpecimen of a ſeries of Scotiſh biography,

from the ſpecimen to be ſeen in ſaid collection, that his works, wherever to be found muſt be valuable, and it is earneſtly recommended, that ſearch be made for them among the cabinets of the curious.

Boyd our poet, was a ſon of Robert Boyd of Pinkhill in Ayrſhire, and was born on the 13th. January 1562, and died in 10th April 1601. aged thirty nine. He was the contempory of the admirable Crichton, and is ſaid to have rivaled him in excellence. "The partial reports of his friends, (ſays Lord Hailes) and the credulity of popular tradition have injured the juſt fame of Boyd, by holding him out as a prodigy"—the ſame remark might with equal propriety be applied to the extravagant relations reſpecting Crichton. "Boyd was tall, well made, and robuſt, of a comely pleaſant countenance, and he had a ſoldier-like air." He was full of pranks in his boyiſh days; in his youth, "ſudden and quick in quarrel"; and in his riper years, given by turns, to ſtudy, compoſition, adventure, broils, and extravagancies; that ſeemed a reſtleſs career of varied exiſtence, which exhibited an epitome of human frailties ſtrangely commixed with the better qualities of the head and heart. He was a ſoldier, a poet, a ſcholar, and abating his exceſs of vanity, fickleneſs of temper, and proneneſs to paſſion, upon the whole, he was accompliſhed, generous, and manly. Though idle and careleſs in youth, yet, in more advanced life he "redeemed the time; and his life affords an important leſſon, and "which cannot be too frequently inculcated on young minds, "that preſeverance in ſtudy is neceſſary for all who aim at "becoming uſeful." It ſometimes happens that,

JOHN JOHNSTON author of the "Heroes Scoti," et "Reges Scoti" is confounded with Arthur Jonſton formerly

he deſigned to compoſe. A miſerable catch-penny, ſomewhat ſimilar to this intended work, is, pretty far advanced, under the accurate and moſt erudite John Pinkerton Eſq. It exhibits at once his knowledge, deſcernment and faſtidious taſte—miſtaking a Madona writting and weeping at the ſame time, for a genuine likeneſs of the Queen of Scots might be pardoned, as a certain *little* Lord led our biographer into the miſtake—but, to exhibit the ſtrange-like raggamuffin, ſhocking ſet of portraits of our ſacred race of Scotiſh kings, is really unpardonable! how mortifying to a Scotſman! poſterity will ſuppoſe the royal line deſcended of the crooked family. Fy on't Mr. Pinkerton!

mentioned. I have never ſeen his *Heroes Scoti*, conſequently, can give no account of it; but his *Reges Scoti* † lyes before me; and from the curſory view I have taken, it ſeems worthy the attention of the curious; as containing, an abſtract of the ſeveral reigns, from Fergus ſon of Eric, to Mary the daughter of James V. including a ſeries of crowned heads during a period of nearly eleven centuries. The verſe is eaſy, flowing and energetic. A few examples may ſuffice to ſhew the nature and merit of the work ‡.

MACBETHVS ſive MACCABAEVS Boethio

REX LXXXV.

Anno Mundi 5010. *An. Chriſt.* 1040.

a conditu Regni 1370.

I.

SVSTVLIT inſidiis cognato ſanguine Regem,
Et pretium ſceleris regia ſceptra tulit.
Dum ſtudet aeternam hanc maculam detergere, multa
In melius patriae conſulit et populo.
Arte feros motus premit, aut praevertitur armis,
Dat pacem, et leges, juraq; nunc patriae.
Rurſus ad ingenium rediens iraſq;, furoreſq;,
Improbus in proceres, et ſacra jura vomit.
Caede furit, caede ergo perit. SORS ilicet aequa,
CADEIVM et artifices arte perire ſua.

II.

Diſcite quam ſceptris non tutum fidere. Princeps
Eſſe volo. Iam de Principe nullus ego.

ROBERTVS BRVSSIVS

REX XCVII.

Anno Mundi 5276. *An. Chriſt.* 1306.

a conditu Regni 1636.

I.

QVIS varios caſus, quis dura pericula Brvſſi
Fatorumq; vices commemorare queat?

† See Edward Phillips Theatorum Poetorum part 2d. p. 13.

‡ Inſcriptiones Hiſtoricae Regvm Scotorvm, Continvata Annorvm Serie a Fergvſio primo Regni Conditore ad noſtra tempora: Ioh. Ionſtono Abredonenſe Scoto, Authore. Praefixus eſt Gathelus, ſive de Gentis origine Fragmentum An. Melvin. Amſteldami, Excudebat Cornelius Claeſſonius Andreae Hartio, Bibliopolae Edemburgenſi. Anno 1602.

Qui victus toties, toties qui victor et hoſtis,
In vacuo fixit Martia ſigna ſolo.
Qui domitis Fatis, pugnando reſtituit rem;
Civibus et patriam, juſq; ſuum patriae.
Cum tot acerba virum, cum tot cumulata ſuorum
Funera funeribus cerneret ante oculos;
Mens generoſa animi Fortunae exelſior omni
Imperio, ſtabili perſtitit uſq; gradu.
Scotia quae ſtatues Victori juſta tropaea!
Qui Fati, ac hoſtis, Victor et ipſe Sui eſt.

II.

Victus, non victus, felix, miſer, omnia, nullus.
Quidnam hoc? humanum non capit ingenium.
Fatis bella gerit. Sed Fatis robore major
Eſt Devs. Hoc vincit fata ſequens, fugiens.

IACOBVS I.

REX CII.

Anno Mundi 5394. *An Chriſt.* 1424.]
a conditu Regni 1754.

I.

Dvm captum hoſpitii violatis legibus Anglus
Detinet, ingenii nobilitavit opes.
Quas infert patriae, patriamq; his artibus ornat
Oppida, ſacra, ſcholas, conſtitutq; forum.
Aebudas, genteſq; feras, populoſq; rebelles.
Perdomat. Inq; Anglos concitus arma movet.
Marte potens, atq; arte togae Rex magnus: et illum
Impia ſic potuit contemerare manus?
Qvo non impietas, Regni et maleſuado cupido
Proruit? At par eſt poena ſecuta ſcelus.

II.

Quam vario quondam cecidit ſub vulnere Caeſar,
Vulnere tam vario Rex Iacobus obit.
Ille malus patriam male perdidit, et perit una:
Optimus hic patriam ſervat, et occubuit.
Diſparibus factis paria ergo fata? Svpremo
Nullus ab eventu facta notanda putet.

MARIA REGINA.

Anno Mundi 5513. *An. Chriſt.* 1543.
a conditu Regni 1873.

I.

An. Melvino authore.

Regibus orta atavis, et dignis aucta hymenaeis
Gallo nupta, Anglo prognata, atq; edita Scoto,

Sum Maria omborum Regnorum nobilis haeres;
In lucem genitori, in regnum fratribus haeres,
In patriam matri, in thalamos suffecto marito,
Regum adii fortunam omnem rerumq; labores,
Ausa etiam dubio voti vim credere Marti.

In 1633, when Charles I. visited Scotland, a profusion of panegyric was poured in upon him from all quarters. A volume of this nature was put into my hands lately, entitled ΕΙΣΟΔΙΑ Musarum Edinensium in Caroli Regis, Musarum Tutani ingressu in Scotiam. Edinburgi Excudebant Hæredes Andreæ Hart 1633. The first piece is in Greek by Principal John Adamson of the Edinburgh University. The third piece is also in Greek, translated by the author, in manner following.

ΤΩ

ΚΑΡΟΛΩ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙ

ΧΑΡΙΣΓΗΡΙΟΝ.

Χαιρε θεῶ τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένε, χαῖρε Βρετάννων
Παμβασιλεῦ, Σκοτίας ἀιγλη, ϗ δεύτερον ἄστρον
Παρθενίκον παρέχει στεφάνον βασιλεία; Μονην δὲ
Συζητεῖ δολίχην, γλυκέρας φυσσητρία ζωῆς.

Την σοφίην σέβομεν πολυποικίλον, ἄλλυδις ἄλλως
Κείμενον, ἀτρεπτῶ τελέει ϗ θεσπιδε θεσμῶ.

Ἀεναῦ Λόγε Πατρὸς ὁς ἄνέρα παντα καθάιρεις
Πνευματεκαῖς απτῖσι σελαγίζων γένος ἀνδρῶν
Δὸς ΚΑΡΟΛΟΝ καρ ὁλον θεῖοις χαρίσμασι πληρῆ

Ἔρκος Ετητυμίης, Ψευδῦς σφύραν, Ἐργοδιώκτην,
Παππολάτρων Ἐλατήρα, Τεῆς καὶ Ποιμένα Ποιμνην,

GUIL. STRUTHERUS,
PASTOR EDINBURGENSIS.

The same translated by the Author.

KING CHARLES

WELCOME.

Thrise welcome, Gods beloved, Heavens renown'd,
Great *Britaines* Monarch, and her second light:
With Virgin-Crown thy Kingdome hath thee crown'd,
And craves thy stay for mutuall delight.

But God his various wisedome wee adore,
And cease to search: in compassing his ends
Both fitting, crossing: lykelie, contrare store
All serve to bring to pass what hee intends.

Eternall fathers word who purgest man
With ghostly rayes, aboundantly destill
In CHARLES all-heart, princely tender mynd
Thy saving grace; that hee may practise still

Trueths buckler, untrueths hammer; Gods surveyer,
The poplings curber, and the church purveyer.

MR. WILLIAM STRUTHER,
PREACHER AT EDINBURGH.

The contributors to this loyal collection were, beſides the two already mentioned, P. Niſbet, D. Primroſe, Jo. Armour, Ja. Adamſon, Al. Hamilton, Al. Douglas, Robert Magill, Robert Burnet of Barnes, Thomas Craford, Robert Smith, Patrick Hamilton, and Ar. Newton. D. Primroſe has written beſides his Latin verſes, "Scotlands welcome to her dread "Soveraigne K. Charles." The numbers of this poet are moſt charming; ſmooth, and harmonious as Waller, animating, and poetical as Milton—for example,

Sweete deſert Nymphes in hollow caves that dwell,
That never faile to anſwere every call,
That where yee are not, moſt yee ſeeme to bee,
That with a ſhoute or noiſe doe live and die;
Sound foorth your anthems, and reporting ſing,
A thouſand welcomes to our gratiops King.

You ſun-burnt Swaines in countrey hamlets bred,
That make the Heavens your tent, the graſſe your bed;
You neede not for your harmleſſe flokes to feare,
No Tiger, Wolfe, nor Foxe dare now appeare,
Come whiſtling foorth your joyes, come dance and ſing,
A thouſand welcomes to our gratious King.

The poet goes on perſonifying Scotland, and recounts the valiant achievments of her ſons,

"Fergus who firſt the Britiſh force did foile,
Making *Kyle* famous by the fall of *Coile*,
Did broatch the way to mine, and made their name
To bee inrol'd in regiſters of Fame.

Loue-breathing Fergus, ſpeach-man * for the reſt
Of all the valiant ones,"——

Though often toſted by the waues of fate,
Whil's ſad diſaſters threatened our eſtate,
Whil's faithleſs friends, and foes profeſt conſpyre
To build on Scotlands ruines their empire:
Eclipſe her ſplendour, and delet her name
Furth of the trew records of laſting fame.

* Fer-guth in Gaelic ſignifies ſpokes-man.

For thoſe old Germane *Picts*, our painted friends,
Covering with faireſt vailes thair ſpytfull ends,
Did treacherouſlie with Britons KINGS combyne,
To wrack themſelues in vanquiſhing of myne,
But ſtill that divine Scot-preſerving pow're,
Turning to ſweeteſt ſalves our ſeeming ſowre,
Did prove to us a guide, and guarde ſo ſure,
As that no force our ruine could procure:
No not that Roman terrour-breathing wrath,
Who would not want on parcell of the earth;
But thought his bygone conqueſt all for nought,
If any ſoyle was reſting to bee ſought,
And all as nothing, which was done before,
If to be done yet on thing reſted more.
This war-lyk Romane boundleſs in deſire,
T'allondge the limites of his proud empyre,
Streach'd foorth his wings, and croſt the ſomie ſtrand,
To make a province of great Britans land,
But did too ſoone thoſe Brittiſh forces ſoyle
Unglorious purchas of a yeelding ſoyle:
Such downie conqueſts did not pleaſe their mynd:
Nor could great *Cæſer* any ſolace find,
But when hee had perceiv'd his headſtrong foes,
As forward to retort, as ſuffer blowes.
Nor could hee brook to enter in a town,
But by ſome breach which hee had broken down.
Yet though thoſe Brittones faint durſt not reject
The yoke of bondage preſſing on their neck,
My valiant Scots would not reſolve to yeeld
But rang'd in ordour ventured in the field,
Their ſprightfull bodies long inur'd to warres,
By frequent conflicts with their adverſares.
Witneſſe Corbredus ſecond, Galdus cal'd,
Whos noble mynd, whos curage unappal'd,
Extreames of war would rather undergoe,
Nor hold this crown of his al-conquering foe
And breathing courage to his warlyke men,
Who now was rankt in battell on the plaine,
Thus ſayes: The Britones and the Galliſh ſtate
As ſlaves to Caeſer now ar mancipat,
Yet valiant friends, the deepth of miſerie
In my accompt is loſſe of libertie,
Which we have judg'd the ſcop of our deſire,
Since Fergus firſt was cal'd to this empyre,

Then let not bruttiſh Britones foyle diſmay us,
Nor Romanes force or fearce aſpect affray us
For Gold-fac'd Phoebus meaſurer of tyme,
Hath touched the circle of the northmoſt clyme,
Now almoſt twyſe two hundered tymes and twaine
Since Scotland firſt enjoyed a Soveraigne.
Yet all this while our Princes did maintaine,
Their liberties vnſtain'd, which ſtill remaine,
More deare to us nor treaſure, chylde, and wyfe
Or yet this flying ſweet, our toylſome lyfe.
With ſtrength, ſkil, courage let us then oppoſe
The ſtrength, ſkill, courage, of our furious foes,
But if their chance and hap bee to prevaile
Your fortune ſhall, but not your courage faile.
And this braue verdict ſhall be ſaid of you,
The Scotes were broken, but they could not bow.
But when great ſtormes, and boyſtrous waues of fate,
Shall rudelie ryſe on Romes Empyre to bayte;
And wrack their ſpyte on that ambitious town,
Which Kinglie Scepters thus hath peſtred down,
So that their Caeſares muſt of force recall,
Home to their hopleſſe help their legiones all,
And thoſe who earſt did all the world offend
Shall ſcarce haue ſkill one citie to defend,
Then ſhall a new ſprung race of Scotes aryſe,
Like Phoebus peering throw the foggie ſkyes;
And ſhall roote out all Romanes that remaine,
And us repone to our old rightes againe,
Baſe mynded Brittones bar'd of Romane aide,
Affrighted in thair Cabins ſhall abide,
Till rous'd from thence and fraught with feares ſhall flie
Faſt to the loweſt ebbings of the ſea,

————But whil the King did grace
His ſpeach with one ſhort pauſe; The people cry.
More deare to us then lyfe is libertie,
We thriſt to try theſe ſtrangers ſtrength; goe to it:
Or die we ſhall or then moſt brauelie doo it,
We may bee beaten but we ſhall not flie,
More deare than lyfe to us is libertie.

Yet in the midſt of theſe diſaſtrous dayes;
Wee ſtill were thinking on the meanes and wayes,
On our pernicious foes to bee aveng'd,
And on a night our forces bravely rang'd

In war-like poſture, fiercely did ſet on
The *Romane* Campe, pitch'd neere to *Camelon*,
Where in the ſilence of the ſable night,
Till freſh Aurora ſhew a glim'ring light,
On mountaines tops; wee boldly fought it out,

Such, then, appear the merits of this maſterly compoſition.

In the ſame volume immediately following this poem, is another of inferior merit, yet poſſeſſing ſo conſiderable a ſhare, as to deſerve notice. It is intitled "Grampivs gratvlation to "his high and mightie monarch, King Charles. By William "Douglas.

Vnica vicinis totiès pulſata procellis,
Externi immunis domini.

The hiſtory of the fatal chair carried off by Edward Longſhanks from Scone, is as follows,

There is a Marble ſtone, which bears our name,
Of ancient note, and never dying fame:
In time of Moſes in proud Pharoes land,
From worlds firſt framing hid till then did ſtand.
This ſtone great Gathell through the deepes did carie,
So ſoon as King-bred Scota hee did marie;
And on that ſhore hee firſt did ſtrike his ſaile,
Which yet from him intitled port Gathel.
Now with this deſtinie that ſtone wee grac'd,
That *Scots* ſhould ring where ev'rit ſhould bee plac'd:
So *Hyber Scota*'er elder ſon did reigne,
And was enſtal'd of *Luſitania* King.
But heere the *Scots* did ſo increaſe in *Spaine*,
Gallicia could them all not well containe.
A fruitfull Iſland in the Ocean ſea,
Twixt *Albion* and *Iberia* doth ly;
Heere did Hymecus with a mightie band
Of beſt appointed Scotiſh Souldiers land:
Where to immortalize great *Hybers* fame,
Hee calde the land *Hybernia* from his name.
But while ſucceſſours to *Hymaecus* faile
And furious foes their fronteirs doe aſſaile,
Brave *Symon Brecus* from *Iberia* brings
This fatall chaire to deſtinate their reignes:
Yet did their number ſo their bounds exceede,
To reinlarge their limits they have neede.

They hoiſe their ſailes, and firſt no further ſtrive,
But on North *Albions Æbuds* did arrive:
Till from *Ierne* came that man divine,
Of hundreth nyne Kings who began the line:
At whoſe approach the *Britones* ſet on fire,
Doe gainſt him and his twofold *Scots* conſpire.
(For his *Ierni Scoti* thouſands ten
Ion'd with their brethren the *Scot-albin* men)
So to repell them from the continent;
King *Coilus* hath his *Briton* forces bent;
And at that ryer (called *Dune*) arrayes
His men in battell order, and diſplayes
His colours; yet thoſe *Britons* got the foile,
And *Coilus* death did name the countrie *Kyle*.
Then valiant *Fergus* plac'd the fatall chire
In *Argathile*, firſt ſeate of *Scots* impire;
Where hee did reign as royall *Scots* commander,
In time of *Macedonian Alexander*:
Three hundreth thirtie yeares which computation
Makes *Scotlands* crown preceede CHRISTS incarnation.
In *Berigon* their Kings were firſt inveſted,
And ſyne in *Scone* when *Berigon* detaſted,
The Picts were foiled, and baniſhed from thoſe lands,
By ſecond *Kenneth*, and his martiall bands.
And then to *Scone* this Marble charie they bring,
Wherein they us'd for to inſtall their King:
On which in old charecters now unkend,
By our immortall finger this was pen'd,
Nifallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem regnare teuentur ibidem.
But loe firſt *Edward* mynding to delude:
The fates, did *Scotland* of this ſtone denude:
Thinking that ſpoile which hence hee did convoy,
Had beene *Palladium*, *Scotland* had beene *Troy*:
But where men cute the paſſage fates to ſtay,
Wee make that ſame the courſe, that ſame the way.
Englands firſt *Edward* did tranſport this ſtone,
Scotlands firſt CHARLES ſhall ſit on *Englands* Throne:

The ſubſequent poets that paſs in review, fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe whoſe productions we have been conſidering, as will appear but too evident. How to account for this ſudden falling off, is really a matter of ſome difficulty; unleſs we attribute the cauſe to the moroſeneſs of the times, when the deep gloom o ſre-

formed ſuperſtition pervaded Scotland; when puritans, or coventers threw aſide the graces; or when civil commotions harrowed up the faireſt flowers of ſcience; and among the reſt, thoſe of the doric muſe, that lay ſcattered among the vallies and mountains, of the north. In the order of time the "amorous ſongs, ſonnets, and elegies of

ALEXANDER CRAIG, Scoto-Britain, "printed in London by "William Whyte 1606," ought to have been noticed. This book has never fallen in my way, therefore can ſay nothing with reſpect to its contents.

PATRICK GORDON, in 1615, wrote "The famous hiſtory of "the Valiant Bruce." This piece, doubtleſs poſſeſſes great merit, and ſhews the author to have been well acquainted with his ſubject. An edition of this poem was reprinted at Edinburgh 1718*.

SIR WILLIAM MOORE of Rowland, in 1629, wrote, "The "true cruſifix of the true Catholicks." Its title is ſufficient—his worſhip might have employed his time to better purpoſe. In Cant's Topographical hiſtory of Perth, appear two poems of conſiderable merit, † the production of,

HENERY ADAMSON "ſtudent in divine and human learning." This ingenious young man was honoured with the approbation of Drummond, ‡ and appears from the complementary verſes prefixed

* The firſt edition was printed at Dort in 4to 1615.

† Entitled "The muſes Threnodie, or mirthful mournings on the death of Mr. Gall by Mr. H. Adamſon, printed at Edinburgh in king James's college by George Anderſton, 1638."

‡ *Henry Adamſon*, the author of the poems was educated for the pulpit, and appears to have been a gentleman of conſiderable abilities, a good claſſical ſcholar, he wrote ſome Latin poems above mediocrity. His relations were of conſiderable rank among the citizens of Perth, he was the ſon of James Adamſon, who was dean of guild in 1600, when Gowrie was murdered, and was provoſt in 1610 and 1611. Our poet died unmarried in the year after the poems were publiſhed. He was known to and eſteemed by Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet laureat of that age. Mr. Adamſon was importuned by his friends to publiſh the two poems, he reſiſted their ſolicitations; but the requeſt of his friend Mr. Drummond at laſt prevailed, of which we are informed by the following addreſs to the reader, prefixed to the firſt edition.

"Courteous reader,

"It is not amiſſe thou be a little in-"formed concerning the perſons of the "defunct (Mr. Gall) and the mourner

to his poems to have been much reſpected for his talents and worth. The pieces in queſtion exhibit a deal of local diſcription, allegory and hiſtorical alluſions by no means unintereſting; which, by the ample, notes and illuſtrations of Mr Cant exhibit a very pleaſing performance, well worth the attention of every lover of Topography. The book is very ſcarce, and rarely to be met with. Itwas printed (I am told, a very limited number thrown off) at Perth by George Johnſton for the editor (Mr. James Cant) and Robert Moriſon, Bookſeller 1774*.

" (Mr. Ruthven.) The poet wrote this " for his own excerciſe, and the recreation " of his friends, and this piece, tho' accom- " pliſhed to the great contentment of ma- " ny that read and heard it, yet could not " the author be induced to let it thole " the preſs, till the importunity of many " learned men urged him to it: and the " laſt braſh (effort) was made by a letter " of the prime poet of our kingdom, " whereof this is the juſt copy.

" To my worthy friend Mr. HENRY ADAMSON.

" SIR,

" Theſe papers of your mournings on " *Mr. Gall*, appear unto me as *Alcibiadis* " *Sileni*, which ridiculouſly look with the " faces of *Sphinges*, Chimaeras, Centaurs, " on their outſides; but inwardlie containe " rare artafice, and rich jewels of all ſorts, " for the delight and weal of man. They " may deſervedlie bear the word, *non intus* " *ut extra*. Your two champions, noble " zanys (Buffoons) diſcover to us many of " the antiqueties of this country, more of " your ancient town of Perth, ſetting downe " her ſituation, founders, her huge coloſſe " or bridge, walls, fouſies, aquedocts, " fortifications, temples, monaſteries and " other ſingularities. Happie hath *Perth* " been in ſuch a citizen, not ſo other " townes of this kingdome, by want " of ſo diligent a ſearcher and preſerver of " their fame from oblivion. Some Muſes, " neither to themſelves nor to others, do " good, nor delighting nor inſtructing. " Yours inform both, and longer to con- " ceal them, will be, to wrong your *Perth* " of her due honours, who deſerveth no " leſs of you than that ſhe ſhould be thus " blazoned and regiſtrate to poſterity, and " to defraud yourſelf of a monument, which, " after you have left this tranſitory world, " ſhall keep your name and memory to " after times. This ſhall be preſerved " by the towne of *Perth*, for her own ſake " firſt, and after for yours; for to her it " hath been no little glory, that ſhe hath " brought forth ſuch a citizen, ſo eminent " in love to her, ſo dear to the Muſes.

W. D.

" Edinburgh 12th July 1637.

The above letter was the ſtrongeſt motive with our author for allowing the poems to be printed, which were publiſhed the next year, and the year after (1639) he died much lamented.

* " To this new edition are added explanatory notes and obſervations; king James's charter of confirmation: an account

During the latter part of the ſeventeenth century, ſcarcely any thing was reliſhed in Scotland, unleſs it was larded plentifully with the " marrow of divinity;"—hence the meagreneſs of profane productions, in the long lent of innocent hilarity. The muſes were ſuffered to roam at large, unleſs any one of them thrumbed the harp of king David for the ſpiritual comfort of pious covenanters. A curious enough ſpecimen was put lately into my hand by a friend who had picked it for the matter of a few pence from a ſtall, the poetical effuſions of a ſacred muſe endited by

ARTHUR NASMYTH, viz. divine poems in three parts poetical applications, Jobs adverſity, poetical prayers; with mans looking-glaſſe, " Edinburgh printed for James Miller 1665." Specimen,

Sure man that's born of woman, is but few
Of dayes, and paſſeth as the morning dew:
He cometh forth, reſembling much the flower,
Grows up in ſpring, fades with October ſhower. &c:

Among the pious poets of this age,

ZACHARIA BOYD muſt not be omitted. As a poet he cannot be conſidered as by any means eminent; but as a zealous ſupporter of the reformed religion, he ſtands confeſſed as one devoted to its beſt intereſts; and thought it not inexpedient, while he combated Satan with the ſword of the ſpirit, to admoniſh an avenging hand, uplifted againſt the enemies of the true religion, to ſtrike home, and cut of the enemies of the Lord of Hoſts; quoting the great examples of " General Moſes and Captain Joab*"

Z. Boyd's Bible in verſe is one of the great curioſities of the Glaſgow Univerſity's library. It is doubtleſs an odd performance; yet, by no means ſuch as uſually is repreſented. A wag, who has written " A ſhort account of Scotland" about

of Gowries conſpiracy: a liſt of the magiſtrates of Perth with notes: a liſt of the ſubſcribers of a free gift for building the new bridge; and an account of the two remarkable inundations, which endangered the town of Perth, in 1210 and 1621 &c. Compiled from authentic records.

* Vide " Croſſes, Comforts, Councils, " needful to be conſidered." Glaſgow printed by George Anderſon A. D. 1643.

the beginning of this century * gives the following as a ſpecimen,

Rebecca was fair and bonnie,
And pleaſed Iſaac's wanton eye.
He carried her to his father's tent,
And gave her geer, ſuch as God lent.
And when the bed began to bob,
He begat Eſau and Jacob.

Boyd lived in the reign of our firſt Charles of bleſſed memory, and was miniſter of the Barony church Glaſgow. His buſt, in marble, is to be ſeen over the gate-houſe, with an inſcription, in which, it appears, that, he bequethed to the College of Glaſgow, the ſum of £20,00 Scots (nearly £1600 in Sterling money) beſides his manuſcripts and library†.

* London printed, and ſold by B. Bragg at the Raven in Paternoſter-row 1706. price 1s.

† The library is a very handſome room, with a gallery, ſupported by pillars; and is well furniſhed with books. That benificent nobleman the firſt Duke of Chandos when he viſited the College, gave £500 towards building this apartment.

In poſſeſſion of the College is a very ſingular verſion of the Bible, by the Rev. Zacharia Boyd, a worthy, learned, pious divine of this city, who lived about a century and a half ago, and dying, bequeathed to this ſeminary of knowledge his fortune, and all his manuſcripts, but not on condition of printing his poem as is vulgerly imagined. It is probable that he adapted his verſe to the intellects of his hearers, the only excuſe for the variety of groſs imagery, of which part of the ſoliloquy of Jonas in the fiſhes belly, will be thought a ſufficient ſpecimen.

What houſe is this? here's neither coal nor candle;
Where I nothing but guts of fiſhes handle,
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawn'd, where ſun did never ſhine.
The like of this on earth man never ſaw,
A living man within a monſter's maw!
Buryed under mountains, which are high and ſteep!
Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!
Not ſo was Noah in his houſe of tree,
For through a window he the light did ſee;
He ſailed above the higheſt waves: a wonder,
I and my boat are all the waters under?
He and his ark might go and alſo come;
But I ſit ſtill in ſuch a ſtraitned room
As is moſt uncouth; head and feet together,
Among ſuch greaſe as would a thouſand ſmother;
Where I intombed in melancholly-ſink.
Choacked, ſuffocated with excremental ſtink!

Vide Pennants tour in Scotland p. p. 156 and 157—4to edition.

The humble, uncouth rhimes of Zacharia Boyd, was very early a ſubject of redicule among the wits of the laſt century. Among the reſt, Mr. Samuel Colvil of Culroſs author of "Mock "poem, or Whigg's ſupplication * London printed 1681." Bad lines many times cauſeth more mirth than good ones(ſays Colvil.) Where one laughs at the poems of Virgil, Homer, Arioſto, Du Bartes, &c. twenty will laugh at thoſe of John Cockburn, or Mr. Zacharia Boyd. What Hypochondriaq; would not preſently be cured at the reading of thoſe lines.

There was a man called Job
Dwelt in the land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the gob,
The ſame caſe happened us.

Or of thoſe,

Abſolom hang'd on a tree,
Crying Gods mercy:
Then Joab came in, angry was he,
And put a ſpear in his arſie.

Mr. Samuel Colvil, in his turn, comes in for a ſhare of this kind of quotation. It ſo happens, in a M. S. copy † that lies before me, written in a diſtinct, correct hand of the laſt century, in all probability, either by himſelf, or his amenuenſis, an example from John Cockburns poems is wanting; and there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that the following lines, evidently applied to Mr. Colvil is the production, not of Mr. Cockburn but of ſome other wag.

Samuel was ſent to France
To learn to ſing and dance
And play upon a fidle.
Now he's a man in great eſteem
His mother gat him in a dream
At Culroſs on a girlde.

* Mr. Pinkerton calls this poem "The "Scots Hudibras, a poor piece of nonſenſe "printed 1710, after the authors death" (ſee liſt of Scotiſh poets p. cxxvi) it would appear that Mr. P. had not ſeen the London edition above mentioned, and yet it is no great rarity.

† This M. S. copy is the property of Mr. Archd. Conſtable bookſeller Edinburgh. He has alſo ſeveral letters in the hand writing of Lady Culroſs; (Colvils mother) one in particular, written with a black-lead-pencil in high preſervation—the hand-writing is very diſtinct and legible.

The manuſcript from which this laſt extract is made, is in my poſſeſſion; it ſeems to have been the property of Sir William Scot; it is beautifuly written, in a ſomewhat more modern hand than the former mentioned M. S.

The mother of Colvil was a poeteſs, as is alluded to, in laſt two lines.

" His Mother got him in a dream
At Culroſs on a girdle*"

" A Godly dream compyled by Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culroſs " younger, at the requeſt of a friend" was " printed by the " heirs of Andrew Anderſon in the year 1680†." But whether

* In the *Land-o'-cakes* a girdle to bake withal, is *an article af the firſt neceſſity*. Culroſs, of old, had an excluſive privillage to make girdles; and is ſtill celebrated for manufacturing this antique culinary utenſil.

† The copy from which the above title of the " dream" is taken, is in the poſſeſſion of Mr. George Paton of the Cuſtom-houſe Edinburgh, who has many valuable and ſcarce articles relating to Scotiſh antiquities and litrature.

" Who was it (ſays Doctor Armſtrong) that threw out thoſe dreadful and wild expreſſions of diſtraction and melancholly in Lady Culroſſ's dream"? an old compoſition, now I am afraid loſt perhaps becauſe it was almoſt too terrible for the ear " vide Armſtrong miſcellanies, vol. II. p. 254. This compoſition is neither loſt, nor is too terrible for the ear. (ſays Mr. Pinkerton) On the contrary, a child might hear it repeated without the ſmalleſt emotion. A copy of it now lies before me, and as ſome curioſity mayhave been raiſed by the above remark, I ſhall here give an account of it". Here he gives an account, and ſome extracts from the nonſenſical religious rhapſody of the dream above alluded to, ſee his Diſſertation II. to Scotiſh Tragic Ballads Nicols 1781. p. xxxii. Now, I apprehend, Mr. Pinkerton, who talks in his uſual vague manner with a rediculous air of conſequence that provokes a ſmile, ſeems not to have ſeen the edition of 1680 (black letter.) May it not be poſſible that Armſtrong alluded not to this ſilly rhapſody, but to ſome other old piece of poetry, of which he had but a faint remembrance. Will Mr. Pinkerton be now able to produce many of the pieces that have ceaſed to be recited, or even a veſtage remaining. Such as " I wiſh my love were in the mire". " Ill o'er the mure to Maggie" and many others, now irretrievably loſt? The former begins

" I wiſh my love war in the mire
" And I juſt on aboon her"

The latter begins

" An I'll o'er the mure to Maggie O,
" I'll o'er the mure to Maggie O.
" I'll rin a mile
" An ſit a while
" Syne o'er the mure to Maggie O,"

Some one will ſay too, that theſe ſongs are not loſt either, and will quote Allan Ramſay's Tea-table Miſcellany.

ſhe begat her ſon Samuel the poet in this "Godly dream" or in a leſs inſpired moment, is at this diſtance of time, a queſtion not eaſily determined; but certain it is, the good Lady ſeems to have imparted as little of inſpiration to her ſon Samuel, as appears by her "dream" ſhe poſſeſſed herſelf; ſo, conſigning the poeteſs and poet to that oblivion, their feeble productions merit, I ſhall mention one, or two more, of the miſerable proſe-run-mad pieces, that exhibit the lamentable falling off, in the latter end of the laſt century of our national taſte for poetry.

The firſt, on which I have laid my hand, is, "The whole "propheſies of Scotland, England, France, Ireland and Den-"mark: propheſied by marvelous Merling, Beid, Berlington, "Thomas Rymer, Waldhave, Eltrain, Banneſter, and Sybella. "All agreeing in one: both Latine verſe, and in Scottiſh meeter. "Containing many ſtrange and marvellous matters, not of before "read nor heard. Edinburgh printed by the heirs of Andrew "Anderſon, printer to the kings moſt ſacred majeſty, and are "to be ſold at his ſhop, Anno. 1683."

This ſmall volume (duodecimo) of propheſies, was firſt printed in 1615; the one before me, was reprinted in 1683, and in 1742 another edition appeared. An edition might occaſionally be thrown off, to ſerve any political purpoſe, that might be deemed expedient; as the vulgar to this day, cite the ſayings of Thomas the Rymer with as firm a belief in them—when a thing happens that may verify any of his ſuppoſed alluſions—as their forefathers profeſſed. The editor of this collection is not known. It is addreſſed

SACRO ET AUG. MONAR. JACOBO
MAGNAE BRIT.
GAL. ET HIB. REGI &c.

INVICTE Regum Regibus edite
Regnum Britannum qui imperio regis
Regali, et unus Chriſtiana
Regula, tum Typus es regendi:
Regnum relictum funere regio,
Regnum receptum munere patrio,
Regnes beatus, nos regendos,
Vſque tuae ſoboli retinquens.

The firſt ſet of theſe propheſies are in Latin, and what is improperly called "Scotiſh meeter." They begin thus,

Scotia maeſta dole, propria jam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude ſubacta tuis.

2. Proh dolor, ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignarae ſobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.

3. Magnifici funus regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat male Regna Regi.

4. O gravis anxietas, ſexus dolet omnis, et aetas:
Quem fera mors rapuit, natio Scota luit.

Scotland be ſad now, and lament thy child whom thou haſt loſt:
Bereft of kings, falſly undone by thine own kindly hoſt.

2. Alas, the free is bondbecome, and deceit is thy fall,
The falſhood of the Britiſh race hasbrought thee into thrall.

3. The grave of the moſt noble prince to all is great regrate
Not ſubject to law, who doth leave the kingdom and eſtate.

4. O anguiſh great, where every kind and age doth lament,
Whom bitter death has tane away, ſhall Scotland ſore repent.

When HEMPE is come and alſo gone,
SCOTLAND and *ENGLAND* ſhall be all one.

K. K. Q. K. Q.
HENRY EDWARD MARY PHILIP ELIZ.
the eight, the ſixth. of Spain Q.
M. Huſband.

H E M P E.

Praiſed be God alone. for HEMPE is come and gone,
And left us old ALBION by piece joyned in one.
Tempora patet occulta veritas.
In time appeareth hidden truth.
MERLING ſayes in hls book who will read right
Although his ſayings be uncouth, they ſhall be true found,

The propheſie of Beid begins thus.

Betwixt the chief of Summer and the ſaid Winter,
Before the heat of the harveſt happen ſhal a war
That Europs lands earneſtly ſhall be wrought,
And earneſt envy ſhall laſt but a while;
But the Lyon with his luſty flowrs,
For harm of hard heat ſhall hap him with leaves:
Then ſpeed and ſpread him to Spain into Winter,
All flowers on the Forth ſhall follow him on.

The propheſie of Merling, begins thus.

It is to fall, when they it find
That fell on face, is fain to flee.
That commendare of ſtordlings ſtrinde,
Waving through the work of wind:
The Bear his muzzle ſhal upbind,
And never after bound ſhal be,
Away the others ſhal wave with the wind,
And as they come ſo ſhal they flee.

The propheſie of Thomas Rymer, begins thus.

Still on my wayes as I went,
Out through a land beſide a lee,
I met a bairn upon the way,
Me thought him ſeemly for to ſee,
I aſked him wholly his intent;
Good Sir if your will be,
Since that ye bide upon the bent,
Some uncouth tidings tell you me:

Where dwells thou? or in what countrey?
Or who ſhall rule the Iſle Britain,
From the North to the South ſee?
The French wife ſhal bear the Son,
Shal rule all Britain to the ſea:
That of the Bruces blood ſhal come,
As near as the ninth degree,
I frained faſt, what was his name?
Whence that he came? from what Countrey?
In Erſlingten I dwell at hame,
Thomas Rymer men call me.

By the above ſpecimens, an idea may be formed, of the contents and intention, of this popular collection of propheſies, which were from time to time obtruded on the ſuperſtitious, ſo as to reconcile the events that were but too often brought about by coerſive means, to the regular decrees of providence; and thus "juſtify "the ways of God to man."

As the ſeventeenth century drew nearer a cloſe, in the ſame proportion does it appear, that poeſy, fell into decay; or more

unfortunate fate, became quite inſane; breathing by turns the the moſt inflated bomaſt; or the ſilly babling of theological rhyming cramed full of ſcripture phrazes, enough to tire the patience of even pious covenanters, whoſe ſouls enraptured, hung in extaſy on "the bleſſed *ſouch o' the word*"—to juſtify this remark will require but a few inſtances. The following may ſuffice. In 1685,

ALEXANDER TYLER Preſb: of Kinnettls ſhire of Angus, printed his "Memoires of the life and actions of the moſt invincible and "heroick JOHN the third, preſent king of POLAND*. The dedication is as follows,

"To the moſt ancient of all Chriſtendoms, and the whole worlds monarchs, the moſt potent, the moſt heroick, the moſt auguſt. James the ſeventh, the ornament and glory of all other Princes, Kings, and Emperors, his imperial majeſty of Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.

GREATEST SIR,

AS an eſſay whether or not this my obſcurity dare approach the moſt glorious and auguſt theme in the world, and that is your Majeſties own: I have attempted the memoirs of the heroic and victorious king of Poland, which will become yet the more memorable, when graced with your princely eye, and royal protection."

Beſides this dedication, there is one to William Duke of Queenſberry; another to James Earl of Perth, another to the Earl of Strathmore, and another (in all *five*) to Sir George Drummond of Miln-Nab Lord Provoſt of Edinburgh, together with an addreſs to the reader concluding with a poſtſcript †.

* Edinburgh printed by the heirs of Andrew Anderſon, printer to his imperial Majeſty of Great Britain, Anno Dom. 1685.

† TO THE READER.

When the prodigious valour and matchleſs conduct of the moſt auguſt, heroick, and mighty King of Poland, had at once aſtoniſh'd, rejoyc'd, and oblig'd the whole Chriſtian world, in that ſo opportune a relief of beſieged Vienna: altho I had then ſeen no more but a Landſkip of the city, and the encampment of the Turks, in an expanded ſheet printed at Cullen, and re-printed at London in 1683. Yet the deſires of a very noble Lord, whoſe undeſerved favours to myſelf (beſides aſſiſtances in works of this nature) which make all

Thus, like Dryden, he ſcrupled not to have more than one ſtring to his bow; and following his example,—" When once " he has undertaken the taſk of praiſe, he no longer retains " ſhame in himſelf, nor ſuppoſes it in his patron" (ſee Johnſon's

ſuch import commands unto me; together with my own native inclinations not to be altogether wanting in thoſe juſt returns of praiſe and and wonder, which all Chriſtians, if not all mankind ow ſo vaſt a merit, prevail'd ſo far with me, as to write (but what was never meant for public view while alone) about ſome dozen ſtanza's to that purpoſe. Which tho inconſiderable and little as it was, bearing the name of the ſiege and battle of Vienna, with another no leſs ſhort then it, entituled the Tempeſt, meant only for the remembrance of thoſe with my ſelf, who had all of us together at that time run the ſame hazard, moſt unexpectedly, and beſide my knowledge ſlipt into the preſs: whence iſſuing with mo errata than lines, as is commonly incident to ſurreptitious emiſſions, I thereupon reſolved (whenſoever I ſhould obtain a more full account of the life and actions of this invincible Prince) to pay his Majeſty in mo lines ſome ſmall part of thoſe vaſt acknowledgments, wherein the whole Chriſtian world ſtands ſo deeply indepted to his glory. And having been ſtill reſtleſs in the inqueſt (tho in vain) ever ſince, until at laſt ſome ſeven weeks hence (I mean before my having firſt write thoſe enſuing ſheets) by the intervention of ſome perſons of honour, I had it under the name of Scanderbeg Redivivus, done by H. G. an Engliſhman, as I ſuppoſe, whoſe hiſtorical account in proſe, this ſong (ſuch as it is) hath exactly followed, to which are annexed the forenamed ſmall poems, without any other alteration, ſave the eſcapes of the printer amended. I can aſſure my reader aforehand! there is nothing in all this piece to recommend it, but the excellency of a noble and mighty ſubject coarſely enough manag'd; and a great many harſh names ſcarcely verſify'd; and it may be not a few tri-crambiat rowling lines, (for expreſſing the emphaſis of a conceit) not as yet much uſed. The truth is, the picture of this great Prince in its own native lineaments, is ſo radiant, ſo dazling a beauty, that its luſt're needs more ſhadow, than enlight'ning: and methinks its genuine charms and ſpark'ling graces, would have been either more hid, or marr'd, by any (at leaſt the beſt of mine) artificial colouriſhing. And therefore, the ſo loud, ſo amazing verities of the plain; but juſt narration, hath all along eaſed, becauſe it ſo vaſtly ſurmounted my low fancy. Nevertheleſs, thou haſt it (if thou pleaſe) as well at leaſt as I ever have yet had it. If thou canſt not have liking of, nor at all be reconcil'd with it, i'm ſomewhat indifferent; for it will court thee but juſt as much as thou doſt it! And if it cannot procure a ceſſation of arms, at leaſt let it plead a fair quarter, till ſuch time as thou ſhalt find in thy heart to oblige the world, and it, and me, with a better. But if nothing elſe may prevent a deadly bite; or obtain a minuts reprieve from thy ruthleſs jaws; yet ere thou entirely devour this poor morſel! reſpite but a little till we have once more heard from above the Poles. Till when, farewel.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have but one word more, if thou pleaſe to carp at the ſeveral letters directed to ſo many perſons of quality, thou mayeſt ſay on, i'le regard it no more, but by telling thee I could not in good manners, while I had written of one great king, accompanied

life of Dryden.) I cannot help thinking this epic poem is the production of a mad parſon. The opening begins thus,

Great God of praiſe! Inſpire this ſong of praiſe!
That with the loudeſt ela's it may raiſe;
On maſſy pillars of immortal fame,
The 'ternal echo's of this hero's name:

Then an "Introduction to the ſeaſonableneſs of theſe memoirs."

When the whole world of men in Chriſtendome,
The eaſtern church of Greece, weſtern of Rome,
The orthodox, reformed, purer church,
And all their ſev'ral ſects lay at the lurch:
(An't would not ſcandalize this rev'rend throng,
To mention munſtrous muſhrooms in their ſong,)
The excrements of Chriſtian names and things,
Who'd rather hang and damn than pray for kings*.

"Chap. I. Being an account of his deſcent, of the noble family of the Sobietzki, and the parents of this illuſtrious prince, with his education."

The ancient Poles old miſtreſs city gave,
Title to Sobietſkis, and the brave
James Sobieſk Caſtellan of Cracow,
Father of elder Mark, and this Iohn too;

"Chap. II. The kingdom of Poland deſcribed, with its laws and cuſtoms, with a brief deduction of the ſtate thereof, for ſome hundred of years paſt."

"Chap. III. The marriage of Sobietzki, and his advancement to the charges of Grand Marſhal, and General of the Crown:

with ſo many armies, and as it were ſtill in camp, have didicated it to a far greater, and plac'd his Majeſty (who hath been ſo converſant with camps, battles, and navies,) all alone without ſuppoſing ſome retinue of a court for his attendants, and beſides thou needs not much weary thy ſelf in the reading more of them than thou liſts, or if all, not to quarrel the length, while thou haſt often ſeen and read many ſingle dedications of greater extent.

* ("Pray for kings") It was no uncommon thing to aſk a poor condemned covenanter at the foot of the gallows, if he would pray for the king; nay his life was ſometimes offered him on condition of merely exclaiming "God ſave the king!"—ſee the "Cloud of "witneſſes."

wherein occaſionally is given an account of the reign of king Caſimir, and the manner of his reſigning the crown.

Juſt like young Lion, newly ſuckt warm gore,
Doth roam, and range, and for more prey doth roar,
Briſtles his ſhaggy mane, his horrid eyes,
Sparkling freſh beams of courage which defyes
All other beaſts to look him in the face:
He friſks his ſcepter-tail, and with a grace
Moves through wild woods; with pride ſets down his paws;
Thoſe ſwords, which to his underlings give laws.
And while he ſtops and ſtampts, and ſtares around,
Eſpyes a Lioneſs, ſome little ſtound
Of diſtance from him, by her ſhape and gate
He knows her; and his former rage forget,
He courts and woes this lovely female mate.
Ev'n ſo great Sobietſki who began,

In ſhort this moſt ſublime and original mad—parſon—poet, after having fought the battles of his hero John king of Poland, with all the minuteneſs of Homer himſelf,

Thus being freed of ſwarms of Turks, and Tartars!
The king put's army to their winter quarters.
Where when his majeſty had caus'd them come!
Reſolv'd to ſettle his affairs at home:

And having taken up Chapters IV. and, V. in Chap. IV. With his marriage, coronation, another grand victory over the Turks and Tarters, the articles of peace, and the magnificent entertainment of his excellency the Engliſh Ambaſſador; he proceeds in Chap. VII. to recount the actions of his majeſty of Poland, and particularly in his expedition for the relief of the Empire, at the raſing of the ſiege of Vienna, and ſince to 84; Till at laſt, he takes leave of his matchleſs hero, ſaying

Weev'e uſed no art in painting this great king;
Steel may need varniſh! Gold enamelling.
Pure truth, high virtue, like the ſuns bright ſhine,
Need no more but be told, and heard, or ſeen.
Nis character! who ever ſhall attempt!
May be the muſes maſter; and exempt,

In rhet'ricks trops, and arts; and fluent ſtrains
Of verſes meaſures beat to poems veins
May be Mars father; or Bellonas dame
And have engroſt all ſwords, all conqueſt fame
And bear all ancient heroes bulk and name.
Let him be Cyrus, mixt with Alexander!
Or Pompey, knit with Caeſar, Romes commander!
Or Annibal, agreed with Scipio!
Or Belizarius with Stilico!
Let him be Charles the great! or Charles, the fift!
Or if he can ſome third great Charles, more ſhift!
Tamberlane, Scanderbeg, Huniales,
And all both nam'd, and un-nam'd in this place.
Let him have all the worlds great ſouls in one!
This may of Sobietſki write, he cant be done.
Give him for paper, Chriſtendom fair freed!
For ink, all Chriſtian en'mys blood yet ſhed!
For pen that proſp'rous ſword drawn in his hand!
Which ſave's own head, heart, arm, none can weild! and
Seeing non can pen't! then let him ſpeak himſel
Gods, for all Chriſtians good, great miracle.

DEO, REGI, ET ECCLESIAE.

From the preceeding account and extracts, a notion may be formed of its general ſcope and pretentions to bombaſt, or the *epic-traverſti*. His next piece is "The ſiege and battel of Vienna in 1683, to the tone of Armida" In one of his dedications to the Earl of Strathmore, he gives the following account of the origin of this compoſition.

"MY LORD,

Kinnettls, where I have now lived theſe fifteenyears paſt being in your Lordſhips vicinage, and in view of the ſmoak of the chimneys of your antient and magnifick houſe of Glames, having beſide the many other favours unworthily enough caſt away on me; obliged my not being unfrequently with your Lordſhip, and your noble family there, when I was often honoured to be bid ſee your Lordſhip at your other leſſer, but pleaſanter houſe of Caſtle Lyon ſome ten miles diſtant thence. I confeſs I was herein wanting to my duty and my ſelf, that I had not ſeen your Lordſhip there before the beginning of October 1683, when all the earth rung the praiſe of the victorious king of Pole. I remem-

ber that after a very orderly ſupper, (for further entertainment of your Lordſhips gueſts then and there,) we had a very fine and harmonious concert of vocal muſick, and of the great variety of melodious ars, that of Armida being frequently call'd for, and ſtill applauded by your Lordſhip, and all the hearers, your Lordſhip wiſht that the relief of beſieged Vienna might be compoſed to that tone, how ſoon however its more exact relation came to this kingdom. Which upon that ſame condition I then undertook." This ſaid ſong, is, to be ſure, a curious performance. I ſhall give ſtanza XII. as a ſpecimen.

All Chriſtendoms triumph, the walls of Vien,
Sound this glory of kings this wonder of men;
Fame, proweſs, and trophies, loud praiſe, and rais'd ſongs,
To Polands great prince, and brave Starberg belongs.
Home Viſier! and tell thy proud Sultans rude boaſts,
And blaſphemies-heard by the Lord God of Hoſts.
To whom our ſouls offer the calves of our lips.
That our ſun ſhines in glory; their moon's in eccliſe.

"The Tempeſt, being an account of a dangerous paſſage from Burnt-iſland to Leith in a boat called the Bleſſing: in company of Claverhouſe, ſeveral gentle woman, miniſters, and a whole croud of common paſſengers. Upon the 26. of November, 1681." The progreſs of the tempeſt is thus deſcribed.

I parted from my houſe, ſome hours e're day, *Nov.* 25.
The riſing ſun, ſaw me on the banks of Tay;
When lo! a ruſtling ſurly weſt wind blew,
Whoſe ev'ry ſigh, white foaming billows threw
Like floating fleeces, and theſe hoarſe waves roar,
A tempeſt echo; daſh't from ſhoar to ſhoar;
No boat dares paſs; and what dare I? but ſtay;
For tho the teſt *bid ſail, the wind ſaid nay.
My forced ſtay, and better hap together,
Bring me t' a reverend lord, and holy father.
Who had no ſooner tender'd ſome the teſt
And me the leaſt of all Gods ſervants bleſt:
When ſtraight a ſilence followed in Heav'n!
The waters wrinkled viſage looked even

* It ſhould ſeem he was on his way to Edinburgh, in obedience to the teſt act, that ſalutary preſervative of our happy Conſtitution.

Like poliſht marble; or the ſmootheſt mirror;
My thoughts burſt ſilence, midſt a wholly terror.
What ſacred ſeer! oaths! benediction's theſe!
Whom heav'n, air, winds, and waves, and ſeas obeys!
Next morrows bleſſing quite another was! *Nov.* 26.
On Forth, where many more and I did paſs:
No ſooner ſet we ſail, on board the bleſſing,
When Eolus ſet a fowlers cape on fiſhing:
And while we're ſcarce put forth without the heads,
Neptune ſpits o're our maſt, his watry beads;

The ſea ſwells Babels up, as if ſhe meant
To mingle with ſeas above the firmament;
Then downward rowls, as if ſhe'd two deſires,
To quench heav'ns higheſt, drown hells loweſt fires;
And, as if heav'n, earth, water, air and ſpheres,
Had (in a medley) fall'n about our ears?
The univerſe ſounds all in one cataract;
And nature ſeems to chaos at the crack,
The great Turks guns, would ſeem to us but whiſpers,
And loudeſt thunders, to our noiſe were liſpers:
Ratling of arms, drums, trumpets, horſes nyes,
Loud ſhouts of armies vanquiſh'd victors cryes!
Fir'd ſhips ſprung mines, ſtorm'd cities dreadful voices!
Might all ſtrike dumb to our loud roaring noiſes!
Thouſands our own ſhrikes were, ſighs, crys, Commands!
Paſters turn Pilots, ſailors ſilent ſtands.
Some onward, backward, ſome to ſeas; the bark
Thus floats, great babel, in our little ark;
Which ſerves us now, for houſe, church, fortreſs, beer,
For all the world, to us, ſwims ventur'd here,
Now hopes of life, and fears of death take leave;
And each proud billow, bids a humble grave.
When? as if earth ſigh'd all her intrals out,
At her laſt gaſp meant to blow all wind out!
It blew, and blew, and roar'd and rumbled higher,
Then heav'n with overbreathing were t'expire:
Sooner than you read this, three Giant billows
Might cradled hugeſt whales, or their ſnow Pillows.
Come on apace; each kept his time, and place,
As if they meant to drown us with a grace.
The firſt, came tumbling on our boats broad-ſide
And knockt us twice her breadth and more aſide;
But vex't, that it had wrought's no more diſgrace!
It ſpues on us, ſpits in i'ts followers face,

Like hundred leviathans, in a plump,
Next made's near founder with it's dreadful thump;
And we to pacify its angry pride,
Yield, bow, and fall; and ly upon our ſide;
The third, as if ſome ſluce had drain'd the deep:
Rowls o're our heads, laid proſtrate at its feet:
A ſore convulſion-fitt, now ſhakes our ſhip!
Our Maſt an ague! till the ſail down ſlip;
A trembling palſie ſeiz'd it! and our hould,
Drunk with the waves, a ſalt hydropſie ſweld:
Like half drown'd mice! were with ſalt water choakt,
A ſport to winds and waves, our barge ſcarce rockt;
It jogg'd a little, roſe at length by ſtealth.
Unfit to pledge the ſeas another health:
Now one go down anew, without remeed
Had quench'd Drought; and drunk, and drown'd us dead.
We hull a little then with humbler ſail,
'Twixt life and death we ſculk alongs the gale:
Well ſea-ſkill'd * Dowglas, and his ſailers had
No thoughts but death, amidſt their wat'ry trade:

Thus far the Rev. Alexander Tyler the preſbyter of Kinnettls.

In 1685 "The grand tryal or poetical excercitations upon the book of Job. Wherein, ſuitable to each text of that ſacred book, a modeſt explanation, and continuation of the ſeveral diſcourſes contained in it, is attempted by William Clark,† made its appearance." Specimen.

" 1. Is there not an appointed time for man upon earth? and are not his days,
" as the days of an hireling?"

Then what am I?—a man—and what is he!
A breathing bauble—now pray let us ſee
What is this man,—of what ſhould he be proud?
What more than t'other creatures is allow'd
To this ſame taudry piece of fleſh, and bone,
This painted glow-worm, this cameleon,
That caſts itſelf in every form and ſhape,
And fain would ſomething of its maker ape.

* The Skippers name.

† Edinburgh, printed by the heirs of Andrew Anderſon, printer to his moſt ſacred Majeſty Anno Dom. 1685.

From this ſpecimen, it will appear, Mr. Clark has been as unſucceſsful as *Sylveſter*, *Herbert*, *Quareles*, and others who have in vain, affected the ſcripture paraphraze. I muſt confeſs, there appears to me, an abſurdity in the attempt; more eſpecially, when the verſifier fetters himſelf with uncouth hebraiſms incompatible with that purity, and ſimplicity of ſtile ſo indiſpenſible in tranſlations, or imitations in verſe, of the Bible*.

* Perhaps, Geſner, and the author of "Joſeph a poem," have been the moſt ſucceſsful of any moderns who have made the tryal with any degree of general approbation. It is worthy of remark, how eaſy the imitation of the ſcripture ſtile, as given in our vulgar tranſlation of the old and new teſtaments in Engliſh, is attained. —for example. "And George(II)was forty "and four years old when he began to reign; "and behold the ſceptre cotinueth in his "hand, the crown alſo is on his head, "and he ſitteth on the throne of his ma-"jeſty unto this day.

"Where, that he may long continue in "power and great glory, let us pray, that "his miniſters be juſt, that his counſellors "be wiſe, and his captains courageous; ſo "ſhall he become the ſcourge of Spain, the "terror of France, and the wonder of "Europe.

"Then will we come before his pre-"ſence with thankſgiving, and enter "into his court with praiſe; we will be "thankful unto him, and ſpeak good of "his name.

"And now behold theſe are the names "of the kings of England, and theſe are "their generations.

"George the ſecond, who was the ſon of "George the firſt, who was the couſin of "Anne, who was the ſiſter-in-law of Wil-"liam the third, who was the ſon-in-law "of James the ſecond, who was the bro-"ther of Charles the ſecond, who was the "ſon of Charles the firſt, who was the ſon "of James the firſt, who was the couſin "of Elizabeth, who was the ſiſter of Mary, "who was the ſiſter of Edward the ſixth, "who was the ſon of Henry the eighth, "who was the ſon of Henry the ſeventh, "who was the couſin of Richard the third, "who was the uncle of Edward the fifth, "who was the ſon of Edward the fourth "who was the couſin of Henry the ſixth, "who was the ſon of Henry the fifth, "who was the ſon of Henry the fourth, "who was the couſin of Richard the "ſecond, who was the grandſon of Ed-"ward the third, who was the ſon of "Edward the ſecond, who was the ſon of "Edward the firſt, who was the ſon of "Henry the third, who was the ſon of "John, who was the brother of Richard "the firſt, who was the ſon of Henry "the ſecond, who was the couſin of "Stephen, who was the couſin of Henry "the firſt, who was the brother of Wil-"liam Rufus, who was the ſon of Wil-"liam the conqueror, who was the ſon of "a whore.

"Thus endeth the Chronicle of the KINGS "of ENGLAND."

Such is our prejudice in favour of this ſimple, conciſe ſtile of narative, that we preſer it even to the modern tranſlations of the faithful LOOKUP, or the learned, and claſſical GEDDES himſelf.

The truth of this remark will appear more evident in an extract from,

MR. WILLIAM VILANT's "(Author of the Goſpel-call in meetre,) Pſalms, Hymns, and Spiritual ſongs in two parts, Edinburgh printed 1689."

PART II.

Song 5.	Chriſt altogether lovely is.
16.	His love's breadth, length, depth, height,
Eph. 3.	Paſſeth all knowledge. Come dive in
18. 19.	this depth of all delight.
Song.	Chriſt's name is ointment poured out.
1. 3.	he is the womans ſeed,
Gen. 3.	Who's heel the ſerpent bruis'd, but he
15.	did bruiſe the ſerpents head.
Gen. 22.	Abrahams bleſſed ſeed, in whom
18.	all nations bleſſed be.
Gen. 48.	The angel who did Iacob from
16.	all ill redeem and free.
Gen. 49.	Shiloh to whom the gathering
10.	of people ſhould be throng.
verſe 18.	The Lords ſalvation, for whom
	Iacob did wait and long.
Exod.	The Angel who out of the buſh
3. 2.	to Moſes did appear
	Into a flame, moſt wonderfull,
	of not conſuming fire,
	The buſh did burn, yet was not burnt,
	the fire doth burn, not cruſh
Deut.	The Church becauſe of his good will
33. 16.	who dwelt into the buſh.

But one other extract ſhall be obtruded on the readers patience, in confirmation of, the deplorable ſtate, poetry was left in, about the cloſe of, the laſt century; this ſpecimen is, from "A true hiſ- "tory of ſeveral Honourable families of the Right Honourable "name of Scot, in the ſhires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and "others adjacent. Gathered out of the ancient Chronicles, "Hiſtories, and Traditions of our fathers. By Captain Walter "Scot,

An old Souldier and no Scholler,
And one that can write nane,
But juſt the letters of his Name.

" Edinburgh printed by the heir of Andrew Anderſon, printer
" to his moſt ſacred Majeſty, city and colledge, 1688; and re-
" printed by Balfour, and Smellie, 1776.

My muſe has been aſtray a certain time,
But now in caſe for to return again;
With the name of Scot ſhe's minded to contain,
Becauſe they are her worthy noble friends,
The year of grace ſixteen hundred and twenty nine,
Carlaverock was a gariſon in that time,
Collonel Monro a German ſouldier he,
Blockt up the caſtle both by land and ſea,
Into that leigure I did remain,
In Cockburns company, I was a ſouldier then;
And my chance was with my command to paſs,
To the Engliſh ſide call'd Burgh under Bowneſs,
By fortune I fell in a gentleman's companie,
Call'd Lancelot Scot, who was moſt kind to me;
He ſhew'd me his anceſtors hail,
Did live unto that ſpot;
Since Carliſle walls were re-built,
By David King of Scots;
A book he gave to me call'd Mr. Michael's creed,
' But never a word at that time I could read,
What he read to me, I have it not forgot:
It was the original of our ſouth countrey-Scots.
He ſaid, that book which he gave to me,
Was of Mr. Michael Scot's hiſtorie,
Which hiſtory was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do:

This honeſt old ſoldier Captain Walter Scot concludes his hiſtory of the right honourable name of Scot, thus,

Therefore begone my book, ſtretch forth thy wings and fly,
Amongſt the nobles and gentility;
Thour't not to ſell to ſcavingers and clowns,
But given to worthy perſons of renown.
The number's few I've printed in regard
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;
I caus'd not print many above twelve ſcore,
And the printers are engag'd that they ſhall print no more.

Although I have with the utmoſt diligence made every ſearch

within the compaſs of my power after the poetical productions in Scotland of the ſeventeenth century; I can obtain no farther information reſpecting this diviſion of my plan: and ſave a few detatched pieces, hereafter to be noticed in treating of the poetical labours of the eighteenth century, what I have met with hitherto, is but mere traſh unworthy of any notice*.

* A few exceptions to this general remark, may ſerve to confirm the truth of it. Among the number of poets, natives of Scotland, that are omitted, and whoſe works, perhaps are not altogether beneath notice, are JOHN DUNBAR, who publiſhed a book of Epigrams, in tolerable Latin verſe. *Londini ex Typographeo Homae Purfootii*, 1616. In the year 1638, Alexander Roſs of Aberdeen publiſhed his "Virgilii Evangeliſtanis Chriſtiades Libri xiii." A moſt elaborate performance. It is dedicated to Charles I. In the year 1678. Mr. Ninian Paterſon miniſter of Liberton publiſhed a book "Entituled Epigrammaticum libri octo, cum aliquot Pſalmorum paraphraſi poetica, auctore NINIANO PATERSONO Glaſcuenſi (EDENBURGI Excudebat Thomas Brown et Jacobus Glep, An. Dom. 1678)" for which he obtained an excluſive right from "The Lords of the privy council to print it for eleven years". His Epigrams, which ſeem in general rather flat, and inſiped, are addreſſed to the celebrated literary characters of his time, with whom it ſhould ſeem, he was in habits of friendſhip. Among theſe may be mentioned, Andrew Ramſay (whoſe ſacred poems appear in the Delicae Poetorum Scotorum) John Gilmour of Craigmillar preſident of the court of ſeſſion, William Litell of Liberton, George Campbell. A. M. James Gregory Mathematician (the oponent of Huygens, and Newton) James Dalrymple (Lord of Seſſion) &c.

Some notion may be formed of his ſtile of his merits as a poet, by the following extract both of his Engliſh and Latin verſes.

O D E

Nihil eſſe in hac vita requietas, praeter id, quod a ſapientia & pietate proficiſcitur.

Quid vos, o ſuperi boni,
Quid rerum genium criminor amplius
Falſo? ſum dubio procul
Infelix opifex ipſe mihi mali.

Fruſtra quaetito qui ſciens
Haurare ex tenebris lucem, et in horridae
Mortis regno habitans miſer,
Vitam, vel ſolidas delicias moror,

A SONG,

That there is no reſt in this life, except that which proceeds from wiſdom and piety.

Good God, why thus do I of thee complain,
And without cauſe the laws of nature blame?
It's I, unhappy I, who intertain
That wretch myſelf, who all my ſorrows frame.
In vain I make a ſearch, in vain expect
I ſolid joyes, as if I knew to make
Light out of darkneſs, and poor wretch, affect
Out of deaths horrid kingdom life to take.

Since the preceeding ſheets were thrown off " The Tragical " death of Sophoniſba written by David Murray Scoto-Britaine,

His pſalms are far inferior to thoſe of Buchanan as may be ſeen at the firſt glance.

Ps. XXIII. *Dominus regit me & nihil, &c.*

1. Quid fruſtra rabidi me petitis canes?
Livor propoſitum cur premis improbum?
Sicut paſtor ovem, me Dominus regit:
Nil de erit penitus mihi.
2. Percampi viridis mitia pabula,
Quae veris teneri pingit amoenitas,
Nunc paſcor placide, nunc ſaturum latus
Feſſus molliter explico.
Purae rivus aquae leniter adſtrepens
Membris reſtituit robora languidis.
Et blando recreat ſomite ſpiritus
Solis ſub face torrida.
3. Saltus quum peteret mens vaga devios,
Errorum teneras ille cebras ſequens,
Retraxit miſerans denuo me bonus
Paſtor juſtitiae in viam.
4. Nec ſi per trepidas luctifica manu
Intentet tenebras mors mihi vulnera.
Formidem duce te pergere: nec pedo
Securum facies tuo.
5. Tu menſas epulis accumulas, merum
Tu plenis pateris ſufficis: et caput
Unguento exhilaras, conficit aemulos,
Dum ſpectant, dolor anxius.
6. Me nunquam bonitas deſtituet tua,
Profuſuſque bonis perpetuo favor:
Et non ſolicitae longa domi tuae
Vitae tempora tranſigam.

PSAL. XXIII.

Improba quid cura cruciante laceſſis egeſtas?
Dum mihi ſufficiat pabula laeta Deus.
Dum mihi foecundi, grata oblectamina campi
Sternit, odoriferum florea prata torum.
Ille per obliquae ducit declivia ripae
Murmere jucundo lene fluentis aquae.
Languentemque animum revocat, vireſq; miniſtrat,
Ne noccat medio dum ruit axe dies.
Nominis ille ſui memor aequo in tramite ſiſtit,
Ne ferar ambiguis paſſibus erro vagus.
Eſto per umbroſam facerem veſtigia valleni,
Cujus morte minax horret utrumque latus.
Te duce, per mortis vadam imperterritus umbras,
Securum baculo me fac's atque pedo,
Hoſtibus in mediis, epulis accumbere lautis
Tu mihi munifica das, pater alme, manu.
Dumque bibo, crines oleo redolente perungis;
Sufficis et liquidi pocula plena meri.
Quin tua mi bonitas comes uſque, favorq, benignus,
Dum fruar aetheria luce ſuperſtes, erit.
Eternum inde tuae civis felicior aulae,
Coeli hoſpes, tecum templa beata colam.

Several others, mentioned in Edward Phillip's Theatorum Poetorum, might be noticed, ſuch as Mary Morpeth, William Leighton &c. But it were to little purpoſe to enumerate a long liſt of names, whoſe works are either not known at all; or may be eaſily found. In a retroſpect of the drama of Scotland, ſome mention will be made of the Earl of Stirling. Sir Thomas Saintſerf (or Lydſerf) Mrs. Catherine Trotter (alias Cockburn) as dramatiſts. In 1640, appeared William Lithgow's " Guſhing tears of Gaditie ſorrow. Edinburgh printed by Evan Taylor." And in 1645, " The triumphs of love, cheſtity and death. tranſlated from the Italian by Anna Hume was printed at Edinburgh,'. In 1685 Geddes's Saints recreations was printed at Edin: and the ſame year was printed at Aberden 12mo and prefixed to " The memorials for the government of the royal burghs of Scotland, tranſlated by John Black Eſq. (Advocate) into

" (at London printed for John Smethwick, and are to be ſold at " his ſhop in Saint Dunſtans Church-yard in Fleetſtreet under " the dial 1611)" thin octavo pages not marked. To which are prefixt ſonnets entitled Cælia in number twenty-two and four additional, beſides other ſmall pieces—It is dedicated to Henry prince of Wales (ſon of James VI.) ſeveral commendatory verſes, as uſual, accompany this trffle; one copy by our poets couſin John Murray, one by M. Drayton, and one by Symon Grahame. The tragical death of Sophoniſba, begins thus,

Sad *Maſſiniſſa* ſwoolne with griefe and rage,
When all his credit ſerv'd not to intreat
His braue victorious friend, to diſ-ingage
His late-ſpous'd lady from a ſeruile ſtate:
Halfe mad, diſtranght, confus'dly doth hee write,
To ſhow, the Romaine Conqueror thinks to ſend
Her as a ſlaue his triumph to attend.

Some of his ſonnets are pretty enough—for example,

22: SONNET: On the misfortune of BELLIZARIUS, great Leutenant to the Emperour Juſtinian.

Stay paſſenger, and with relenting looke,
Behold heere *Bellizarius*, I pray,
Whom neuer-conſtant fortune, changing aye,
Euen at the top of greatneſſe quite forſooke,
And which is wondrous, in a moment tooke
Mee from the hight of an Imperiall ſway,
And plac'd me heere. blind begging by this way,
Whoſe greatneſſe ſometime ſcarce the world could brook,
And while thou daignes thy pittifull aſpect,
Ah ſorrow not ſo much my fortunes paſt,
As I beſeech thee to bewaile this laſt!
That from ſuch honour abiect lie deiect,
I yet am forc'd a ſpectacle to liue,
Glad to recieue the meaneſt almes thou't giue.

I am indepted to the goodneſs of Mr. David Herd (the ingenious editor of " Ancient and Modern Scotiſh ſongs"

Engliſh, Epigrams of Doctor Arthur Johnſtoun." The tranſlation of Virgil by Richard Earl of Lauderdale's (1690) is noticed in Walpole's catalogue.

Several manuſcripts in verſe, lie unheeded in he libraries of our Scotiſh Univerſities, as alſo in that valuable treaſury of ſcarce literary gems, the Lawyer's library at Edinburgh, the ſearch for ſuch, and careful peruſal of which, I earneſtly recommend to the attention of future enquirers.

mentioned in p. 14.) for a peruſal of this exceeding ſcarce volume, from which the above extracts were made, and farther, for a reading of "The Scotiſh drama, or a liſt of plays by Scotiſh authors from 1543, to 1795. M. S. with notes," and with his permiſſion, I ſhall avail myſelf of the opportunity, he thus, politely has put in my power to complete my imperfect ſketch of the hiſtory of the drama in Scotland. See additional notes.

The commencement of the eighteenth century, ſo eventful an æra in the grand concerns of mankind, preſented to the intellectual eye, a dubious dawn, hardly to be diſcerned from the darkneſs that was about to retire, and the faint ſplendour that trembled on the diſtant verge of this Iſland's political horizon. But ere long, the obſcuring clouds ſeemed to part; and from behind the moſt opaque, burſts forth the ſun of liberty! Its all-powerful beams ſhot acroſs, and tipt the hoary cliffs of the north, and as it advanced to its meridian brightneſs, our vallies felt the influence of its vivifying power. Sixteen hundred and eighty eight, proved, no leſs propitious to Scotland than it did to England; and early in the preſent century, the diſtinction of two nations, formerly the moſt powerful rivals, no longer exiſted. The UNION, an event, ſo ſtreneouſly oppoſed, by the Scotiſh patriots Belhaven and Fletcher; while the indefaticable De Foe, by his unremitted exertions, faned the kindling and conſuming flames, that were, eventually, to devour the crackling thorns of party, was at laſt fully eſtabliſhed.

The complete triumph, in conſequence of this event, of the Preſbyterian intereſt over that of the Epiſcopal; together with the almoſt total anihilation of the Roman-catholic religion, gave a new turn to affairs in North Britain. The purſuits of litrature, which had met a ſevere check during the diſtraction of party ſtruggles, began now to revive; and in a little time, were eagerly embraced, as leading to preferment, honour, and celebrity. Our northern Univerſities had opened the volume of true ſcience; and Bacon, Newton, and Lock, were not unknown; and at length, they were looked up to as the great luminaries of true philoſophy. While advancing by gradual and ſlow movements in the more uſeful Arts and Sciences, poetry was not altogether neglected; but ſcolaſtic pendantry ſcorned the homely phraze of

vernacular verſification; and preferred the muſe of Horace, Lucretius, or Buchanan, to the more modern productions of Butler, Blackmore, or Dryden; hence, in all likelihood, the ſcarcity of poetical pieces in the Scotiſh and Engliſh dialects in the beginning of the preſent century.

Of the few who cultivated the art of poetry after the model of the Roman claſſics, none ſeems ſo much to claim the pre-eminence ſo deſervedly as the learned and ingenious,

ARCHIBALD PITCAIRNE Phyſician and Poet. Though his poetical productions, belong more properly to the obſervations to be made in this ſhort ſketch; yet, in the hope of being pardoned, for preſenting here an outline of his medical character, rude it is confeſſed, being the haſty attempt of an unſkilful artiſt; but the intention being, to exhibit in minature the ſtate of medicine at the time ſo celebrated an improver as Pitcairne flouriſhed, the indulgence required for this ſhort digreſſion, where ſo little ſpare room is left, will not be with held by the reader of conſideration.

Before the ſchool of Medicine, that hath ariſen, ſo high, in the eſtimation of all Europe, was eſtabliſhed in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, the ſtate of medical knowledge, was low in the extreme. It had ſcarcely paſſed from the hands of Empirics and Alchymiſts, when the genius of Pitcairne, ſeizing the grand idea of Harvey's late important diſcovery of, the true circulation of the blood, ſaw nothing in the living ſyſtem, but the beautiful complexure of an infinitly varied hydraulic machine, compoſed of mehanical powers * moſt artfully combined for

* "When it was ſhewn that the blood was carried from the heart to all the parts of the body by the arteries, and returned by the veins, the animal ſyſtem was immediately conſidered as a hydraulic machine; and it was ſuppoſed that health depended almoſt entirely on the freedom with which the fluids circulate through the tubes of which the body is moſtly compoſed. From the human arm having a reſemblance to the lever, the teeth to wedges, the digaſtric muſcle to a rope running over its pulley; from the head and that it derived all its properties from its peculiar conſtruction. Moſt of the functions were explained from mechanical preſſure and attrition, as they had been, a little before, from ſalts and ferments. The aliment, acording to this theory, was ground in the ſtomach by muſcular force ſeeming to turn on its axle, and the glands to raiſe their fluids in the manner of a water ſcrew; it was imagined that every thing relative to the animal body was performed by the mere force of the mechanical powers,

carrying on the grand functions of life and health. Boerhaave, the pupil of Pitcairne, caught this contagion, * and added the de-

farther elaborated into chyle by the motion of the inteſtines, and this chyle converted into blood by the inceſſant action of the heart and lungs. The blood veſſels, as elaſtic, were ſuppoſed to react on the blood puſhed into them by the alternate contractions of the heart. Animal heat wes aſcribed to an attrition of the particles of the blood againſt one another, and againſt the ſides of the veſſels, thus abraiding and repairing ſucceſſively; and the ſecretion were conſidered as mere mechanical ſeparations of the different parts of the blood.

In order to put in motion the elaſtic ſolids, a very ſubtle fluid was thought to be ſecreted by the brain, which, inflating the ſuppoſed cells of the muſcular fibres, and thereby ſhortening them, produced what is called muſcular contraction, and, paſſing along the nerves, with a mechanical action on the different organs, occaſioned all the phenomena of motion and ſenſe; while the ſympathy of particular parts was ſaid to ariſe from connections between nerves in their progreſs. The meaſurement of muſcular force was not confined to the muſcles of the extremities, but was carried on through the vital and involuntary functions; and it was attemped to ſubject to inflexible demonſtration the moſt inconſtant appearances of nature.

The pathology and cure were explained on the ſame mechanical principles. The loſs of equilibrium between the ſolids and fluids, the obſtacles and derangements of the circulation, were viewed as the principal cauſes of diſeaſe. The language of phyſicians then, like that of the methodic ſect before, was confined to the lax and rigid fibre, the ſtricture or the relaxation of the veſſels, the fluids too thick or too thin; while to brace or to relax, to dilute or to thicken, were the uſual indications of cure. Metals too opened obſtruction, by their weight, poiſons occaſioned death by their ſpiculae, and certain foods nouriſhed in propertion as they required leſs trituration from the ſtomach." See Webſters account of the life and writings of Pitcairne, p. p. 22, 23, 24, 25.

Such are the outlines of thoſe doctrines which characterize the mechanical phyſicians of the laſt century.

* It is but a mortifying reflection how apt great minds are to ſeize the firſt favourite idea that preſents itſelf, without weighing its importance, and relative conſiſtency with other eſtabliſhed phenomena of nature and experience. Although the notions of the Chemiſts and Galeniſts, together with the effervesſence of the animal ſpirits, nervous fluid, and many other abſurdities be now exploded; yet, I much fear, with all the late diſcoveries in pathology phyſiology, and the application of pneumatic chemiſtry to practice, until farther d ſcoveries, and a ſtill more ſimplified mode of preſcription founded on experiment, and judicious, careful practice, the healing art is little better than mere quackery, or at beſt, "a match of cudgel playing fought in a China ſhop" Perhaps one way of greatly facilitating the diffuſion of medical knowledge, is, by means of popular inſtruction. The idea however extravagantat firſt view, may yet become general and adopted. The learned, ingenious Doctor Thomas Beddoes, hints at ſomething like this in his life of the author of the Brounonian ſyſtem.

Since writaing the above, I am happy to obſerve, the Doctors idea has actually ſo far been put in practrice by Meſſrs. Bowies and Smith; and he hath himſelf publiſhed an introductory lecture, which I juſt now have read with peculiar pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

luſive doctrine of the Chemiſts, who, by their decompoſitions, and analyſes, underſtood the preciſe denſity of all the circulating fluids, and turned the living body into a mere laboratory. The animal œconomy, thus conſidered, became the recieved opinion of the times. To this ſyſtem, Van, Helmont and Stahl admitted a *living principle*, independant of the mechanical and chemical combinations, and referred the principles of all motion and ſenſibility to the nervous ſyſtem; on the ſound ſtate, or diſarangement of which, depended the equilibrium of health and deſeaſe. This notion was ſoon ſuceeded by another of no leſs importance, ſuggeſted by Bordeu, in his ingenious ideas reſpecting cellular texture. Much about the ſame time, Haller brought to light, the irritability of the muſcular fibre, independent of nervous influence, and without the agency of the mind. Obſcure as this ultimate fact may appear, there is no denying its exiſtence. Cullen's doctrine of Spaſm, and the excitability of Brown, ſeem, at preſent, to occupy the attention of the medical world. While the former, with an enlightened underſtanding, and diſcriminating, penetrative apprehenſion "referred the phænomena of life, to an imaginary fluid;" the latter, with a mind, that, ſcorned authority, that had eſcaped the labyrinths of ſuppoſititious data, that thought boldly for itſelf, and ſought out new and untrod avenues which led ultimately to the object, he ſo happily found; thus fixed the bounds of direct, and indirect debility, ſound health, and its extreme, death, in the ſcales of excitement, and excitability, as depending on the ſthenic, or phlogiſtic, the aſthenic, or antiphlogiſtic, diatheſis.

It appears, by a retroſpect of the leading facts that are moſt prominent in the hiſtory of Medical Science, that, Pitcairne, may be conſidered as one of the fathers of the Healing Art, as having laid a foundation on which ſucceſſive theories have been reared, ſpacious as ſplended, which in their turn, perhaps, muſt yield to others, more important, and ſatisfactory.

However Pitcairne might have been miſtaken with regard to the mechanical theory of medicine, he certainly was rational, and ſucceſsful in his practice as a Phyſician. He treated diſeaſes, much in the ſame manner as is practiſed at this day; and the ſimplicity of his preſcription, is, proverbial. He poſſeſſed a liberality of thought, and an unbounded generoſity

rarely to be looked for among the profeſſion. He might have been rich, but he loved not money. Before I make any remarks on him as a poet, I ſhall run over ſlightly, ſome of the chief incidents of a very varied, uſeful life.

Dr. Archibald Pitcairne Phyſician and Poet, was the ſon of Alexander Pitcairne * Merchant and at one time a Magiſtrate of Edinburgh where our poet was born on the 25th of December 1652 old ſtile. His mothers name was Sydſerf †. At Dalkeith‡ he was inſtructed in the elements of grammer, and thence removed to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where in 1671, he took his degree of Maſter of Arts. "Some alledge he was deſ-" tined for the church. The unpleaſant gloom (ſays the learned " author § of an account of the life and writings of Pitcairne)

*Deſcended from the Pitcairns of Pitcairne.

†Of the family of Rochlaw in Eaſt-Lothian.

‡A few miles ſouth of Edinburgh on the London road.

§ The late Doctor Charles Webſter of Edinburgh, a gentleman well known over great part of the continent. eaſt, and weſt Indies and America, To the profeſſion of a Phyſician, he joined that of a clergyman; in both theſe capacities he was eſteemed, beloved, reſpected. The chief events of his active, and valuable life are as follows.

He was born in Dundee—1750. His fathers name was Thomas Webſter a Merchant and trading Dyer in that city, deſcended of a reſpectable family ſettled there for many generations. His mothers name was Grace Maver, a woman of great worth and prudence, the reſpected mother of many children, who lived to ſee the moſt of them grown up men and women. Charles was her youngeſt whom ſhe had in advanced life. He recieved the firſt rudiments of his education at the Grammer ſchool of Dundee; thence he was removed to the Univerſity of St. Andrews; where he ſtudied philoſophy, and other polite branches of litrature. Strongly impreſſed with the utility of medicine, he reſolved to follow it as a profeſſion; and for that purpoſe came to the Univerſity of Edinburgh; where, while proſecuting his medical ſtudies with unwearied application, and ſucceſs, a circumſtance happpened, that gave new bent to his purſuits. Dr. Whyte, a Scotiſh Epiſcopal clergyman, died in the flower of manhood: a ſucceſſor, of equal eminence, was not eaſily to be found. Some one hinted, that young Webſter, whoſe talents, and worth were daily gaining on his friends and aſſociates, was the moſt eligible perſon, were he to enter into orders, for aſcending the pulpit of the pious, and eloquent Whyte. The propoſal was made to him, which at firſt ſeemed to ſurpriſe him; but as the double profeſſion of clergyman and phyſician was no uncoommon thing among the non-juror clergy of Scotland, he ſaw no impropriety in complying with the earneſt ſolicitations of his friends; and accordingly, was put into orders at Aberbrothick in 1774, and ſoon after called to Edinburgh to ſucceed Dr. Whyte in the chapel Carrubers cloſe, where now, his nephew the Rev. John Webſter officiates.

In September 1777. Dr, Webſter obtained his degree in the Univerſity of Edinburgh. Soon after, he, in conjunction with Doctor Andrew Duncan ſenr. (now profeſſor of the

" which, at one time, hung over religion and its profeſſors
" in this country, could but ill ſuit with that native chearful-

the theory of medicine) inſtituted the public Diſpenſary; and in December both gentlemen were appointed phyſicians to the ſame. Doctor Webſter falling into a declining ſtate of health, was adviſed to try a more ſouther*ly* climate; and accordingly in 1779 he w*e*n*t* over to France; where he ſoon experienced the good effects of the advice he had followed. Not long after his return, he in 1780, read a courſe of lectures on the caſes of patients; and alſo opened a claſs for teaching the elements of chemiſtry and materia medica, which uſeful courſe, he continued to teach with great ſucceſs, for many years. In 1781. he married Miſs Catherine Graham, by whom he had three daughters, who, with their mother, ſurvive him. In 1788. His health, viſibly declining, rendered it adviſeable to watch over it with care and attention; and judging a journey, neceſſary to its re-eſtabliſhment, he ſet out for England, where he remained ſometime; and having had, during his reſidence there, preſſing ſolicitations to ſettle as a medical practitioner, on his coming down to Scotland 1792 he ſettled his affairs, and ſoon after, went with his family, and eſtabliſhed himſelf at South-end Eſſex; where, he remained but ſhort time, when he was engaged to travel abroad, with ſeveral patients of eminence, and diſtinction. On his return to England, he was appointed Phyſician to the Army, and embarked with the troops deſtined on that unfortunate expedition, to the weſt Indies in Admiral Chriſtian's fleet. "But not long after his arrival at the Iſland of St. Vincent's, where he devoted (ſays Dr. Duncan) a great part of his time to hoſpital-duty, he was ſiezed with the yellow fever, and after a few days illneſs, fell a victim to the deſeaſe, on the 5th of December 1795." See annals of medicine 1796.

Such are the leading incidents of a valuable life cut off in the flower of manhood, while in the career of honour, emolument, and celebrity. His character as a Phyſician was eminent in a high degree. His ſkill as a Chemiſt, was univerſally known. As a preacher, he was ſecond to none in elegance, ſimplicity, and harmony of ſtile, which he delivered with a graceful modeſty that commanded reſpectful attention. His merits as a man—but here I am overpowered—He was the friend of my early youth, and during thirteen years of my life, while he, with an affectionate demeanour peculiarly his own, performed the duties of a clergyman; I officiated, as organiſt in the ſame chapel. He was my firſt medical preceptor, and to his care, and kind attention, I am indepted for that manly diſregard for ſyſtem; and ardent deſire for experiment, and free diſcuſſion, which I rejoice in avowing. To ſpeak of my lamented friend in vain panegyric, would ill become me, who knew, when living, how much he held ſuch empty commendation in contempt —ſuffice it, to ſay, he was ſo accompliſhed and learned, as to provoke envy, and ſo good, and humane, as to challange detraction.

His works, publiſhed, are, his inaugural diſſertation, De Vaſorum Sanguiferorum Libramine. 12 September 1777. Medicinae Praxoes Syſtema. 1780. (is now tranſlated into German) Harveian oration (in which are given an account of the life and writings of Pitcairne) 1781—and in 1793 he publiſhed " Facts, tending to ſhew the con-
" nection of the ſtomach with life, deſeaſe
" and recovery"—this tract appears as the ſynopſis of a larger work, which, it is hoped, will yet appear, as he muſt have left behind him ſufficient materials.

" neſs of temper and liberality of mind which made him, long " after, a mark for the arrows of grimace." The ſtudies connected with the Law, ſeemed more congenial to his diſpoſiton; but ill health, forbad him the purſuit; and a milder climate being preſcribed, he repaired to Paris; where, falling in with ſome medical friends, he determined to follow the Healing Art as a profeſſion. Thus, we often ſee, chance, or accident, directingour choice; and often in this way, the die is caſt, that determines the part aſſigned us, on the great theatre of human exiſtence. This, as yet, did not ſeem to be the caſe with young Pitcairne—whatever ſtruck him forcibly at the time, ſuch he followed; for he could " walk ſouth as well as north, and weſt as well as eaſt," with the ſame eaſe, ſtrength and facility; and his powers of mind ſaw every thing in a clear and new light. On his return from France, he applied his diligence to the higher mathematics; and the doctrine of infinite ſeries, was by him greatly improved. David Gregory mathematical profeſſor,was his friend, and fellow labourer. Thus, we behold with pleaſure and ſatisfaction, men of ſcience, and worth, of congenial feelings, and inclinations, purſuing the ſame object, without thoſe weakneſses, and little jealouſies that characterize a limited intellect, and the the frigid indifference of an unſuſceptible heart. A beautiful example of this remark, occurs,in the life of Briggs the celebrated Geometrician, who, in order to behold, and commune, with the ingenious inventor of Logarithms Naper of Merchiſton, performed a journey from London to Edinburgh; and ſo much was he pleaſed, with the learning, and hoſpitality of our illuſtrious Geometer, that he repeated his viſit; and the mathematical world know, the value of their enlightened communications. But to return—at the time Pitcairne gave himſelf up to mathematical ſtudies, it ſeemed to him, that there muſt of neceſſity, exiſt, a chain of connection between all the departments of the material world;and in the fervour with which his brilliant imagination aſſociated the laws of mechanics to the animal economy, he overlooked the principles of life,and health, that, perhaps,will remain inſcrutable, to the utmoſt limits of human attainment. A love of ſyſtem, is the fruitful ſource of error; yet without it, and the deſire of

eſteem, the progreſs of knowledge, would of conſequence, ceaſe.

Pitcairne, in 1675 repaired a ſecond time to Paris, and devoted his chief attention to medicine; where he acquired, not only theoretic, and practical ſkill, but, alſo very extenſive medical erudition; by this means, he was enabled to keep in view, all that had been already known, leſt he ſhould loſe time in ſtumbling on diſcoveries, that were either forgotten, or, were unworthy of purſuit. Having ſpent five years in preparatory ſtudies, the Faculty at Rheims conferred on him, the degree of Doctor in Medicine; ſoon after, he returned to his native city, where he practiſed with great ſucceſs. In the year 1681, the College of Phyſicians at Edinburgh, was inſtituted by royal charter, in which his name appears.

We behold him now, in extenſive practice, which at the ſame time it augmented his fortune, ſpread far, and wide, his growing celebrity as a philoſopher and phyſician. About this time he married his firſt wife, Margaret, the daughter of Hay of Pitfour. She bare him children, but they all died young, and ſhe ſurvived them but a ſhort time. An event had taken place ſoon after theſe misfortunes, that tended in no ſmall degree to depreſs his mind, namely, the Revolution. Firmly attached to the intereſts of the unfortunate houſe of Stuart, he ſaw no reaſon for exchanging one tyrant, for another. Both theſe events, which he has pathetically deplored in elegant Latin verſe, preſſed hard upon him; and while ruminating on the mutability of human affairs, an invitation from the Univerſity of Leyden to become one of its Profeſſors of Medicine, * came moſt welcome, as the ſolace of diſappointed hope. This elevated ſituation, ſoon gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his new theory in connection with the illuſtrious Hervey's diſcoveries, which his celebrated pupil Boerhaave, mildly cenſures, as having been puſhed too far.

Scarcely had our profeſſor diſplayed his genius and extenſive eruditiou, when he ſuddenly departed for his native country. Elizabeth the daughter of Sir Archibald Stevenſon, an eminent phyſician in Edinburgh, had engaged the affections of Pitcairne, prior to his accepting his chair at Leyden. Having returned† with

* 1692. † 1693.

an intention to renew his addreſſes, and prevail on the young lady to give him her hand. He was ſo fortunate as to obtain his wiſh; but in gaining his miſtreſs, he was deprived of his profeſſorſhip, by the friends of his wife making it a point, to detain him in Edinburgh, amidſt the careſſes of, all who knew his value as a phyſician and his worth as a man. His ſocial, and convivial attractions, drew around him the wits, while his learning, and unaſſuming manners invited the learned of the age he adorned. It was at this time he devoted his hours of relaxation to poetry. It ſeems, a matter of curious obſervation, how ſo many of the medical profeſſion have devoted part of their time to the muſes, witneſs Arburthnot, Armſtrong, Aikenſide, Smollett, Aikin, Goldſmith, Darwin, Downman, Anderſon, * and many others that might be mentioned, as names, moſt reſpectable in the annals of polite literature; who have alſo, in no ſmall degree, contributed to the general ſtock of medical knowledge. In 1699 the Faculty at Aberdeen, proud to enrol ſo celebrated a practitioner among their number, conferred the degree of Doctor on Pitcairne, as a mark of the higheſt reſpect. The College of Surgeons in Edinburgh in 1701, invited him to become a member; and this he looked on as the higheſt honour a medical man can boaſt. Immediately on obtaining theſe marks of regard, he reprinted his diſſertations on the circulation of the blood, and other parts of the animal econemy, with conſiderable

* Robert Anderſon M. D. the friend of the ingenius Graeme, whoſe poems he edited in 1773, In the wreath once deſtined to adorn the brow of his dear companion, are entwined the laurel ſprigs of his own muſe; and thus, while ſtrewing the grave of the youthful bard, he hangs it on the willow that weeps in ſilent eloquence, where his untimely aſhes repoſe. The Doctor has alſo edited "The works of the Britiſh poets" from Chaucer to the preſent time, including alſo the beſt tranſlations from the claſſic Greek and Latin poets, "with prefaces biographical and critical" in 13 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh printed by Mundell and Son 1795. He has reviſed and made conſiderable additions to the lives of Doctor Samuel Johnſon, and Doctor Tobias Smollet, which were reprinted ſeparately in 1796-7. He is now engaged in preparing for the preſs an enlarged edition of his "Prefaces Biographeal and Critical." Thus, while retired from the great world, he devotes with laudable, and diſintereſted zeal, his life to uſeful, and elegant literature.

additions and amendments, dedicated them to his friend the celebrated Bellini of Piſa. Such are the chief incidents of Pitcairne as a phyſician; and we next come to conſider him as a poet. In one word then, the merits of his poems, lie chiefly, in keen ſatyr, and uncommon humour; often refering to circumſtances but obſcurely alluded to, even when recent; of conſequence, unleſs elucidated by commentation, they muſt, in a ſhort time, become obſelete, or altogether unintelligible. † " In fine (as the ingenious author already quoted elegantly expreſſes himſelf) Dr. Pitcairne poſſeſſed every endowment of the mind, and every ſenſibility of the heart, in a degree above the ordinary level of our nature. His apprehenſion was ſingularly quick, his underſtanding vigorous, his imagination lively, his memory tenacious, his knowledge various and deep, his feelings keen, his affections glowing and benevolent. He was diſtinguiſhed for his filial, parental, and

† His comedy of " The Aſſembly, or Scotiſh Reformation" poſſeſs a conſiderable degree of humour, mixt with ſcurrility, and much invective; which ſhew, how much he diſliked the grimace of the times, as well as his chagrin at the revolution. Some idea may be formed of this ſatyrical drama by the following paſſage. The ſentiments diſplayed in it, are thoſe of a high-churchman and keen Jacobite; but whatever his politicul creed might have been, it in no manner affected his unbounded philanthropy.

Will. A Sainct, i' faith, as free of worldly Wiſdom as any that ever dyed a Kalendar. Gad, he hath not ſo much Wit as to diſſemble. Aſk Juſtice of him, he'll tell he's ſworn to the contrary. Pray God ſave you from his Pocket; he has as much there as wou'd keep the Hangman in Employment theſe twelve Months, at the Rate of three Curates and as many *Jacobites* a-day: His Mouth, you, ſee, followed his Words in Queſt of the Meaning, but is now on its Return to its proper Place diſpairing to find it. That Staff is a great Pillar of the true Kirk, and his Arſe is more able to ſupport it than his Head! He has juſt as much Mother-wit as fits him to be a Provoſt of a Town of twenty Shillings of common-good; as much Religion as it neceſſary for a Lay-elder; as much Courage as he may look on a Snails Horns without fainting; as much Learnig as to make Duty plain; as much Honeſty as is required in a Member of our preaent Privy Council; and, finally Beloved, as much Grace as is needful in a *Scotch* Reformer, with no more Eſtate than can be reaſonably expected in a Preſbyterian Peer, and can ſecure him from the Hazard of Fortune the next Revolution.

The manuſcript copy, from which the above extract is made, was written in 1691. It is the propert of Mr. Archibald Conſtable. From the date, it appears to have been compoſed prior to his appointment to the medical chair of Leyden which was early in 1692.

conjugal attachments; nor was he leſs remarkable as the conſtant friend of poverty and diſtreſs, the avowed enemy of hypocriſy and vice, the unwearied patron of ſcience and of virtue." Such then, are the principal traits and events of our illuſtrious poet and phyſician's life, of whom are deſcended, a poet, and a muſician, brothers, who, enlivened with a ſpark of that happy genius, brilliancy of wit, and invention, which ſo peculiarly characterized their grandfather Pitcairne, the circles they but lately adorned. The former will be noticed hereafter, in due courſe, as a poet; but the latter, comes not within the province of our preſent conſiderations; though I might be juſtified when I name THOMAS ALEXANDER EARL OF KELLY, in devoting a ſpare corner to the firſt muſician, and compoſer of ſynphonic muſic, Scotland had to boaſt; but, I ſhall defer any farther remarks on this original and great genius, to another work, profeſſedly on the ſcientific art of muſic, which I have for many years been preparing for the preſs; when I ſhall have an opportunity of conſidering his uncommon talents for that divine art in which he ſo much excelled.

Sir William Anſtruther, of Anſtruther, one of the Senators of the College of Juſtice, publiſhed (as he himſelf informs the reader, at the earneſt requeſt of his friends) in 1701 * "His "Eſſays moral and divine" interſperſed with poetry. From what I can learn reſpecting the favour done the public by this ſame worthy knight, and pious ſenator, in publiſhing this work, his friends did all in their power to diſwade him from commiting himſelf in this way; and ſoon after his death, it is known, that his ſon, did every thing in his power to call in the whole impreſſion (which was but limited;) and employed perſons for that purpoſe, giving a handſome price for every copy that could be picked up. To offer many remarks on this work, were to little purpoſe. Its contents are I. Againſt Atheiſm. II. Of Providence. III. Of Learning and Religion. IV. Of Triffling ſtudies, Stage-plays, and Romances. V. Upon the Incarnation of Jeſus Chriſt, and Redemption of Mankind. In his "Diſcourſe on triffling ſtudies

* Edinburgh printed by George Moſman Anno Dom. 1701.

&c." he has the following paſſage, which may ſerve as a ſpecimen of his proſe, verſe, and ſentiments with regard to women.

" It is true, woman is ſubject to man, he is her head, but I may queſtion, if it was not rather inflicted as the puniſhment of her ſin, than ſpring from the prerogative of our nature: but it may be thought we retain ſome reſentment as the firſt cauſe of our miſery, and by our innate love to the ſex, they continue to be the bane of human life.

Men all at once by woman firſt was dam'd,
And one by one, we're ſtill by them trepan'd.
Contagion to the root Eve firſt did bring,
Her daughters blaſts us, branches as we ſpring.
She thurſt us out we're by her offſprings led,
Aſtray from happineſs from whence we fled.
And leſt again, we paradiſe ſhould choiſe,
They do amuſe us with fantaſtic joyes.

" And as an Engliſh poet doth more elegantly expreſs it, than what my muſe hath endited,

Woman! at ſpeaking of the very name,
Nature ſtarts back and hides herſelf in ſhame.
Woman! the fatall authreſs of our fall:
Woman! the ſure deſtroyer of us all.

"And then, woman hath much more exact ſymetry and harmony in her compoſition, of a more excellent form and ſhape, of a more mild and modeſt diſpoſition, generally than men; which we may attribute to the excellency of her plaſtic origine, for man was formed immediately out of the duſt of the earth, but woman of that refinement. But ſome may ſay, ſhe was compoſed only of that crooked part of man his ribb, which makes her ever ſince have ſuch a curvity and perverſeneſs in their nature. Which as one tells us,

And of that crooked ſhapeleſs thing did frame,
Theworlds great plague, and did it woman name.

" I do acknowledge, beauty hath its own empire, and carries

alwayes, along with it, an air of ſoveraignity; it commands with authority, and men generally obey it with pleaſure: It often ſurpriſes our reaſon, and prepoſſes our judgments; without our being ſenſible of it. I have known the moſt auſtere and rigide temper yield to the ſolicitations of a fair lady, who hath ſtood inflexible, to the importunities of all his friends: there is an harmony, in the ſymmetry of beauty, more charmeing and perſwaſive, than in all the ſoft cadences, of the moſt pathetic eloquence. It was aſked a philoſopher why people always deſired to be in the company of the beautiful, he told him none ſhould aſk that queſtion but he that is blind, which expreſſes more, than any reaſon could be given. I ſhall acknowledge beauty has allurements ſo agreeable to the generallity of mankind, that no temporal thing ſurpaſſes its charmes, but the pleaſure and glory in reſiſting it." O Mary! * how indignant would thy ſoul have ariſen on glancing over ſo narrow-minded a proſpect as this ſenator entertained of that ſex, of which thou wert but lately, ſo invaluable an ornament! If ſtill, that ſomewhat, we mortals, fain would perſwade ourſelves, never dies, which animated thy lovely form, for ſuch I have heard it called, and inſtructed, even in the moments of gaiety, and innocent hilarity, hovers near this ſpot of the univerſe, deign to bend thy ear, and learn, in ſecret ſatisfaction, that, at leaſt, one, north of the Tweed, is devoted to the bright emanations that illumine the precious truths contained in the ſplendid pages of "The Rights "of woman!

It appears, by the next author, whoſe works have come to my knowledge, that the predilection for ſacred hiſtory in metre, ſtill continued, in the earlier part of the preſent century—an example of this kind, occurs, in an imitator of Blackmore, namely,

ANDREW SIMSON M. A. (formerly miniſter of Kirkinner in Galloway) printer in Edinburgh. His "Tripatriarchicon; or,

* Mrs. Godwin author of "A vindication of the Rights of Woman."

the lives of the three patriarchs Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob*" is a ſtrange enough compoſition—ſpecimen.

When on a day rough Eſau was forth gon
Unto the fields to hunt for veniſon,
As formerly; Plain Jacob's buſineſs
Confin'd him home, his proper dioceſs,
He then, (I know not upon what pretence,
Doubtleſs in it there was a providence)
Did ſeeth ſome broth with lintills (if you pleaſe
You may conceave them ſomething like our peaſe,
They being a kind of pulſe) well at the length
Eſau returns from hunting, and his ſtrength
Was almoſt ſpent through hunger (and we know
That many hunters often times are ſo)
And ſeeing the broth or pottage Jacob made,
Long'd for't with greedineſs; and therefore ſaid,
I'm very very faint, I'm almoſt dead,
Come therefore quickly give me that red red:
What ſhall I call't? what is't? what ere it be,
'Tis meat, and therefore quickly giv't to me.* p. 159.

In ſhort, this parſon,† (who, wiſely had changed his profeſſion, when it was no longer tenable, to that of a typographer,) ſeems not more happy, in his muſe, than his brother the Rev. Alex. Tyler, formerly noticed, whoſe contemporary he ſeems to have been. Can any thing be more ludicrous, than a poem "On the horrid murder committed upon the ſacred perſon of the moſt Reverend Father in God, James late Lord Arch-biſhop of Saint Andrews, primat of all Scotland, and Metropolitan, and one of his Majeſties moſt honourable privy counſellours May, 3d: 1679. Written in May, 1679.

* Edinburgh printed by the author: and are to be ſold by Mr. Henry Knox, in the Lucken-booths: Mr. David Freebairn, oppoſite to the court of guard; Mr. Robert Freebairn in the Parliament cloſe; and other bookſellers. 1705.

† I am apt to ſuſpect, that Peter Pindar, muſt have had in his eye, theſe emphatic queries, when he put into the mouth of a certain great perſonage the following,

"What's this? he, he, what's that! what's this? what's that?."

vide "a new way of making a Birth-day ode"

What! Cain reviv'd! is he return'd from Nod,
To teach men murder, 'gainſt the laws of God?
Is Scotland Scythia! ah! me fears that thus
Strangers will ſay when this they hear of us.
What will they ſay? yea what will they not ſay
Of that attempt at Edinburgh by Kay?
Of that at the New-mills? of this in Fife?
Which took away the rev'rend primats life.
O horrid murther! wanting parallel
Among the Turks, let be where Chriſtians dwell.
Could I a ſatyr write, I might deſcribe,
Yet then but ſlenderly, this murthering tribe:
But, ah! my genius is too dull, too flat,
To write a verſe agreeable to that:
I therefore hope the reader will excuſe
Th' attempt of (ah!) my too too gentle muſe.
Who were the actors of this horrid deed?

Several elegaic verſes, in the ſame uncouth ſtrain, are to the memory of Sir George M'Kenzie of Roſehaugh, who died 8 March 1691. "On the unexpected death of the vertuous Lady Mrs. Janet Dalrymple Lady Baldone younger 1669." Latin verſes on Gulli: Gordon de Grainge 1670. and ſeveral others, of little conſequence to mention. Before I cloſe my remarks on Mr. Simſon's poetry, I ſhall juſt notice a few peculiar paſſages, that would do honour to the Revd. Zacharia Boyd himſelf. Our ſacred biographer (Mr. Simſon) goes on with the chief incidents of Jacob's pilgrimage. After having cheated his brother Eſau.

———(vile man, profane and graceleſs wretch,
Who ſold his birth-right that ſo he might ſtretch
His belly out) devour'd and ſwallowed down
A priviledge more worth than XERXES crown,
Or CAESARS conqueſt.—— p. 160.

Jacob is ſomewhat cenſured by Mr. Simſon for having firſt tempted, and afterwards gulled poor Eſau.

Yet ſince the holy ſcriptures have thought fit
To draw the vail of ſilence over it,
I'le ſay no more.

He next apologizes for Eſau voluntarily diſinheriting himſelf, who, was

> Enforc'd to ſell through mere neceſſity?
> *Hard dart neceſſity.* The common ſaw
> Aſſerts, neceſſity it hath no law:
> Hunger breaks iron doors. p. 161

The ſacred text is reſumed; and as Jacob ſojourns in his way at Padan-aram, he meets the beauteous Rachel tending her flocks, who coming to the well,

> ——intending to ſuppreſs
> Their thirſt with water (ſhe was ſhepherdeſs)
> When Jacob ſaw theſe flocks, and her that brought
> The ſame into the well (affection taught
> Him what to do) he roll'd away the ſtone
> From off the well, and water'd them each one.
> He kiſſes Rachel, and he weeps (O rare)
> For joy, nodoubt, and then he doth declare
> Unto her what he was. I am, ſaith he
> Your Couſin-german—— p. 191

Soon after, Laban the father of this young ſhepherdeſs, and his nephew Jacob, ſettle the preliminaries of the intended nuptials. The ſtory of the cunning trick put on the poor patriarch, in not only being obliged to marry a couple of wives*, and ſiſters too—but his alſo, being obliged to ſerve fourteen years,

* ——What! Polygamy!
What! Jacob have two wives at once, and they
Both ſiſters too! what will the Atheiſt ſay
To this, this very ſtrange, this unquoth thing?
Will not th' impure voluptuary bring
In this example, ſaying; may not I
Enjoy the like? I ſee no reaſon why
I may not have two wives as well as he,
And by the ſelf ſame rule have alſo three,
Three hundred if I pleaſe: which ſhould I do,
The laws would challenge me and hang me too.
Yes that they ſhould; and when they had don ſo,
I would ſubjoyn, and ſay; *et mereto.*
Will not the beaſtly-vile inceſtuous lover
Plead for himſelf, and baſely paſſingover
The ſacred law of God, profanely trample
Upon the ſame; and ſtrongly plead example;
Calling John Baptiſt fool, who loſt his life,
By charging Herod for his brothers wife?
Will not, I ſay, theſe perſons plead from hence,
Framing a weak (tho thought a ſtrong) defence
T' excuſe themſelves? what! we have don no more
Than holy Jacob did long time before
Theſe facts of ours: and would you have us be
More nice, more ſtrict, and more preciſe than he?
To anſwer this, ſome plead a revelation,
A ſecret warrant or a diſpenſation

——and yet good Jacob thought
The time was ſoon expir'd, and that h' had bought
A penny worth good cheap.—— p. 192.

Is given at full length, and with admirable exactneſs.

Well, Jacob hath two wives but yet his love
Is moſt unequal——
——Jacob ſets his love on Rachel;

—Her long barreneſs, is commented on, by our pious poet; and Leah's fecundity, detailed with moſt erudite minuteneſs. In the mean time, Rachel deviſes a plan, that even in modern times, hath been imitated; but not preciſely in the ſame manner her fancy ſuggeſted, viz. getting a child by proxy—through the medium of a hand-maid. Mr. Simſons account of this affair runs thus,

When Rachel ſaw her ſiſter Leah bring
Forth children to the world, and ſweetly ſing
Unto theſe infants, dandling on her knees
The mothers bleſſing and the fathers fees,
And when ſhe heard young Reuben and the other
Of Jacob's children, call her ſiſter, mother,
O then ſhe is enraged and ſhe frets
For very anger; emulation gets
Poſſeſſion in her heart, at length it breaks
Out through her lips, and thus ſhe idely ſpeaks,
Come Jacob, tell me what's the cauſe that I
Am childleſs? give me children elſe I dy.
Thoſe unexpected words did much aſtoniſh
Her faithful huſband, who did thus admoniſh
His too too angry wife. Thy fooliſh tongue
In ſpeaking thus hath done thy maker wrong.
From God himſelf: and truly for my part,
I would be well content with all my heart
It could be prov'd: for were that but made out,
'Twould anſwer all and quickly ſolve the doubt.
Th' Almighty may, when ev'r he thinketh fit,
Reſcind his law, or may diſpenſe with it.
If Jacob was indulg'd, then he was free
From ſin on that account but till I ſee
The licence on record, I dare not go
Upon a *may be*, or *perhaps* 'twas ſo.
Well: take this anſwer then, which I ſuppoſe
Will anſwer all and make a final cloſe:
The fact is only barely here related,
But not approv'd, nor to be imitated.
Know this with all, the very beſt of men
Are men, yea at the very beſt but men.

Well Rachel! well: I never did expect
Such words from thee; 'tis God that doth direct
The univerſe, and there is none beſides
That can do any thing; 'tis he that guides
The world and all therein; and therefore how
Dare any ſay unto him what doeſt thou?
What! fooliſh woman! doeſt thou think that I
Am in God's ſtead? 'tis he that doth deny
The fruit oth' womb unto thee: thou haſt ſpoken
Like to a fooliſh woman; thou haſt broken
The rules of modeſty, the rules of reaſon:
By theſe thy ſpeeches thou haſt ſpoken treaſon
Againſt the King of Heaven, talk no more
Exceeding proudly, rather now adore
The goodneſs of the Lord, who thinks it meet
To give thee bitter ere he give thee ſweet.
Rachel reply'd; then take my hand-maid here,
My ſervant woman Bilhah; let her bear
A child inſtead of Rachel, let her be
In Rachel's room; a ſubſtitute to me.
Kind Jacob doth her bidding, and he went
In unto Bilhah; Rachel is content.
The woman ſoon conceives, yea more ſhe brings
A ſon into the world; Now Rachel ſings
A panegyrick —— p. p. 197 198.

The ſacred narrative goes on in the uſual ſtile, with the author's occaſional remarks; which ſhew how profound a caſuiſt he muſt have been—for example, in relating the ſtory of Rachel's ſecreting her fathers houſe-hold gods, the poet ſings,

Laban hath gotten now a full commiſſion
To ſeek, to ſearch, to make ſtrict inquiſition
For ſtolen goods and gods; I nothing doubt
But he would have been glad to find them out:
He therefore ſearch'd and ſearch'd and ſearch'd again
Search'd Jacob's tent throughout yet ſearch'd in vain
Search'd alſo Leah's tent, but found them not,
Bilhah's and Zilpah's too. yet nothing got;
When he had ſearch'd through Leah's then he went
From thence to ſearch his daughter Rachel's tent;
In it they were, but Rachel had the art
To hide as well as ſteal; ſhe play'd her part
So cunningly, that Laban was put by
From ſearching in that place where they did ly.

The wilie woman, that ſhe might ſecure
The gods, hid them i' th' camels furniture,
And after that, ſat down upon the ſame,
So that when as her father Laban came
To ſearch her tent. O let it not diſpleaſe
My lord, ſaid ſhe, that I thus ſet at eaſe.
The cuſtom of my ſex is now upon me:
I dare not riſe; for riſing up would wrong me;
I therefore do intreat you to diſpence
With this my, thus conſtrain'd, irreverence.
Now whether Rachel ſpake the truth or no,
I am not very ſure; yet this I know,
That Laban thought ſhe did, for he gave credit
Unto his daughter Rachel when ſhe ſaid it:
And therefore when he ſearch'd, he did forbear
To ſearch her ſeat; thought not his gods lay there,
Yet there they were. Phy! did ſhe not diſgrace
Thoſe deities to put them in that place,
And ſet upon them thus? No, no, that ſhrine
Was good enough for them; 'twas too too fine
For ſuch (ſuch ſenſeleſs!) deities as theſe
Who lov'd ſo well to ſleep and take their eaſe.
Had they awak'd and the leaſt whim'pring made
Rachel, for all her wiles, had been betray'd. p.p. 228.229.

Thus, the cloven foot of the prieſt appears not unfrequent—be that as it may, this ſtrange poem, conſiſting of nearly as many verſes, as Milton's "Paradiſe regained" is all of a piece, and ſhews, when ſuch ſtuff could be reliſhed, to what a low depth a taſte for poetry was ſunk in the latter part of laſt, and beginning of this preſent century. Before I conclude, I ſhall notice but, one other paſſage. It relates to the genealogy of the children of Jacob, or as he is often called *Iſrael*—the following extract is recited in courſe of the beautiful, and intereſting hiſtory of *Joſeph*—Jacob hearing of the great glory of his darling ſon, at the court of Pharaoh, had reſolved to embrace him ere he died, the poet deſcribes him, on his way, with all his houſe-hold, to the land of Egypt.

Thus march'd old Jacob, and's eleven ſons
With Dinah too, and all their little ones
Both male and female: being atended by
A gallant troop, his whole poſterity.
So that it was impoſſible to find
One of his ſeed alive, and left behind.

Should I but here adventure to reherſe,
The names of his poſterity in verſe,
Some of my lines would be (right ſure I am)
Like his, that ſay Esrom begat Aram.
Thus I might be held guilty of a Crime,
And redicul'd as he, for dogrill rhyme.
I'l therefore wave 't however I will count,
And ſee unto what number they'l amount.
'Tis don already. Moſes doth affix
Unto their names the number ſixty ſix. 66.
Two more being only added, he agen
Expreſly ſays that they were threeſcore ten. 70.
Strange! ſix and two make only eight, no more
How then can two increaſe the ſumm by four?
'Tis ſomething ſtrange; yet I will let you ſee
Another count, the ſtrangeſt of the three:
The Protomartyr in his grave defence
Whereby he did maintain his innocence
Againſt the Jews, who did his death contrive,
Extends the number unto ſev'nty five. 75.
Some waſpiſh readers here being too too raſh,
Conceive theſe ſev'rall numbers put a daſh
Upon the ſacred text; which cannot be,
Since that they only ſeem to diſagree:
Which, if they 'l lend but an attentive ear,
I ſhall endeavour to make plain and clear.
Rachel's poſterity were juſt eleven, 11.
That came with Jacob, Bilha's race were ſeven, 07.
Zilpah's ſixteen, Leah's were thirty two 16.
Add theſe together; which if that you do. 32.
The total ſumm will be nor leſs nor more 66.
Than ſixty ſix, as was ſet down before,
To ſixtie ſix, add Joſeph unto him
Subjoyn Manaſſeh and then Ephraim,
Let Jacob be ſubjoin'd to theſe, and then 4.
Kn. You have the ſecond number threeſcore ten. 70.
15. But for St. Stephens number, I profeſs
It is more difficult, at leaſt t' expreſs
The ſame in verſe, I'l therefore at the cloſe *vid. page*
Of this my book, ſet down the ſame in proſe*. 372.

So far "The pious nonſenſe" of the learned and reverend bard Mr. Simſon.

* The figures in the margin ſeem to be in the hand writing of Mr. Simſon himſelf who ſuperintended the preſs (which he endites in his preface to the reader "From

In a former part of this eſſay, I made promiſe to notice, in detail, the contents of "A Choice Collection of comic and ſerious

my printing houſe; at the foot of the Horſe-wind in the Cowgate") at the ſame time he moſt likely compoſed the poem.

Reſp: *page* 341. *line* 15.

"Having promis'd *(p.* 341. *)* to give an account at the cloſe of this book, of that ſeeming difference betwixt Moſes (who Gen. 46. 27. ſays, *all the ſouls of the houſe of Jacob, which came into Egypt were threeſcore and ten*" (and S. Stephen) who ſays Acts, 7. 14. *Then ſent Joſeph, and called his father Jacob to him, and all his kindred, threeſcore and fifteen ſouls.* Well then, I find expoſitors give ſeveral anſwers to ſolve this difficulty, I ſhall reduce the moſt of them to theſe two. 1. S. Stephen, ſay ſome, followed the Greek verſion. (Which indeed now hath Gen. 46. 27. ſeventie five) becauſe that verſion was commonly made uſe of in his time, and though it were corrupt in this place, yet he would not in a matter of ſo ſmall conſequence ſumm up the number of Jacob's family, otherwiſe then it was there, conſidering that in ſome ſenſe it was alſo a truth, that there went down of Jacob's family at leaſt 75 Souls, their wives being alſo included in the number. Againſt this anſwer ſome object, aſſerting that the Greek verſion it ſelf in S. Stephens days, had 70 ſouls according to the Hebrew, and that as we now have it, it is corrupted ſince that time, on purpoſe to make it quadrat with S. Stephen's computation. And therefore the other anſwer is, that thoſe two places are not parallels, as not reſpecting the ſame thing. Moſes only giving an account, firſt of Jacob himſelf: and then of his poſterity of his own loins, that either came with him into Egypt; which were 64: or in Egypt before his comeing thither, which were Joſeph and his two ſons: or ſuch as were born in Egypt ſhortly after he came, which were, as is ſuppoſed, the two grand children of Judah, and ſons of Pharez, Hezrom and Hamuel; which being all ſumm'd together, make up Moſes's computation 70. But St. Stephen, ſay they, gives an account of threeſcore and fifteen of Joſeph's kindred, which were the 64 above mentioned, and his 11 brethrens wives, who upon his brethrens account were of his kindred, and theſe being ſumm'd together make up threeſcore and fifteen ſouls, that according to St. Stepens computation, came with Jacob into Egypt.

Saith Moſes 70. *Stephen* 75.

Now, whether or not, this ſecond anſwer will ſufficiently ſolve the difficulty, or be able to obviat any objections that may poſſibly be made againſt it, I ſhall not poſitively determine. However I may ſafely ſay, from this and ſome other places in ſcripture, that ſuch is the infinit goodneſs of God to mankind, that in matters abſolutely neceſſary to be known, as relating to ſalvation, he hath been pleaſed to deliver his mind and will, in ſuch plain and eaſie terms, that ſuch as are but of an ordinary capacity may underſtand them. But as to ſeveral other things; ſuch as natural hiſtory, genealogie, chronologie, chorographie, topographie, hiſtory, prophecie, &c. God hath thought fit to deliver ſeveral things relating thereto, in ſuch a way and manner that it oft times puzzles the greateſt Rabbi, and puts ſuch as are advanced to the higheſt pitch of learning, to a *non-plus*.

In ſuch caſes, it is not only lawful but neceſſary for ſuch as God hath endued with qualifications for ſuch kind of ſtudies, to uſe their utmoſt endeavour towards the

" Scots poems, both ancient and modern, by ſeveral hands,†" to which among others, Sir William Ayton formerly noticed, was a contributor. By whom this collection was ſelected and aranged, I know not; but, as in it appear, for the firſt time, after the acceſſion of the ſixth James to the throne of England, any ſpecimen of poetry in the Scotiſh lowcountry dialect, ſome account of its contents may not be deemed unneceſſary.

The gay ſpirit that characterized the latter part of Charles II's. reign, diffuſed its influence univerſally over the whole Iſland. It had not ceaſed, even after the preſbyterian influence had rendered itſelf completely triumphant. Though pſalms, hymns and ſpiritual ſongs, were ſanctioned by habit, and rendered familiar by conſtant repetition; Ralph Erſkine's "Goſpel ſonnets" were ſometimes ſlyly laid aſide, for Davie Lindſay's leſs godly productions; and the Scotiſh muſe would occaſionally produce by the ſtoln embraces of a native bard, a bantling now and then, which were carefully preſerved;

clearing of them: which they may do, by conſidering the context with what follows, the ſeverall circumſtances of it, by whom when, how, and upon what account deliver'd, together with the parallel places, if any be: as alſo diligently to ſearch after the variety of the phraſe, the manner of expreſſing it, the proper and uſual ſignification of the words then in uſe, with ſeverall other particulars which may occur on that ſubject; by which means, God bleſſing the honeſt and ſincere endeavours of men ſkill'd in ſuch affairs, great light hath been given to ſeverall dark places of ſcripture, and ſuch clear expoſitions of them, that may give ſufficient ſatisfaction to any rational man. But if (as ſome times they do) they meet with knots which they cannot unty, they ought to wait patiently till God raiſe others that can: mean while they ſhould not be too poſitive, nor ſlight ſuch as have not attain'd their height; conſidering there are ſomething alſo above their own reach: but eſpecially they ſhould beware of inſinuating any thing that may in the leaſt reflect upon the ſacred Canon.

And now I'm ſure I've don. If that I have
Offended any man, I only crave
To be inform'd thereof, and he ſhall find
Me very condeſcending, and inclin'd
To give him ſatisfaction, if that I
Conceav't may ſtand with juſt conveniency:
But if that I get no advertiſement,
I'l look upon that ſilence, as conſent
At leaſt, and that's almoſt the ſelf ſame thing:
Th'offence is hardly worth the noticing.
FINIS."

† Edinburgh printed by James Watſon, and ſold at his ſhop next door to the red Lion oppoſite to the Lucken booths 1709. See this collection noticed in p. 10, where an error of the preſs appears viz. 1789, inſtead 1709.

and at laſt found a place in ſuch collections of fugitive pieces as the preſent. It cannot be denyed, but, that the epiſcopal church government, nearer allied to the more ſplendid rites of the Romiſh church, is better calculated to inſpire chearful, and placid ſentiments in religious ideas, than the gloomy, and more abſtract notions of the conventicle, where, in times of Chriſtian perſecution, the puritan diſciples, liſtened with fixt attention, to the ſublime rhapſodies of preſbyterian eloquence, breathed forth in all the fervour of enthuſiaſtic grimace.

Although, the Scotiſh Biſhops, were finally deprived of their temporal dignities; and were no longer, in law, recogniſed as the ſpiritual umpires in all caſes of conſcience, and governance in national religion; yet, the chearful reſignation of virtuous poverty, threw arround them a ray, that brightened into hope, which ſhone conſpicuous in many of the gay circles that preſerved a warm affection for the unfortunate family of Stuart. Scotland, much more than England, till lately, was marked with this prepoſſion in favour of the ancient royal race. This kept alive the embers of party ſpirit. Sometimes, it would ſhew itſelf, in pieces of poetry; and as the vernacular dialect carries along with it peculiar idioms, that aſſociate moſt naturally with early impreſſions, which the memory renews, and fondly indulges in the ſallies of wit, humour, or ſentimental expreſſions in homely verſe, it was preferred, perhaps, on this account. Theſe ſeem to have been the chief inducements, in collecting the fugitive pieces, that form the collection, I have in my eye, and which I am about to give an account of.

From what I have already remarked, it will be perceived, that the merits of this collection, are not the only conſiderations that moved me to notice it in particular; but, on account, chiefly, as preſenting to the view, an epoch, wherein Scotiſh verſe, ſtrictly ſo called, that had given place to the more poliſhed language of the ſouth, was again revived; and, ſoon after, ſunk into that neglect, in which it remained, till Roſs, Ferguſon, and Burns brought it to that pitch of perfection, beyond which I fear, the proſpect is bounded.

*The firſt piece in this collection, is "Chriſt kirk on the green, " compoſed (as was ſuppoſed) by King James the fifth" This copy is rendered pretty intelligible to the Engliſh reader without the neceſſity of any reference to a gloſſary, as are alſo the greater part of the poems. I purpoſely avoid entering into the controverſy relative to which of the Jameſes is to be conſidered as the author of "Chriſt kirk on the green"; and ſhall only give it as my opinion, by the way, that whoever was the author, the piece in queſtion, is to be referred to higher antiquity than the time of James V.; and upon the whole, I am rather induced to lean to the probable conjectures of Mr. Tytler. Mr. Callenderhas confeſſedly copied Biſhop E. Gibſon's edition printed (black letter) 4to. at Oxford 1691. with ſome variations in the orthography. Allan

* I have already acknowledged my ignorance by whom this collection was made. Two copies of it are in my poſſeſſion—the one is my own, the other is the property of a young gentleman to whom I am indebted for this, as well at many other valuable and ſcarce articles of Scotiſh literature. My own copy appears to have been at one time the property of Sir William Bennet the friend and correſpondent of Allan Ramſay: but, whether he, or Ramſay had any hand in preparing the ſaid collection for the preſs, I could never learn.

"The publiſher to the reader.

"As the frequency of publiſhing collections of miſcellaneous poems in our neighbouring kingdoms and ſtates, may, in a great meaſure juſtify an undertaking of this kind with us; ſo 'tis hoped, that this being the firſt of its nature which has been publiſh'd in our own native Scots dialect, the candid reader may be the more eaſily induced, through the conſideration thereof, to give ſome charitable grains of allowance, if the performance come not up to ſuch a point of exactneſs as may pleaſe an over nice palate. And ſince the undertaker depends much on ſuch generous helps as he expects from the repoſitaries of ſome curious and ingenious gentlemen, who take pleaſure in keeping ſeveral comic and, diverting poems by them; the reader is not to look for an exact precedency as to the priority or order of time in which theſeveral following poems were firſt compoſed: yet at the ſame time, as a teſt of the undertaker's care to pleaſe his reader as much as he can, this firſt eſſay is chiefly compoſed of ſuch poems as have been formerly printed moſt uncorrectly, in all reſpects, but are now copied from the moſt correct manuſcripts that could be procured of them. And it is intended, that the next collection ſhall conſiſt wholly of poems never before printed, moſt of them being already in the undertaker's hands, and ſhall (God willing) be publiſh'd at or before the firſt day of November next.

"Pro captu lectoris habent ſua fata libelli."

Ramſay, who compoſed two additional cantos, has alſo followed Biſhop Gibſon's edition; but, in his Evergreen, he has adheard to Bannatyne's copy in the Advocate's library.

The next poem in this collection of any merit, is "The life and death of the piper of Kilbarchan; * or,

The epitaph of Habby Simſon
Who on his drone bore bonny flags;
He made his cheeks as red as crimſon,
And babbed when he blew the bags."

He counted was a weel wight-man,
And fiercely at foot ball he ran:
At every game the gree he wan,
for pith and ſpeed.
The like of HABBIE was na than,
but now he's dead.
And than beſides his valiant acts,
At bridals he won many placks
He bobbed ay behind fo'ks backs,
and ſhook his head
Now we want many merry cracks
ſen Habbies dead.

Ay when he play'd the laſſes leugh,
To ſee him teethleſs, auld and teugh:

"The mare of Collington" is another piece of conſiderable merit. "The laſt dying words of bonny Heck, a famous grey-hound in the ſhire of Fife" by Leutenant William Hamilton† is a pretty little pathetic piece of poetry as ever was written, two or three ſtanzas may ſerve to ſhew its merit.

What great feats I have done my ſell
Within clink of Kilrenny bell,
When I was ſouple young and ſell
but fear or dread:

* "By Robert the ſon of Sir James Semple who was Ambaſſador at the Engliſh court from King James to Queen Elizabeth 1599." Mr. D. Herds M. S. notes. See alſo Statiſtical account of the pariſh of Kilbarchan.

† Allan Ramſays correſpondent—ſee his works 4to. 1721. vol. 1. p. 190.

John Neſs and Paterſon can tell,
whoſe hearts may bleid.

At the King's-muir, and Kelly-law,
Where good ſtout hairs gang faſt awa,
So cliverly I did it claw,
with pith and ſpeed:
I bure the bell before them
as clear's a beid.
I ran alike on a' kind grounds,
Yea in the midſt of Ardry whines,
I grip't the mackings be the bunns,
or be the neck:
Where nathing could ſtay them but guns,
ſave bonny Heck.

"The Cherry and the Slae" of Captain Mongomery (preceeded by "A ſweet ſonnet to the bleſſed Trinity") is the next piece in order. The orthography obſerved in this copy, is modern to that in Ramſay's Evergreen; and ſeems that which had been adopted in the elegant edition of the Cherry and the Slae printed by R. and A. Foulis of Glaſgow 1751.

The favourite macaronic poem of Drummond "Palemo-medinia" makes its appearance in this collection, but without any notes.

"Μορμον Στολισμος ſive Lamiarum Veſteſtus." A poem on the King and Queen of Fairies, tranſlated into Latin (the Engliſh appears on the oppoſite page) by Walter Denneſtone, has found alſo a place in this volume. The tranſlation does no diſcredit to its original—for example,

Upon a time the Fairy elves,
Having firſt arrayed themſelves,
They thought it meet to cloath their King,
In robes moſt fit for revelling.

He had a cobweb-ſhirt more thin
Than ever ſpiders ſince could ſpin;
Bleach'd in the whiteneſs of the Snow,
When that the northern winds do blow.

Monticolae quondam Lamiae circundatae amictu
Corpora praetenui choreis et luſibus apto;
Talibus inde ſuum Regem quoq; veſtibus ornant
Quae deceant numeroſque leves feſtaſque choreas.
Ejus araneoli ſcutulata ſubucula filo
Rarior, examiae quod texuit artis Arechne:
Intactaeque nivis fuit inſolata nitore,
Quam regidus gelida Boreas diffundit ab Arcto

And in that vaſt and open air
No ſhirt is half ſo fine or fair:
A rich waſte-coat they did him bring
Made of the trout-flie's golden wing,

Dy'd crimſon in a maiden's bluſh,
And lin'd with humming bees ſoft pluſh,
At which his elf-ſhip 'gan to fret,
And ſware 'twould caſt him in a ſweat.

Nec ſub Hyperboreo tam pura camiſia tractu
Uſque adeo tenuie tamque alba apparuit uſquam:
Proxima cura fuit tunicellam imponere regi
Hepiali textam mire ex aurantibus alis.
Virginis eximiae roſeo quae tincta rubore,
Atque apis Hyblaeae duplicata eſt vellere molli
Tam fremero et jurare Heros geſtamine tanto
Preſſus, et exili manare a corpore ſudor.

The Queen's attire is next deſcribed.

No ſooner was their King attyr'd
As never prince had been,
But as in duty was requir'd
they next array their Queen.
Of ſhining threed ſhut from the ſun
And twiſted into line,
On the light wheel of fortune ſpun
Was made her ſmock ſo fine.
Her gown was very colourd fair
The rain-bow gave the dip;
Perfumed by an Amber-air,
Breath'd from a virgin's lip.
The ſtuff was of a morning dawn
When Phoebus did but peep,
But by a poet's pencil drawn
In Chloris lap a ſleep.
Her vail was whyte and pale-fac'd-by
Invented by a maid,
When ſhe poor ſoul by ſome bad ſpy
Had newly been betray'd.
Her necklace was of ſubtile tye
Of glorious atoms, ſet
In the pure black of beauties eye,
As they had been in jet.

Poſtquam Rex tali fuit inſignitus amictu
Membra cui Regum nulla tulere parem,
Mox etiam, veluti ratio poſcebat, et aequum,
Reginae parili corpora veſte tegunt.
Illius ex auro clora de lampade ſolis
Emiſſo, ſcite facta erat interula:
Stamina cujus erant ſolerti pollice ducta,
Sortis in ambiguae torta levique rota.
Palla fuit, qualem ſpectablit induit Iris,
Quam varius radiis pingit Apollo ſuis.
Talis odor, qualis fragranti ſpirat ab ambra,
Halitus aut qualis Virginiis eſſe ſolet.
Materies fuit Aurorae de lumine primo
Phoebus ubi Eois ſurgit honorus aquis.
Peniculo vatis qui pingebatur amatae
Chloridis in gremio membra quiete levans.
Candidulumque habuit velamen, pallidulumque;
Dextra puellaris texuit illud opus.
Qui color idem erat ac pellucet in ore puellae
Prodita ab infuſto quae modo forte viro.
Illius alba decens ornabat colla monile
Formoſum pulchris conſpicuiſque atonis:
Quae velut in puro nigroque gagate fuiſſent
Impoſitae, miris emicuere modis.

This pretty little poem, is followed by another lyric compoſition, intituled "Hollow my fancy, whether wilt thou go?"*

* The following nota precedes the poem. "It was thought fit to inſert the following verſes, becauſe the one half of them (viz. from this Mark *,* to the end) were writ by Leutenant Colonel Clealand of my Lord Angus's Regiment, when he was a ſtudent at the College of Edinburgh, and 18 years of age."—*no date.*

Colonel Clealand's verſes begin thus,

In conceit like Phaeton,
I'll mount Phoebus chair:
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair's a burning,
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horſes neighing!
An ſee how they on foamy bitts are playing
All the ſtars and planets I will be ſurveying!
Hallow my fancie, whether wilt thou go?
O from what ground of nature,
Doth the Pelican,
That ſelf devouring creature,
Prove ſo froward,
And untoward,
Her vitals for to ſtrain!
And why the ſubtile Fox, while in death's wounds is lying
Doth not lament his wounds by howling and by crying!
And why the milk-white Swan doth ſing when ſhe's a dying!
Hallow my fancie, whether wilt thou go?

This piece concludes the firſt part of the collection.

Part the ſecond, contains the following poems, "The anſwer by Robert the III. King of Scotland, to a ſummons ſent him by Henry the IV of England.(*a*)" The deſcription of K. James the VI's Queen's entry into the town of Edinburgh, the 19 of May 1590. (*b*)" "The paſſages of the Pilgrimer. (*c*)" "Sir Thomas Maitland's Satyr upon Sir Neil Laing. (*d*)" "Sir John the Grahame's Epitaph. (*e*)" "Epithalamium on the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to the Dauphin of France, done from the Latin of Buchanan. (*f*)" "William Lithgow's Epitaph. (*g*)"

(*a*) This anſwer appears none of the politeſt; nor is it ſoftened in any degree by the rhime in which it is communicated; on the contrary, while the Scotiſh poet, conveys inſult in his uncouth numbers, he fails not to remind the Engliſh monarch that he reigns in right of conqueſt, while,

—"oure heritage was ever free,
Since *Scota* of *Egypt* tuik the ſea,

(*b*) This poem. and the (*c*) one that immediately follows it, are already noticed. See page 79.

(*d*) and (*e*) mere nonſenſe.

(*f*) This tranſlation is poor in the extreme.

(*g*) Silly verſes on a worthleſs drunken body.

"Cælia's Country-houſe and cloſet by Sir George Mackenzie.(*h*)" "On the names of the actors of ſome philoſphical diſputations, by, King James the VI. (*i*)" "Forth-feaſting:

(*h*) Some paſſages in this deſcriptive poem are tolerable enough. Having deſcribed the ſcenery around Caelias houſe, he enters her cloſet; and the pictures in it are particularly noticed, among others

"MARY MAGDALEN.

Sad Magdalen does here more pity move
Than formerly ſhe did delight or love!
She waſhes now, with conſtant tears thoſe eyes,
Which were unfortunate in victories;
And in thoſe ſtreams, ſhe nobly makes expire
Her roving humour and her fatal fire:
In that bleſs'd brine ſhe doth her ſoul preſerve,
Her tears, as pearls, for ornament her ſerve;
The floor now with theſe lovely locks is ſweept,
In which, as chains, her gallants once ſhe kept.

(*i*) This poem is here inſerted not on account of its merit, but rather as it appears connected with the ſtate of litrature in Scotland in the earlier part of the ſeventeenth century.

As Adam was the firſt of men, whence all beginning tak:
So Adamſon was preſident, and firſt man in this act.
The Theſes Fair-lie did defend, which thogh they lies contein;
Yet were fair lies, and he the ſame right fairlie did maintein.
The feild firſt entered Maſter Sands, and there he made me ſee
That not all Sands are barren Sands; but that ſome fertile be.
Than Maſter Young moſt ſubtilie the theſes did impugne,
And kythed old in Ariſtotle; althogh his name be Young.
To him ſucceeded Maſter Reid, who, thogh Reid be his name,
Neids neither for his diſput bluſh, nor of his ſpeech think ſhame.
Laſt entred Maſter King the liſts, and diſput like a king,
How reaſon reigning as a Queen ſhould anger vnder-bring.
To their deſerved praiſe haue I, thus playd vpon their names:
And wil's their colledge hence be cal'd the colledge of KING JAMES.

A curious diſputation; or characteriſtic ANECDOTES *of* JAMES VI.

"When King James VI. viſited his native and antient kingdom, in the year 1617, he had an earneſt deſire to honour the college of Edinburgh with his preſence, and hearing of ane public diſputation in philoſophy. But the multitude of buſineſs diſtracting him all the time at Holyrood-houſe, it pleaſed his Majeſty to appoint the maſters of the college to attend him at Stirling, the 29th day of, July; when in the royal chapel, his Majeſty with the flower of the nobility, and many of the moſt learned men of both nations, were preſent a little before five o'clock; and continued, with much chearfulneſs, above three hours.

"Mr. Henry Charteris, then principal of the college, being naturally averſe from public ſhews, moved, that Mr. John Davidſon, then miniſter of Libberton, ſhould

a panegyrick on King James's returning from England to Scotland in Anno 1617, by Sir William Drummond of Haw-

preſide at the diſputation, Mr. James Fairly was choſen to draw and defend the theſes; Mr. Patrick Sands, Mr. Andrew Young, Mr. Francis Reid, and Mr. William King, the other four regents, were appointed to impugn. They devided the theſes each of them choiſing three; but they inſiſted only on ſuch purpoſes as were conceived to be moſt acceptable to the King's Majeſty, and the auditory. The ſpecial purpoſes agitated were: 1ſt That the ſheriffs and other inferior magiſtrates ought not to be hereditary, oppugned by Mr. Sands with many pretty arguments. The King was ſo well pleaſed with the anſwers, that, after he himſelf had preſſed ſome arguments to the contrary, and the defender had directed his anſwers to Mr. Sands, his Majeſty turning to the Marquis of Hamilton, who was ſtanding behind his chair, and, at that time, was heritable ſheriff of Clydſdale, James, ſaid he, you ſee your cauſe loſt. Mr. Young, who diſputed next, inſiſted upon the nature of local motion, preſſing many pretty things, by clear teſtimonies of Ariſtotle's text. To which, when the defender made his anſwers, and cleared the purpoſe, the king ſaid to ſome Engliſh doctors, which were near to him, "Theſe men underſtand Ariſtotle's mind better than he did himſelf while he lived".

"Mr. Reid diſputed thirds, anent the original of fountains. The king being much taken with this laſt argument, notwithſtanding the time allotted (being three quarters of an hour) was ſpent, cauſed him to proſecute the purpoſe, his Majeſty himſelf ſometimes ſpeaking for the impugner, and ſometimes for the defender, as they were more or leſs conſtipate, in good Latin, and with much knowledge of the ſecrets of philoſophy. Mr. King, who diſputed laſt, had his diſſertation *De Spontaneo et Invito*, in the which, and in all the reſt, the king let no argument eſcape, without taking notice thereof, and ſpeaking to the purpoſe, with much underſtanding and good language.

"After the diſputation, his Majeſty went to ſupper, and after a very little time, commanded the maſters to be brought before him. In their preſence he diſcourſed very learnedly of all the purpoſes which had been agitated. Then he fell to ſpeak of the actors: Methinks (ſays he) theſe gentlemen by their names have been predeſtinat for theſe acts they have had in hand this day. Adam was firſt father of us all; and therefore, very fitly you *Adam ſon*, had the *firſt* part to act. You the defender are rightly called Fairly; your theſis had ſome *fairlys* in it, and you ſuſtained them very *fairly*, with many *fair-lies* given to the oppugners. And why ſhould not you Mr. Sands, be the firſt to enter the *ſands*? Now I clearly ſee all *ſands* are not barren, for you have ſhewn a fertile wit this day. Mr. Young, you are *old* in Ariſtotle. Mr. Reid, your face need not be *red* with bluſhing for your actings. As to you Mr. King, you have diſputed in a *royal* manner, and to a *kingly* purpoſe, concerning the ſupremacy of reaſon over anger and all other paſſions. I am ſo well ſatified with your exerciſes this day, that I will be godfather to your college, and have it called the college of King James. And although I ſee many look upon it with an evil eye, yet I will have them to know, that having given it this name, I have eſpouſed its quarrel.

thorndenne. (*k*)" " Three poems of Sir Robert Aytoun's, Secretary to Ann and Mary Queens of Great Britain, viz. on love, on a gentlewoman that was painted, and on returning late at night from court. (*l*)"

Part the third opens with "The flyting betwixt Polwart, and Mongomery.(*a*)" Then follow in order "The viii. following poems were writ by Sir Robert, Ayton ſecretary to Anne and Mary Queens of Great Britain. (*b*)" " The Country wed-

" One, who ſtood by, told his Majeſty, that there was one of the company of whom he had taken no notice—Mr. Hendry Charteris, principal of the college, (who ſate upon the preſident's right hand) a man of exquiſite and univerſal learning, although he had no knack of ſpeaking in public before ſo auguſt an aſſembly. Then (anſwered the king) well does his name agree with his nature; for *charters* contain much matter, but ſay nothing.

" Thoſe who ſtood by the king's chare much commended his Majeſty's ſagacious alluſions to the actor's names; and his Majeſty preſſed that the ſame ſhould be turned into poeſi, wherein his Majeſty both delighted much, and had an excellent faculty; which was accordingly done.

"One of the Engliſh doctors wondering at his Majeſty's gift in the Latine tongue, all the world (ſays he) knows that my maſter, George Buchanan, was a great maſter in that faculty. I follow his pronounciation both of the Latin and Greek, and am ſorry my people of England do not do the like; for, certainly, their pronounciation ſpoileth all the grace of theſe learned languages: But ye ſee my learned men in Scotland expreſs the true and native pronounciation of both.

" His Majeſty continued his diſcourſes upon the purpoſes ventilated that day, till ten o'clock at night, with much ſubtility of knowledge, to the admiration of the underſtanding hearers. After which he, declared, that, as he had given the college a name, he would alſo (in convenient time) give it a royal god-bairn gift (as we ſay) for enlarging the patrimony thereof.

(*k*) This piece is taken from the authors works.

(*l*) The author of theſe poems has already been noticed. See page 82. His verſes are ſmooth, flowing, and poſſeſs a conſiderable degree of ſprightlineſs by no means contemptible. This authors productions complete " Part the ſecond".

(*a*) Kennedy, and Dunbar have been ſucceſsfully imitated in this flyting match. I know not whether this propenſity to ſcold in rhime, be peculiar to Scotland, but certain it is, the faſhion ſeems to have been much reliſhed in former times, with a degree of indulgence that ſeems of Gothic origin.

(*b*) Theſe poems are of a piece with thoſe already noticed. The following ſeems to poſſeſs no inconſiderable ſhare of poetical merit.

IV. *On a Womans Inconſtancy.*

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou waſt before,
What reaſon I ſhould be the ſame?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better ſtore of love than brain.
God ſend me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fools their love away.

ding. (c)" " The parallel. (d)" " A paraphraſtical tranſlation of Ovid's 10. Eligie, lib. 3. Amorum. (e)" " Formula Lauream Candidatis dandi in Collegio Buterenſi. (f)" " The

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had ſtill continued mine;
Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recal,
That if thou might elſewhere inthral;
And then how could I but diſdain
A captive's captive to remain.
When new deſires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No conſtancy, to love thee ſtill:
Yea it hath been a ſin to go
And proſtitute affection ſo,
Since we are taught no pray'rs to ſay
To ſuch as muſt to others pray.
Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boaſt;
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To ſee him gain what I have loſt:
The height of my diſdain ſhall be
To laugh at him, to bluſh for thee,
To love thee ſtill, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

(c) This is the celebrated old ſong of " Rob's Jock came to wooe our Jennie"—this copy is altered much to the worſe—ſee a copy from the original in Lord Hailes's " Ancient Scotiſh poems 1770."

(d)(e) Theſe poems are but ſo, ſo.

(f) To " Butter's College" the following note is ſubjoined. " A public change-houſe at the end of the Errol's gate, ſo called from the landlord Peter Butter." I ſhall in order to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reader give a few ſpecimens of this whimſical ſet of poems.

Theſes Collegii Butterenſis, Anno 1699.

1.

'Gainſt any man of ſenſe,
Aſſerimus ex pacto,
Upon his own expenſe,
Quod vere datur ens
Potabile de facto.

2.

Cogito (ergo ſum)
That thirſt doth us harm,
Sit ſtill upon your bum
'Till the divet ſtop the lum,
Drink o'er the left arm.

3.

If you expect degrees,
Drink off your cup and fill;
We're not for what you pleaſe,
Our abſolute decrees
Admit of no free-will.

4.

Salubrius eſt nil
Zythopolato.
Drink thrice, then paſs your ſkill,
Concluding with a gill,
Sed prorſus epotato.

5.

The *Scepticks* were but fools,
Who doubted of good drink.
When drunk within their ſchools,
The carles were in creels,
And knew not what to think.

6.

The longer we do ſit,
The more we hate all quarells,
(Let none his quarters flit)
The more we do admit
Of *Vacuum* in barrels.

7.

By arguments moſt ſound,
Ex capite pergravi,
'Tis evidently found
That all the earth runs round
In ſpite of *Tycho Brahe.*

Probl.

Num beer or ale be fitter
To ſettle the diſjune

Tunice-court. (g)" " The Election. (*h*)" " Old-long-ſyne,

Of thoſe that have the ſkitter,
Num uſquebea and and butter
Be beſt at night or noon.

Diploma Georgii Dorward, novam Caledonian aduentis.

To all and ſundry who ſhall ſee this,
What e'er his ſtation or degree is,
We, maſters of the *Butt'ry* college,
Send greeting, and to them give knowledge,
That *George Dorward, praeſentium lator*,
Did ſtudy at our *Alma Mater*
Some years, and hated fooliſh projects,
But ſtiffly ſtudied liquid *logicks*,
And now he's as well ſkill'd in liquor,
As any one that blaws a bicker;
For he can make our college theme,
A *Syllogiſm or Enthymene.*
Tho' he confute not *cum præmiſſis*,
Yet his concluſion never miſſes.
Since now we have him manumitted,
In arts and ſciences well fitted,
To recommend him we incline
To all be ſouth and north the line,
To all men unacqaint with *Bruma*,
To *Preſter John* and *Montezuma*,
To black and whyte, tho' they live as far,
As *Cape Good-Hope* and *Madagaſcar*,
Him to advance: Becauſe he is
Juvenis bonæ indolis.
In teſtimony that this true is,
Our college-ſeal affix'd hereto is,
Confirm'd by our ſubſcribing hands.
Coclay Principal, who commands.
Philip, *Foreſt*, *Moriſon*, and *Hay*,
Profeſſors of philoſophy.
In *gratiam Georgii* is this line,
Dated in *July* ninety-nine.

Catalogus Librorum in Bibliotheca Buturenſi.

Books in large *Folio.*

1 Maximalian Maltkiſt, *de principiis liquidi.*
2 Humphry Hogſhead, *in uſum ſtudioſorum.*
3 Sebaſtianus Standſat, *de operationibus Barmiferis & vi ſpumatica.*
4 Cornelius Caldrons *de condenſatione liquidi.*
5 Kircherus Kettles, *de eodem Themate.*

Books in leſſer *Folio.*

6 *Valerius Water-tubs* Hydroſtatiques 4. Tom.
7 *Opera* Bibuli Barellii; *ubi de conſervatione liquoris, et de vacuo problematice diſputatur.*
8 Mr. Yachus Yetling, *de refrigeratione ſubſtantialibus.*
9 Symon Stands, *Tractat. contra Vinibilos*, proving to a demonſtration the *Zithobibi* to be the only true philoſophers.
10 *Miſcellanea* Frederici Fatſtone, *cum annationibus* Petri Butter.
11 BellariminusBowies, *de Feſtinatione*, 8 Vol.

Books in large *Quarto.*

12 *Buckets* Hydroſtaticks.
13 Emblemata Ducis *de Alva*, 6 Tom.
14 *Barbaroſa Butter-kit*, *Badenochenſes*, de propoſitionibus compoſitis in uſum *Montanorum.*
15 *Quevedo Quarti* ſyſtem of philoſophy.

Books in leſſer *Quarto.*

16 *Tremelius Three-chopins*, cum notis *Titi Turntimber*, 2 Tom.
17 *Celebrius Cummercap* de privatis hauſtibus.
18 Cogita Novo-antiqua *Chriſtopheri Cut-legs.*
19 *Balbinus Botelus*, a neoterick philoſopher approven by our maſters, with principal *Thomſon's* annotations.
20. *Petronius Pinteus* de philoſphicis bibendi legibus, in uſum praeſentis principalis *Georgii Leith*, 12 Vol.

Books in *Octavo.*

21 Vulgaris philoſophia *Conſtantini Chopin-Stoup*, commented on by Mr. *Moriſon*, Tom, 10.
22 *Corbredus Chapins*, de retorquendis argumentis.
23 *Barnabi Beer-glaſs*, de lavando guttere.
24 *Michiavel Mutchkin's* Metaphiſical En-

(g) and (*h*) Are mere trifles.

firſt part. (*i*)" The indifferent Lover. (*k*)" " The conſtant Lover. (*l*)" " The careleſs Lover. (*m*)" " Lady Anne Bothwel's balow. (*n*)" " A diſſwaſive from Women. (*o*) " Elegy on the death of a miſtreſs. (*p*)" " On the Lady Caſt - - - n. (*q*)" " In praiſe of Woman, by Montroſe. (*r*)" " A Lovers Lamentation. (*s*)" " Inconſtancy reproved. (*t*)" " On the death of John Earl of Arrol. (*u*)" " On the death of Sir C... M... land. (*v*)" " On the death of Sir John the Grame. (*w*)" " Lady Callendar's Epitaph. 1659. (*x*)" " On Judge Smith and Moſeley, by Samuel Colvin. 1667. (*y*)" " The Woman's Univerſe. 1652. (*z*)" "Theſe ſeven following by Montroſe. (*a*)" " King Charles's Lament. (*b*)"—This completes part the third, and " The end of the firſt volume." Whether any more volumes, were ever printed, of this collection, I know not; but of this firſt volume containing ſeveral ſcarce and curious fugitive

chiridion, tranſlated out of *French* into *Scots*, by *Chriſtopher Findlay*, which our maſters love better in the original.

25 *Compendium ejus*, for weaker capacities. Leſſer Volumes.

26 Manuale *Gidionis Gill*, de Syllogiſmis recte concludentibus.

27 Compendium ejus de enthymemate.

28 *Briarius Brandie-Glaſs*. de ſupplemento naturae.

29 *Stephen Snuff Box*, a nauſeous author yet approven.

30 *Findlay Fireſide*, de circulari pocolorum motu.

I know not by whom thoſe curious pieces were compoſed — the ſcene is laid in Aberdeenſhire, yet the language is not that which is uſually ſpoken by the natives of that diſtrict.

(*i*) This is words to the tune of "Auld lang ſyne" and poſſeſs ſome merit; but are inferior to thoſe inſerted in the annexed collection.

(*k*) (*l*) (*m*) (*n*) (*o*) (*p*) (*q*) Are alſo ſongs, among which "Lady Anne Bothwel's balow" appears for the firſt time in print.

(*r*) The Marquis, ſtill in character concludes thus.

But yet, fair ladies, you muſt know
Howbeit I do adore you ſo:
Reciprocal your flames muſt prove,
Or my ambition ſcornes to love:
A noble ſoul doth ſtill abhore
To ſtrike, but where its conqueror?

(*s*) This is a poor attempt at Epigram.

(*t*) (*u*) Are ſongs, (not in the Scotiſh dialect) and are pretty enough.

(*v*) (*w*) (*x*) (*y*) Are in the uſual ſtile of general commendation, which may apply to John Doe, or Richard Roe, as well as to thoſe whoſe memories are immortalized in attempts at Elegy.

(*z*) This is a rude, unmannerly ſatyr on Woman, obſcene in no ſmall degree, and ſomewhat witty.

(*a*) A ſpecimen of theſe poems hath been given in a former part of this work.

(*b*) This is a mere drawling dittie, lamentable indeed, but more deplorable in its conſtruction, than the woes it commemorates. Alas! poor Charles!

pieces, the productions of the laſt, and beginning of the preſent century, moſt of which, are written, in the low-country dialect of Scotland, it was deemed proper, to give the preceeding account; as it marks, an era, when ſecular poetry, began to appear; which ſoon after, manifeſted its charms in the works of Ramſay, Mallet, Thomſon, and others, and more recently, in the productions of poets, natives of Scotland, that have diſtinguiſhed themſelves within theſe laſt fifty years.

ROBERT MONTEITH's tranſlation of Buchanan's Fratres Fraterrimi, three books of Epigrams, and book of Miſcellanies,* is but a very humble attempt to clothe in a ſort of Engliſh dreſs, theſe celebrated pieces of our beſt Poet. To theſe tranſlations is added "An theatre of mortality" being a collection of inſcriptions on the tombs of the Gray-friars church yard.

The chain, that ſeems to lengthen in the progreſs of human affairs, is often marked in its links by the caſual effuſions of the hiſtoric muſe in cauſtic ſallies of wit, or broad, uncouth humour.

Though Scotland cannot boaſt ſo rare a genius, as England, in her favourite Butler; yet, there were not wanting poets in abundance, who, poured out their invectives againſt the UNION, as well as what was deemed by ſome, the leaſt evil of the two, the Revolution. "The true Scots genius reviving a poem†" is an inſtance among many that might be adduced; "A Pill for pork-eaters: or a Scots lancet for an *Engliſh ſwelling*,‡" is another; and many in the ſame low ſtile, were they deemed worthy of notice, might be mentioned. Indecent libels, be they either in verſe, or in proſe, but diſgrace the ſpirit of genuine patriotiſm; therefore, genius ought not to ſtoop to ſuch a proſtitution of talent.

About the beginning of this century, there was handed about in the genteel circles, a poetical compoſition, much admired for its merit; and what ſeemed not a little to raiſe it in the eſtimation of ſome; was, its ſuppoſed pretentions to high antiquity. The piece alluded to, is the heroic ballad of HARDYKNUTE, as printed in Ramſays Evergreen; this beautiful fragment is one of

* Edinburgh printed by the heirs and ſucceſſors of Andrew Anderſon printer to the Queens moſt excellent Majeſty 1704.

† Printed 1704. ‡ Printed 1705.

thoſe literary curioſities that ſeems to have ſurpriſed the world, firſt, by its intrinſict merit, and afterwards in the queſtionable ſhape of a rare and antique gem of ancient Scotiſh poetry. There ſeems ſome myſtery ſtill remaining about the origin of this poem. So far as I have been able to obtain authentic information reſpecting this piece, it appears, that ſoon after it became generally admired, LADY WARDLAW owned herſelf the author of Hardyknute. Although, this Lady, was very well known at the time ſhe adorned the circle in which ſhe moved; yet, among her accompliſhments, various, and elegant as they were acknowledged, no one dreamt of her vein for poetry, till ſome of her friends, eager to applaud her high pretenſions in this way, gave out, that ſhe was the unknown author of the admirable heroic ballad alluded to; and when doubts were expreſſed; ſilence was inſtantly impoſed when the original manuſcript, with all the appearance of a firſt draught, as blottings, eraſures, interlinings &c. in the hand-writing of Lady Wardlaw was produced. The matter reſted thus, untill the year 1781. when a collection of Scotiſh ballads printed for Mr. J. Nicols of London was publiſhed; in which for the firſt time, there appeared, the poem of Hardyknute completely reſtored in all its "original perfection and certainly the moſt noble production in this ſtile that ever appeared in the world.*" But mark what happened. While the admiring world were rouſed a ſecond time to the merits of this poem, and at a loſs whether to give a preference to the former part as printed in the Evergreen, or, to the latter part, as printed in Mr. Nicols collections of Scotiſh tragic ballads, already mentioned, when, in 1786 a ſelection from the Maitland manuſcripts entitled "Ancient Scotiſh poems" was printed at London for C. Dilly; and for W. Creech at Edinburgh, in which there appeared "The confeſſions of John Pinkerton Eſquire." The praiſes beſtowed on Mr. Pinkertons twin-brother to Hardyknute, elated the doating parent ſo much, as entirely to throw him off his guard; and in a fond fit of extacy, owned the bantling his own; moreover, while "in the confeſſional," he made a clear conſcience of all his little gallantries with the muſes.

* See Pinkerton's Diſſertation II. prefixed to Scotiſh Tragic Ballads p. xxxv.

Had he not implemented others, reſpectable, and far above the level of his literary, illicit dealings, the world might have laughed on; but to drag, with unparralleled imprudence, to call it by no other name, a character, ſo venerable as Sir John Bruce Hope of Kinroſs Bart. into notice, as concerned in a literary forgery, is an affair of ſuch turpitude, as to merit the higheſt reprehenſion. When Mr. Pinkerton has occaſion to kneel at the confeſſional again, in which humiliating attitude he has had occaſion ſo often to appear, let him be aware, how he implicates others, totally unconnected with him, his errors, or miſrepreſentations. I am warranted from the beſt authority, to declare, that ſo far as regards Sir John Bruce Hope, what Mr. John Pinkerton has written, and publiſhed, is in direct oppoſition to the ſlighteſt knowledge of that gentleman's private, or public character*.

* Sir John Bruce Hope, whom Mr. P. has honoured as the ſuppoſed author of Hardyknute, and other poems, was born in the year 1685. and died in 1766. His character was that of a gallant ſoldier, a man of probity, and honour; but among his accompliſhments as a gentleman, and a ſcholar, he did not enumerate, thoſe of a poet. He entered the ſervice of the States General (date of his firſt commiſſion 5th Novr. 1704) at the age of nine-teen, and in a ſhort time quited it, and came to England, where he obtained a Cornet's commiſſion in the Royal regiment of Scots Dragoons June 1705. and in Feb. 1706-7. he was removed to the Horſe Grenadier guards of Scotland. His fourth commiſſion dated March 1707-8. is Leut. in the in the Horſe Grenadier guards of England; and in June following (date of com: June 1708) we find him Captain in the Foot guards: here he remained during eight years, and when the rebellion broke out in Scotland 1715, he came down as one of Lord Cadogans Aides-de-camps to his native country where he performed eſſential ſervices in his military capacity; yet, Mr. Pinkerton will have it "that Sir John Bruce wrote *the Viſion* a capital Scotiſh poem, compoſed about 1715, to rouſe the people in the Pretenders cauſe" vide liſt of Scotiſh poets p. cxxvii. Sir John was appointed Leut. Col. of a regiment of foot in 1716, and with that rank he entered the ſervice of the King of Sweden in Auguſt 1720, which he quited in 1723; and on his return to England was appointed Governor of Bermudes where he continued till 1729; and while yet in the prime of life, he returned to the boſom of his friends and country, where he enjoyed the grateful rewards of of an active, and uſeful life, in dignified eaſe, and military honours. We find him in 1743-4 Colonel of a regiment of foot and in March 1754 a Major General in the army; and he died in 1766 a Leut. General, having been a ſoldier ſixty two years. Notwithſtanding his having ſeen ſo much ſervice in Germany, Sweden, England and Scotland, he eſcaped unhurt, with not ſo much as a ſingle ſcar, and ſunk into the grave in calm repoſe, crowned with honour and regard at the advanced age of eighty one. Such are the leading events of Sir John Bruce Hope's life, whom, Mr. Pinkerton hath attempted to ſhew, was the author of Hardyknute.

I am weary in contemplating the falſhoods of Pinkerton. Why ſhould I accelerate the velocity with which he is haſtening into contempt?

The advancement poetry had made in the earlier part of this century, became now more conſpicuous. Leſs inelegant in its phraſeology; more agreeable to the rules of criticiſm, and nature, it acquired the charms of legitimate compoſition. The poets of Scotland, began to emulate thoſe of England; and in a very ſhort time, geniuſes aroſe, north of the Tweed, that diſputed the wreath with ſome of the moſt celebrated bards of our ſouthern neighbours. Though very little, that deſerves particular notice, appeared, prior to the firſt attempts of the author of the Seaſons, and his contemporaries; yet, poetical productions, by no means deſtitute of merit were handed about, and ſuch too, as fairly indicated a coming ſplendour of poetical excellence.

THE EDINBURGH MISCELLANY, conſiſting of original poems, tranſlations, &c. by ſeveral hands* in which are to be found, a ſelection of fugitive pieces of very conſiderable merit, made its appearance in 1720. Among others, ſeveral of the juvenile productions of Thomſon and Mallet† for the firſt time met the public eye, and gave an earneſt of their future celebrity. About this time, a ſociety of Ladies called "THE FAIR INTELLECTUAL CLUB" was inſtituted at Edinburgh, and in the miſcellany alluded to, appear, a few very pretty poems, the productions of this female literary aſſociation. Thus, it ſhould ſeem, that no ſooner had the genial glow of freedom been felt in the chill regions of the north, than the human mind, conſcious of its powers, expanded, and embraced with

* Edinburgh printed by J. M'Ewen and company, and to be ſold at the ſaid J. M'Ewen's ſhop in Edinburgh, 1720. vol. I. It is very neatly printed—a ſecond volume never appeared, ſo far as I can learn.

† DAVID MALLET. "His name at firſt (ſays Mr. Pinkerton) was Malloch, but never M'Gregor, as lately aſſerted. Indeed, there can be no harm in a man's ſoftening his name; and it is a matter of wonder that all the Scotiſh and Iriſh Mac's, Iriſh O's, and Welſh Ap's are not ſilently relinquiſhed by their owners, as they have a moſt uncouth appearance," In this inſtance, I perfectly agree with Mr. Pinkerton; and by the ſame rule, I ſee no reaſon why a man may not harden his name to make it ſound more ſonorous and loſty; for inſtance, Sir Hildibrand Prinkerſton, has ſo charming a ſound in pronounciation, that the "Hiſtorian of Scotland" himſelf, might adopt the appellation, as being purely idiomatic, and of Gothic origin.

enthuſiaſm the elegant purſuits of literature; and the Ladies of Scotland, leſs eſhamed of being thought learned, than their daughters and latter ſucceſſors, devoted, with laudable, and becoming zeal, their leaſure, to ornamental, and uſeful knowledge.

The contents of this ſcare, little volume, are conſiderably varied, and of unequal merit. Some of the poems, are even beneath criticiſm; while others, are ſuch, as might do honour, to a ſtate of the higeſt refinement in literature. Several of the pieces formerly noticed in Watſon's collection (1709) are copied into this miſcellany: ſuch as "Μορμον Στολισμος ſive Lamiarum Veſtiſtus. a poem on the King and Queen of Fairy" "Cælia's Country-houſe and cloſet by Sir George M'Kenzie" "The poems of the gallant Marquis of Montroſe" &c. I ſhall preſent the reader with a few ſpecimens in order that he may judge for himſelf.

A WALK ON GLASGOW GREEN.

What reaſon can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul. WALLER.

CLARISSA firſt appears, that heav'nly fair,
Her look ſo languid, and ſo ſoft her air!
Such dying ſweetneſs ſure beſpeaks a mind,
For mercy, not for cruelty deſign'd.
Happy that lover, in whoſe longing arms,
The beauteous maid reſigns thoſe melting charms.
See pow'rful CHLOE bend her ſteps this way:
She conſcious of her own unbounded ſway,
With air majeſtick boldy moves along,
The earth ſeems proud the goddeſs treads upon!
Her force in vain we dare; thus at one ſight,
In dying breath we own th' unequal fight.
Chloe, your few remaining lovers ſpare,
May one at leaſt ſurvive t' enjoy the fair!
There CORLIA goes with ſuch a graceful mien,
As did of old the heav'nly Cyprian Queen,
Through which conceal'd divinity was ſeen.
While LESBIA with her more than humane voice,
Confounds the lover in his doubtful choiſe;
Clyde ſtays her courſe ſo raviſh'd with the ſound,
With pride return'd by echoing hills around,

Then SAPHO comes, whoſe virtue adds a grace
To each ſweet beauty of the Angel's face.
How pure does Sapho's virgin ſoul remain,
Who deems a trifling thought a guilty ſtain.
Fam'd SYLVIA next, her ſenſe and taſte ſo fine,
Such great perfections ſpeak the fair divine!
Her eaſy air, and yet unblemiſh'd name,
Shine in the records of immortal fame.
See! — matchleſs SACHARISSA next appear,
The SHE poſſeſs'd of all that's good or dear!
Say in what heav'nly colours ſhall I paint,
The outward beauty, or the inward ſaint;
Whoſe charming air, and graceful mien expreſs,
Her perſon lovely, lovely to exceſs!
Such charms not Venus ſelf could ever boaſt,
Or the fam'd Helen for whom Troy was loſt.
See Chloe's power triumph in her face,
And ſoft Clariſſa through each feature trace:
Leſbia's ſweet voice, and Caelia's charming air,
All this unite in one accompliſh'd fair!
Ev'n Sapho's virtues now no longer ſhine,
And Sylvia now muſt ceaſe to be divine;
Superior goodneſs, and ſuperior charms,
At once the leſſer deities diſarms.
So in a night the air ſerene and clear,
Each planet glitters in its proper ſphere;
But ſoon as Phoebus with his ſtronger light
Chaſes away th' oppoſing clouds of night;
Theſe leſſer orbs then all obſcured ſtand,
Reſign their power to his ſole command.
——————ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in her ſelf compleat—————— MILTON

The following ſpecimen is from the pen of a fair member of "The intellectual club."

THE CHARACTER OF A BEAU:

BY A YOUNG LADY.

In a Letter to her intimate Friend.

THO' I refus'd to tell off hand
When Betty aſk'd me, *what a Beau is*?
My pen has anſwer'd your demand;
But let not couſin Thomas know this.
When I had leiſure t'other day,
I lock'd my ſelf up in my cloſet,
And thought maturely what to ſay
And in what ſtrain I ſhould compoſe it.

At length I was reſolv'd to try
The uncouth character in meeter,
Tho', when you read, you'll ſoon diſcry
I cou'd have wrote dull proſe much better.
Theſe neceſſary points premis'd,
(A good beginning! Thanks t' Apollo,)
I dare ſay you'll be better pleas'd
With the deſcription that will follow.
A Beau (if you'll believe my muſe)
Is an affected fopiſh creature;
Tho' wondrous ſpruce, the meer refuſe
Of common ſenſe, and ſhame of nature.
The ends of life he does not know,
And ſcarce the vulgar arts of breeding,
But firſt appears at ev'ry ſhow
With airs and cloaths his ſex exceeding.
His ſtudy is to pleaſe the fair,
Forgetting what wou'd beſt adorn him;
Himſelf our ſlave he will declare,
Tho' all our conduct tells we ſcorn him.
His high ambition is to ſit
Half days amidſt a club of Ladies,
To be eſteem'd by them a wit,
And in their eyes diſcover babies.
He's fond of all that comes from France
And thinks 'tis wit to be in faſhion:
He judges theſe who cannot dance,
The very dregs of the creation.
In merchants books he deeply runs
For hat and ſword, and coat and breeches?
To ſee the merchant's face he ſhuns,
And, when he's crav'd, more time beſeeches.
Tho' ſoft his brow and weak his brain,
And head as light is as a feather,
He loudly laughs; and then abſtain
From talking, he'll ſpeak nonſenſe rather.
Tho' ſcarce a note he really knows
Some modiſh tune he's ever humming,
Invents new modes, his ſnuff-box ſhows,
And gives it round with grace becoming.
He's always reading love-ſick verſe,
Which in whole ſheets fills up his pocket,
And loves to hear himſelf rehearſe
What ne'er cou'd pleaſe judicious folk yet.

What's done by tories or by whigs,
Tho' ne'er, ſo ſecret, he diſcovers;
But moſt pretends to know th' intrigues
Of guilty rakes, and virtuous lovers.
Thus I've deſcribed wellor ill
His character, as I conceive it:
If I have err'd for want of ſkill,
To you, and better hands I leave it. C.

AN EPISTLE FROM A LADY IN EDINBURGH, TO HER LOVER ON HIS TRAVELS ABROAD.

A FRAGMENT.

Tho' I conſented firſt, and ſtill approve,
That you, my friend and promis'd Lord, ſhould rove
In foreign climes t' accompliſh well your mind:
By ſtudying nature, breeding and mankind:
Yet ſuch my temper, ſuch my weakneſs is,
I blame the abſence that ſuſpends my bliſs.
Reaſon and intereſt offer ſmall defence,
When love and humour make a fond pretence
Your profit, which (if any thing had weight)
Wou'd moſt prevail to endear my preſent ſtate,
Seems inſufficient to divert the pain
I'm doom'd to ſuffer till you come again.
Each minute ſeems an hour of dull delay,
Nor are you leſs than cruel while you ſtay.
Juſt like a turtle for her mate, I mourn
And make ten thouſand vows for your return.
Companions cannot yield me kind relief
And looks inflame, not moderate, my grief.
Edina, late my wonder and delight,
Appears a deſart ſhaded o'er with night.
Since you, the ſun that round a luſtre ſpread,
Have left our town, its pleaſures all are fled.
To me at leaſt, who can't your abſence bear
Our gilded tow'rs, like gloomy tombs, appear:
And dull as ſermons, in a rake's eſteem,
Gay balls and conſorts, once my pleaſure, ſeem.
No ſweets, no odours now the garden yields:
I ſee no beauty in the ſmiling fields.
All things are nauſeous to my wyward mind,
Whilſt, I but fancy you are turn'd unkind.

I droop, I languiſh when I think how great
The diſtance is betwixt us plac'd by fate,
Oft o'er the ſeas I caſt my weary eyes,
And look the maps to find where Naples lies:
And when I read or hear what beauties grace,
And entertain you in that pleaſing place,
Jealous that you at laſt unconſtant prove,
I ſeem diſtracted in the maze of love.
Like my own ghoſt, with mourning, I'm become:
Loſt are my charms, and vaniſh'd is my bloom.
Devouring love hath left me nothing now
Except my zeal and conſtancy to you.
Yet ſooner ſhall the blazing flames deſcend
Than Sylvia's faith to Strephon knew an end. C.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF ———,
CONCERNING THE
Preſent State of Love and Poetry.
BY A MEMBER OF THE FAIR INTELLECTUAL CLUB.

To thee, Orinda, I may ſafely ſend
Theſe lines, the ſecret failing of your friend.
There was, alas! there was a happy time,
When poetry and love were thought no crime.
From heav'n, where all perfection is, they came,
And long on earth maintain'd an honeſt name.
No mungrel poet ventur'd to rehearſe
And plague mankind with his infectious verſe.
No guilty lover in the world was known,
That felt a warmth he was aſham'd to own;
Like nature's ſelf, in pure untainted joys,
Their lives were ſpent; till, fond of idle toys,
In latter ages, men debauch'd with eaſe,
Grew witty, proud, and brake the golden peace.
Tyrants in learning, law, and love came in,
And the whole world was delug'd o're with ſin.
Poets and lovers, hard'ned in offence,
Improv'd their wandring's from the rules of ſenſe.
Forgetful of their birth and heav'nly race,
Both, by degrees, their noble gifts debaſe.
Each, in falſe colours, decks deluſive vice,
Looſes his vertue, to be thought more wiſe.
Servants to prompting luxury and pride,
They fondly rove upon the wicked ſide
And natures chaſt, unerring laws deride.

But, whence doth all this depravation flow?
Are there no cauſes that produce it now?
Yes,—tho' corruption ſpreads it ſelf abroad,
And all fleſh wander from the ways of God,
Tho' carnal nature is the ſpring from whence
Theſe great abuſes teemingly commence,
Yet while ſuch locks and iron bars controul
Our freeborn wills, and priſon up the ſoul;
While hangmen criticks tolerated are
To bound the poets, who are free as air;
And while poor maids by parents are confin'd,
Condem'd to hide the longings of their mind,
And forc'd to fly the perſons who can eaſe
Their reſtleſs thoughts, and cure their fond deſeaſe;
No wonder then that both their rights aſſert,
And, in the ſtruggle, from their reaſon ſtart;
For all mankind are naturally bent
To break rough laws, and baulk the government. C.

I hope, by the preceeding ſpecimens of this miſcellany, I ſtand acquited of too high commendation. It ſurely muſt give no ſmall degree of ſatisfaction, to my fair country-women, theſe examples of the poetical labours of their once accompliſhed grand-ants and grand-mothers, which ſeem, in my mind, worthy of emulation; and were the powers of eloquence at my command, I would gladly exhauſt them, in perſwading, not only my country-women, but the whole circle of the moſt precious part of natures chief production, to aſſociate, for the commendable purpoſe of, diffuſſing elegant, and uſeful literature, as moſt conducive to the progreſs of civilization, and the enlargement of the human mind.

However ſecurely, a ſtate, may, in appearance, enjoy the well earned fruits of civil liberty, yet, the ſecret inextinguiſhable flame of diſappointed cabal, will at times burſt forth, and overwhelm in ruin the authors, and their adherents of the moſt woeful of all human calamities, civil war. Thus it happened in 1715, when the Jacobites of Britain made a fruitleſs attempt to re-eſtabliſh the exiled monarch to what they deemed his undubitable heritage and indefeſible right. Not only were many of the firſt families both in England and Scotland involved

in the horrible conſequences of the rebellion alluded to, but, alſo, many well-meaning people, who acted, on principle, were drawn into the vortex of this political commotion, and ſuffered in the general wreck. An inſtance of this nature occurs, in the life of the next poet whoſe works deſerve particular notice, namely,

WILLIAM MESTON A. M. ſome time Profeſſor of Philoſophy in the Marſhal college of Aberdeen, our Scotiſh Butler. It is perhaps peculiar to Scotland, that the meaneſt mechanic, and the pooreſt peaſant, contrive, ſome how or other, to beſtow on their children, if not in a liberal, at leaſt, in a uſeful courſe of education. The more unlettered the parent, very often, the more liberal would he have the education of his child. I know not if this was preciſely the caſe with regard to the perſon of whoſe life I am about to give a ſlight ſketch, but it is certain his father was a mechanic, and lived in the pariſh of Mid-mar, where in 1688 it appears, our poet was born.

The pariſh ſchool in all probability, was the firſt ſeminary where he was initiated in the elements of language; his progreſs which was rapid, and uncommon, ſeems to have induced his parents, to apply the fruits of their honeſt induſtry on ſo hopeful a child, in an Univerſity education: accordingly, young Meſton was placed in Marſhal-college at Aberdeeen, where, he ſoon juſtified the hope that was entertained of his powers of intellect. On quiting the Univerſity, where it appears he obtained the degree of Maſter of Arts, he was appointed one of the under-teachers of the grammer-ſchool of the new-town Aberdeen. Here he remained for ſome years, when he was choſen preceptor to the young Earl Marſhal (brother to the celebrated Marſhal Keith) in which ſituation he continued till 1714, when he was appointed Profeſſor of Philoſophy in the ſame college in which he ſtudied. In this elevated ſtation, he remained but a ſhort while; for, ſcarcely had he delivered his firſt courſe, when the rebellion breaking out in 1715, he abandoned his profeſſorial chair for the more ſplendid, but deluſive title of Governor of Dunotter caſtle.

The iſſue of the vain attempt to re-eſtabliſh the ſon of the exiled Britiſh deſpot on the throne of his anceſtors, is well known. Our philoſopher and poet, though like Horace he threw not from him his ſhield in the day of battle, yet, he was among the run-aways at the defeat of Sheriff-muir, which proved ſo fatal to the cauſe he had but too raſhly eſpouſed. After this diſaſter, he, with a few companions who had eſcaped the ſlaughter, ſought ſafety among the Grampion mountains; and while wandering in theſe ſolitary wilds, the produce of his reveries were, ſeveral of the pieces to which he gives the title of "*Mother Grim's tales*" Adverſity, altered neither his principles, nor that habitual chearfulneſs that accompanied him through all the viſcitudes of his life. An act of indemnity having paſſed, he came down from his hiding place, and found an aſylum under the roof of Lady Marſhal, the mother of his former pupil. Here he remained unmoleſted, till her death, threw him at once on the wide world, without a patron or protector. In this deſtitute ſtate, it is not ſaid, in what manner he exiſted; but a few years afterwards, we find him, and his brother Samuel Meſton an eminent Greek ſcholar, engaged conjunctly in an academy at Elgin; which once more fixed him in comfort, and made him uſeful to himſelf and to the community among whom he laboured. From Elgin, he removed to Tureff, (Aberdeen-ſhire) where he remained in his uſual occupation of ſuperintending the education of a numerous academy, till an unfortunate diſpute between two of his pupils in which the one had made an attempt in the heat of quarrel on the life of the other, gave a new turn to his affairs. But, this accident terminating in the recovery of the wounded young man, relieved their diſtracted preceptor from the apprehenſions of the dreadful conſequences that threatened to overwhelm, not only the culprit, but the very exiſtence of the ſeminary where the unlucky accident had taken place. The reputation of a ſchool hangs by very ſlender threads. If, unhappily, any rudeneſs be offered, the effect, is, alas! not ſoon diſcovered; but, when it is percieved, what a cruel reflection to the diſappointed teacher! Our poet eventually experienced this pungent feeling in all its aggravation. His accademy, declined daily; and while it languiſhed partly through the fears of

timid parents, and in no ſmall degree, his own negligence, he left to its fate; and having made a fruitleſs attempt at Montroſe, and another at Perth as a teacher, with little or no ſucceſs, he embraced an offer made him by Mr. Oliphant of Gaſk to live in family as preceptor to his children, where he remained, till ill health, rendered it neceſſary for him, to try the mineral wells at Peterhead. But, now being advanced conſiderably in age, nature drooped; and having removed to Aberdeen, where every attention that friendſhip could command was kindly adminiſtered to him; his languiſhing exiſtence terminated in ſpring 1745, juſt when the grandſon of our ſeventh James was about to try, once more, to regain the throne of his anceſtors. The remains of our poet were interred in the Spittal church-yard of the old town Aberdeen, without, ſo much as a ſtone to mark the ſpot where his aſhes repoſe. As an accompliſhed ſcholar he was acknowledged by all, as a mathematician, and philoſopher he was equal to any of his contemporaries, as a friend he was ſteady, warm, and ſincere, and his diſlike, and hate were as unqualified as his love was unbounded—The joys of conviviality were at all times to him the true cordial of human exiſtence, and he ſhone conſpicuous at the ſocial board—His wit, and humour were excellent, and many who remember him, even in advanced life, talk in raptures of his peculiar manner of telling a ſtory. Though he does not rank high as a poet, yet, as an imitator of Butler, he is, queſtionleſs, in an eminent degree, among the number who approach him the neareſt.

I know not, whether it be fair, for one ſect of chriſtians to run down another; but, this I very well know, that ſatyre has the very reverſe tendency of perſecution; and as Meſton very ſhrewdly remarks "If men will be rediculous, why ſhould they "deny the world the freedom of laughing at them? And if "deaf to reaſon, what other method remains but redicule?"

"Mr. Butler excels in this way, in his immortal Hudibraſs; "whom it can be no greater crime to imitate (tho' it is in vain "to expect to come up to the pattern), than it was in Virgil "to copy after Homer, and our modern poets, to propoſe the "ancients for their example."

"The Knight of the Kirk" is confeſſedly an imitation of Hudibraſs. I will venture to affirm, that in happy ſtrokes of humour, an eaſy flow of verſification, and a quaintneſs of conciet it hardly yields to Butler's beſt productions. I am aware of treading on hallowed ground; but knowing this, I am in no fear of having aſſerted more than will be found on fair examination to be true—for inſtance, I queſtion if many paſſages in any of Butler's imitators can come up to the following?

A warrior he was full wight,
A rambling, randy, errant Knight,
Inur'd to tumults, mobs, and maulings,
To fighting, blood, and wounds, and brawlings
Which pleas'd him, ſo his very life
And health depended upon ſtrife.

He had no head-piece, this I grant:
But his thick ſkull ſupplied the want;
So fortified in every part,
I mean by nature, not by art,
It would have coſt a world of pains,
For any man to reach his brains:
On it you might threſh wheat or barley,
Or tread the grape ere he cry'd parley,
Or *Cuiroſs* girdles on it hammer,
Before you made him reel or ſtammer,
Yet had it creviſes and chinks,
As wiſeſt of our criticks thinks,
Occaſion'd by the heat within,
Which almoſt rent the outward ſkin;
Upon the ſides of it he bears
Two centry boxes called ears,
Which furniſh'd him with information
Of ſcandals, plots and fornication;
Beneath the frontiſpiece there lies,
A pair of very watchful ſpies,
Who can diſcover at a diſtance,
When ſubjects ought to make reſiſtance
Againſt their princes, and foretel
The proper minute to rebel.
When Preſbyter ſhould ſound th' alarm,
Againſt the church and ſtate to arm;
And watch-word give with ſough and tone,
The ſword of the Lord and Gideon.

"Mother Grim's tales" are various, and of very unequal merit; yet, in general, they are ſprightly, eaſy, flowing, and harmonious in point of verſification; always inſtructing while amuſement is all the author ſeems to aim at—for example,

TALE VIII.

A LOCHABER TALE.

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum
Collegiſſe juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.

Who can believe, how ſmall affairs
Will ſometimes ſet friends by the ears?
And then, how ſmall an incident,
Will loſe of limb and life prevent!
Which, if you only pleaſe to hear,
Will by the following tale appear.
Upon a time, no matter where,
Some Glunimies met at a fair,
As deft and tight as ever wore
A durk, a targe, and a claymore,
Short hoſe, and belted plaid, or trews,
In Uiſt, Lochaber, Sky, or Lewis,
Or cover'd hard head with a bonnet,
(Had you but known them, you would own it;)
But ſitting too long by the barrel,
MacBane and Donald Dow did quarrel,
And in a culleſhangee landed.
The diſpute, you muſt underſtand it,
Was, which of them had the beſt blood,
When both, 'tis granted, had as good
As ever yet ſtuff'd a black-pudding;
So out came broad ſwords on a ſudden,
Keen to decide the controverſy,
And would have ſhed blood without mercy,
Had not a crafty Highland Demon,
MacGilliwrae, play'd the Palemon;
Who lighted on a pleaſant fancy
To end the ſtrife, and no man can ſay,
But that the plot ſhew'd his invention.
His pious purpoſe and intention.
Hold, hold! quoth he, I'll make your vermin
This paultry quarrel ſoon determine;

Come each of you reach me a louſe,
For ſhe that's found to be moſt crouſe,
Without diſpute, has had the beſt food,
As ſo her maſter has the beſt blood.
Both liſtened to this fine oriſon,
Which if you'll mark it, was a wiſe one;
Their ſwords they ſheath'd by this advice,
And fell to work to hunt for lice;
And very eaſily found twenty,
For of theſe cattle they had plenty,
Which from their boſom they did pull out,
Of which Palemon two did cull out,
In ſhape and ſize that were moſt egal,
To make the louſe-race fair and legal;
MacBane's was marked on the back,
From head to tail, with ſtrip of black,
By which ſhe was from Donald's known;
So every maſter knew his own.
Habbie, for he was at the ſport,
On bagpipe play'd the horſeman's ſport,
While wiſe Palemon try'd a trick,
To ſpur them up with fiery ſtick,
Such running yet was never ſeen,
On Leith ſands, or Strathbogie green,
At Coupar, Perth, and other places,
Which men frequent to ſee horſe races;
In fine Mac Bane's louſe wan the race,
Who ſtill of Donald takes the place.
Now, ſhould the wiſdom of the nation,
Take this into conſideration,
And ratify it by a law,
That no man ſword nor durk ſhould draw,
But leave it to their proper vermin,
Their paultry quarrels to determine,
As well the greater as the ſmall ones,
Of Chriſtian blood it might ſave gallons.
And give diverſion by ſuch races,
In country fairs and market places;
And better ſhew their zeal and ſkill,
Then hunting out more blood to ſpill.
If any rogue deſerv'd a banging,
Or, for attrocious crimes, a hanging,
And juſtly is ſentenc'd to die;
But who ſhall hang him? You or I?
If, in this point, we are divided,
A louſe race fairly might decide it,

Without expence of time or trouble,
About a thing not worth a bubble.
Yea, who can tell, as things improve,
But this, at laſt, might princes move,
Such races for their crowns to run,
If once the practice was begun:
For ſo to get a crown's no worſe,
Then by the neighing of a horſe,
Or by the flying of the crows
And yet my gentle reader knows,
Darius could no title bring,
But that, to make him Perſia's king;
And Romulus, the ſtory's famous,
By this means got the *pas* of Remus.
Our foreign mails might bring advice
Of races run by foreign lice;
The German, Dutch, the Saxon, Ruſſian,
The French, the Spaniſh, and the Pruſſian;
The Coſſack, Calmuck, and the Tartars,
Who run with neither hoſe nor garters;
The Perſian, and the Janizaries,
Which gains the race, and which miſcaries;
In Italy who gain'd the races,
Who on the Rhine, and other places
At Philipſburg tell how they ran,
Who had the rear, and who the van;
How Eugene, by his art and cunning,
Could train the German lice to running,
And ſuch accompliſh'd racers make them,
The French could never overtake them;
How Ruſſian vermin could advance,
Againſt the mighty powers of France,
And ſlowly into Dantzick crept,
When French lice either dreamt or ſlept;
Who gain'd the race at Sheriff-muir,
Where both ſides ran right well, 'tis ſure;
How Highland lice could play a prankie
And win the race at Killycrankie:
Then we might ſee recruiters ſtrudging,
And their recruits in boſom lodging.
Well might this project free all nations
From great expences and taxations;
One million 'th part might raiſe lice forces,
Of what is ſpent on men and horſes.

His "Jodoci Grimmi poemata Scotia Gemibunda," is a curious jumble of Latin and Engliſh verſes, ſerious and comic, in no ſort of order whatever; yet, here, and there, one meets with ſome very pretty lines, and always replete with ſound ſenſe and juſt thought—for inſtance the following paſſage (part of a poem "To Allan Ramſay on the death of Mr. Hill) * may juſtify this remark.

Pregnant with nature's gifts, he could impart
Good ſenſe, without the midwifery of art;
For what is art, with all her rigid rules,
But nature bruſh'd and furbiſh'd up in ſchools,
Whoſe works we value, and admire the more,
The nearer they approach to nature's ſhore?
How mean are all the faint eſſays of art,
When nature fails to act her proper part?

The "Mob contra mob: or the rabblers rabbled" with the following motto

O quale hoc hurly-burly *fuit! ſi forte vidiſſes*
Pypantes arſas, & flavo ſanguine breekas
Dripantes, hominumque beartas ad proelia faintas!
HAWTHORNDEN, *Pol. Middin.*

Is another of his ſatyrs in Hudibraſtic meaſure—it begins thus,

In pious all-reforming times,
When *Senſe* and *Learning* were thought crimes,
When zeal had got the ſtart of *Reaſon*,
And *Loyalty* was called *Treaſon*;
When apoſtolic conſtitutions
Were baniſh'd by new revolutions,
Inſtead of which the *Sough* and *Tone*
Were counted orthodox alone;
When *Impudence*, *Grimace* and *Cant*,
Were thought enough to make a *Saint*;
And when a ſullen *wry-mouth'd Face*,
Paſt for a certain mark of Grace;
When *Pulpit-thumpers* did expreſs
Their indigeſted raw addreſs,

* See Ramſay's works vol. I. p. 329. 4to. 1720.

With far leſs manners, though more *Tone*,
To Heav'n, than to the *Britiſh* throne,
And leſs devoutly ſupplicate
Their God, than civil magiſtrate;
Cry'd down all forms of prayer, rather
Than lye, in calling God their father;
Then cramm'd and ſtuff'd the *lung-ear'd croud*
With new-coin'd doctrine long and loud,
Amuſing all the liſt'ning preſs
With moſt ſeraphic emptineſs.

Having endeavoured, to reſcue from unmerited neglect, our Scotiſh Butler, I need not requeſt the readers pardon for ſo laudable an attempt, even in the event I have failed.

In the Edinburgh miſcellany 1720 are ſeveral pieces of poetry that riſe ſomewhat above mediocrity, the productions of JAMES ARBUCKLE, the friend of Allan Ramſay. This poet (by birth an Iriſhman) has written "Snuff a poem*" dedicated to "His Grace John Duke of Roxburgh," in which are ſome pleaſing enough conceits, very prettily turned—for inſtance.

Tho' in ſome ſolitary pathleſs wild,
Where mortal never trod, nor nature ſmil'd,
My cruel fate ſhould doom my endleſs ſtay
To ſaunter all my lingring life away,
Yet ſtill I'll have ſociety enough,
While bleſt with virtue, and a *Pinch* of *Snuff*;
Enough for me the conſcious joys to find,
And ſilent raptures of an honeſt mind.

Where the bleſt *Plant* in native beauty grows,
Commit my body to its long repoſe:
There as it moulders ſhall it kindly feed,
And with its ſubſtance cloath the embryo ſeed.
The earthly parts ſhall to the ſtem adhere,
The reſt exhale in aromatick air,
So fragrant ſhall my mem'ry be and duſt
The promis'd bleſſings of the good and juſt

* Edinburgh printed [by] [Mr. James M'Ewen and company for the author, and to be ſold by Mr. James M'Ewen Bookſeller in Edinburgh, and by the Bookſellers in Glaſgow 1719. Several of Arbuckles tranſlations and imitations of Horace are among his beſt pieces.

Hibernian Druids then ſhall ſing my lays,
And largely quench my ſacred thirſt of praiſe;
While pious matrons conſecrate my mold,
Like precious relicts of the ſaints of old,
And dealing it about from hand to hand,
Diſperſe my glory thro' my native land.

The obſcurity, in which the lives of literary men, are ſometimes inveloped, is often a matter of real regret, to, not only the biographer, but alſo to the reader, who, from the ſlender materials that have been furniſhed for the chief incidents in the life of a favourite author, expects more than they are really capable of yielding. This reflection, naturally aroſe, in glancing over the few hints the kindneſs of an ingenious young friend has favoured me with, for a ſlight ſketch of the life and writings of

ALLAN RAMSAY, the well known author of "The Gentle Shepherd" a paſtoral comedy, and other poems, the delight and admiration, for the beſt part of this century, of all who could reliſh artleſs ſimplicity, and the native charms of the Scotiſh muſe. Of the life of Ramſay there is ſo little known, that I feel myſelf at a loſs, how to ſtrike, even a correct out-line of it; therefore, the reader, muſt not expect any thing more (ſo to ſpeak) than a mere ſhade in profile: and if haply, the likeneſs be at all faithful to the original, it is all that can be expected at the preſent; and I promiſe, if ever more ample and circumſtantial information comes within the compaſs of my reſearches, I ſhall gladly communicate ſuch; convinced, that every thing which regards ſo celebrated a genius as Allan Ramſay, will meet with cordial approbation from the true lovers of Scotiſh ſong.

Of the parents of Ramſay, there is little known; only, from the following lines, one may gueſs, though not opulent, they were honeſt and induſtrious; and he thought himſelf ſufficiently well born

"Though, to (my) loſs I'm not a laird
By birth, my titles fair
To bend wi' ye and ſpend wi' ye
An evening, and gaffaw,
If merit and ſpirit
Be found without a flaw.

Thus, it ſhould ſeem, though he valued not himſelf on the goods of fortune, yet, he knew how to eſtimate the merits of the man of real worth, probity and honour, which level, the attributes of adventitious diſtinction. Our poet's father is ſaid to have been a miner, and was employed in the lead mines the property of Lord Hopeton in Clydeſdale.

Here, amid the wilds of Crawfurd-moor, in an obſcure hamlet, where ſtill its remains are pointed out to the enquiring ſtranger, on the banks of Glengoner a ſtream tributary to the river Clyde, our favourite poet firſt drew breath*. In this ſequeſtered retreat, unconcious, that a world, which, one day, he was deſtined to delight, was extended beyond the paſtoral ſcenery of Clydeſdale, where, he firſt caught that enthuſiaſm his happy genius ſoon after unfolded in his poetical compoſitions, he ſpent his earlier days. At the age of fifteen, he came to Edinburgh. It was the prudence of the Engliſh miniſtry, at this period, who had lately beheld with greater admiration, than ſatisfaction, the partiality of the Scots to the ancient royal line, to, keep a watchful eye on the northern inhabitants of this Iſland; leſt ſuddenly, their loyalty ſhould burſt forth, and manifeſt itſelf in open rebellion. The lowlanders, as well as highlanders were dreaded, deſpiſed and rejected; and were deemed unworthy of public confidence or truſt. The effects of this purblind policy, at length found its level. But, untill the illuſtrious Chatham, whoſe penetration forſaw the good effects of inſpiring regard to the conſtitution *as it then ſtood*, by giving all an equal chance for preferment in the ſtate, and beſtowing indeſcriminately, favours, where real merit, worth, and talents characterized the individual; the youth of our beſt families were often obliged to toil at "the lower employments in life." A ſhoemaker, a baker, a barber, were profeſſions by no means thought in thoſe days, in any manner degrading: and by the way, when a wig coſt the enormous ſum of, from twenty to fifty guineas, in a country, commercially inclined, ſo lucrative a profeſſion as wig-making, was not to be deemed, a low object of induſtry.

* According to ſome in 1686, and others ſay 1687.

Our young adventurer, then, was put to trade as a barber, and continued for many years in this line; till time, and fashions changing, and men began to wear their own hair, when he relinquished the profession, and first, commenced author, then bookseller.

He was now in his element. In 1721 the first volume of Allan Ramsay's poems, came from the press of the aimable, and learned grammarian of Scotland Thomas Ruddiman*. In three years thereafter, he edited the "Evergreen." About the same time he seems to have collected arround him a group of youthful bards, who gave their willing assistance in arranging materials for his "Tea-table miscellany" which was first printed in 1725. His connection with these young gentlemen, gave rise to some doubts, whether, he might not have been indebted to some of them, for more than ordinaty criticism, in the production of his much, and justly celebrated pastoral comedy "Patie and Roger, "or the Gentle Shepherd". † Unless the testimony of so

* Mallet has noticed the publication of Ramsay's poems in a letter to a friend, of which the following is an extract, "Allan Ramsay has published his works in 4to, by subscription, having got to the number of 400 guineas from his subscribers. He has indeed wrote himself into some kind of fame, and a great deal of money, but his personal character makes me entertain but a small value for his writings. I saw Captain Hamilton (of Bangour) some time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his "Life of Wallace," and at the same time, so sunk his character with people of taste, that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr. Ramsay, again, aspires no higher than humble sonnets at present: he has published several collections of Scottish songs, and considerably obliged the young creatures of both sexes. His miscellany songs are wrote by various hands. These are the present entertainments in town." See Anderson's life of Mallet p. 670. B. Poets.

† Although Ramsay published this edition of his poems in 1721, in which appears, in the form of an Eclogue, the first scene of the "Gentle Shepherd," it seems by his preface prefixed to the said edition, that several of his pieces, had been in print, prior to this date; and quotes a passage from Dr. Sewell's preface to a London edition of one his (Ramsay) pastorals—see also N. B. p. 307. 4to. edition 1721, and again in p. 223. he complains of Hawkers reprinting his pastoral on Addison. "The Gentle Shepherd was first published with a dedication by him to the Countess of Egliton in June 1725 (accompanied with verses addressed to the Countess by William Hamilton of Bangour) and again in the second volume of his works in 1728. The songs (excepting the first and last) were not then composed; but in an edition by Thomas and Walter Ruddiman in

reſpectable a perſon, as the author of a "Vindication of Queen "Mary*" and other literary labours, that do his memory equal credit, I know not what other more ſubſtantial teſtimony can be adduced. "Ramſay (ſays my author) was a man of ſtrong "natural, though few acquired parts, poſſeſſed of much humour, "and native poetic fancy. Born in a paſtoral country, he had "ſtrongly imbibid the manners and humours of that life. As I "knew him well, an honeſt man, and of great pleaſantry, it is "with peculiar ſatisfaction I ſeize this opportunity of doing "juſtice to his memory, in giving teſtimony to his being the "author of the "Gentle Shepherd," which for the natural eaſe "of the dialogue, the propriety of the characters, perfectly "ſimilar to the paſtoral life in Scotland, the pictureſque ſcenery, "and, above all, the ſimplicity and beauty of the fable, may juſtly "rank amongſt the moſt eminent paſtoral dramas that our own or "any other nation can boaſt of. Merit will ever be followed "by detraction. The envious tale, that the Gentle Shepherd was "the joint compoſition of ſome wits with whom Ramſay conver-"ſed, is without truth. It might be ſufficient to ſay, that none "of theſe gentlemen have left the ſmalleſt fragment behind "them that can give countenance to ſuch a claim. While I "paſſed my infancy at Newhall, near Pentland hills, where the "ſcenes of this paſtoral poem are laid, the ſeat of Mr. Forbes, "and the reſort of many of the *literati* at that time, I well re-

1729, it is mentioned that "Songs had been made for the paſtoral when acted by ſome young gentlemen" and reference is there had to them in a ſecond volume of the "Tea-table miſcellany" with directions what to leave out in their place, when repreſented. In the after editions, they have been injudiciouſly introduced, without pointing out what was directed to be laid aſide; for they are in general, what is before, in the text, only, adapted to Scotiſh airs, by ſhortning, or lengthening the feet of, ſome of the verſes, as the muſic required. So that in the preſent form of the paſtoral, there are many abſurd repititions. Theſe ſongs, in ſome editions are taken in at one place, and in ſome, in another, they ought always to have been printed by themſelves, at the end, as directed by the author; excepting, the introductory, and concluding ſongs which make part of the original comedy. Mr. Hugo Arnot (ſee his hiſtory of Edinburgh) ſeems to have understood Drummonds (printer) men to have been the firſt actors of the "Gentle Shepherd" 1747, which appears to be erroneous." M.S. notes of Mr. D. Herd.

* The late William Tytler Eſquire.

" member to have heard Ramſay recite, as his own production, " different ſcenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the " two firſt, before it was printed. I believe my honourable " friend Sir James Clerk of Pennycuik, where Ramſay frequently " reſided, and who I know is poſſeſſed of ſeveral original " poems compoſed by him, can give the ſame teſtimony." I certainly do not deem it neceſſary to add any thing in confirmation to the above plain ſtatement; therefore, untill undubitable proofs, to the contrary, appear, I conſider Allan Ramſay the author of " Patie and Roger, or the Gentle Shep- " herd" a paſtoral comedy*.

Our poet, now eſtabliſhed in trade as a bookſeller, had an advantage, that few authors have; viz. that of at once extending his connections, and circulating in exchange his works through the trade, while, at the ſame time, it gave him an opportunity of communication with the London bookſellers, which in all probability he improved, but, not as it ſhould ſeem, ſo much as might have been expected; for we find him embaraſſed in his affairs, and obliged to retire, being unable to ſatisfy his creditors; till his ſon Allan, the celebrated portrait painter, with a high ſenſe of honour, nobly performed the pecuniary engagements of his honoured parent; and redeemed his credit, by diſcharging his debts. So laudable an inſtance of diſintereſted generoſity, rarely occurs: it is like the dew of heaven, beſtowing that which it ſeeketh not again.

How Ramſay mantained his family numerous, and undoubtedly expenſive beyond what he could have earned by his literary labours, I own myſelf at a loſs to conjecture. Unleſs the produce of a circulating library, which he had eſtabliſhed (it is ſaid the firſt of the kind known in Edinburgh) was reſerved to him as a means of ſupport; or, whether his ſon the painter, might not have ſhared with a more than filial duty, the gains of his maſterly

* It is believed, few publications have run through ſo many editions, as the Gentle ſhepherd—were I to ſay an hundred, I would be far within the calculation. Among the laſt editions, that, printed at the ſame preſs from whence this work iſſues, embelliſhed with the maſterly deſigns (engraved by himſelf) of the late David Allan, is, in point of elegance, and correctneſs, among the firſt.

pencil, with his father, and younger children, is, what I never could learn. But, certain it is, our poet, lived in decent independence: and having with a degree of prudence ſeldom concomitant on genius, relinquiſhed the muſe, ere he diſcredited her reputation, by feeble attempts to preſerve her fire; he held on "the noiſeleſs tenor of his way" till declining nature welcomed that repoſe, which the virtuous and truely good, look forward to, with hope and reſignation. In this peaceful temperament of mind, did Allan Ramſay breath his laſt at Edinburgh day of December 1757 aged about ſeventy*.

Such are the very few paſſages that I have been able to collect, of the life of Ramſay; a poet, who revived the genuine Scotiſh verſe, not, to be ſure in all its primitive uncouthneſs, and indelicacy, but attuned it to a more poliſhed phraſeology, and ſmoothneſs of verſification, replete with faithful portraits from the life, and glowing ſcenery, ſelect ſtudies from nature, maſterly, and intereſting†.

It is with extreme reluctance I obtrude upon the reader, once more "The hiſtorian of Scotland" John Pinkerton Eſq. But, his unprovoked attack on the writings of Allan Ramſay, is of ſo extraordinary a nature, as to have no parrallel, but in the mad like ravings of this foul-mouthed cynic. What would poſterity think of an age, who paſſed over in ſilence, the following attack, on one of the brighteſt ornaments, that literature can boaſt, in any period of its annals? "Dr. Johnſon, the poor copier of Junius and "Skinner, did not even, know, it may be inferred what he "ought to have ſtudied before he wrote a dictionary; much "leſs how to write a dictionary itſelf. Next century will pro-"nounce his work, what it really is, a diſgrace to the language. "His examples, tho' already allowed his ſole merit, are as ill "choſen as his etymologies; and very many are miſquoted, or "given to wrong authors, ſo that, ſuch as they are, they can "ſcarcely be depended on. An academy alone can write a "dictionary. It would require at leaſt ſix men of deep learning

* See Scots Magazine 1757.

† For very able and ingenious "obſervations on the ſcenery of the Gentle Shepherd"—ſee Sir John Sinclairs ſtatiſtical account of Scotland—article Pennycuik pariſh. Vol 17.

" to adjuſt etymologies; and twenty proper judges to ſettle " what words actually belong to our language. Any ſchool- " maſter might have done what Johnſon did. His dictionary " is merely a gloſſary to his own barbarous works. Indeed, that " a man of very ſmall learning (ſee his works), but confeſſedly " quite ignorant of the Northern tongues, ſhould pretend to " write an Engliſh dictionary at all: that a man confeſſedly " without taſte, ſhould attempt to define the nicer powers of " words, a chief province of taſte: that a man confeſſedly the " very worſt writer in the language ſave Sir Thomas Brown, and " whoſe whole works are true *pages of inanity* wrapt up in barba- " riſm, ſhould ſet up for a judge of our language: are all ideas " to excite laughter. But peace to his manes! He was a pious " man, and is gone: *Bleſſed are the dead who die in the Lord,* " *for they reſt from their labours, and their works do follow them.**"

This is not all, he is not content, with this philippic beſtowed on our great critic, and accompliſhed poet, but, he muſt needs vent his ſpleen, on a few more of the great luminaries of Engliſh literature. " There is a je-ne-ſçai-quoi of ſheer frenzy and brutality in the writ- " ings of that *man*, (he means his countryman the learned and " aimiable Dr. Arbuthnot) his maſter Swift and Bolingbroke, " which ſhew that a wrong head as well as a heart of infernal " depravity muſt go to the compoſition of an high tory. How " unlike the calm elegance, the wiſdom and benevolence of Locke, " of Steele, of Addiſon! Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, are no " longer read, nor printed; nor will Swift, in twenty years, ſave " his *Gulliver*, in St. Paul's Church-yard, with a gilt cover, for " children, and his *Hey my kitten, my kitten*, at Dyot-ſtreet, St. " Giles's. His works are one diſgrace to common ſenſe and " human nature. His ſtile now inferior to that of every news- " paper†." Theſe paſſages require nothing but his own comment to render their meaning inſcrutible. The reader is thus prepared to hear with what temper he may, our authors critique on the " Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramſay. "The convivial buffoonery

* See notes to ancient Scotiſh poems 1786 p. 403.

† ibid. p. 412.

" of this writer (he means Allan Ramſay) has acquired him a ſort " of reputation, which his poetry by no means warrants; being " far beneath the middling, and ſhewing no ſpark of genius. " Even his buffoonery is not that of a tavern, but that of an " alehouſe.

" The *Gentle Shepherd* all now allow the ſole foundation of his " fame. Let us put it in the furnace a little; for, if it be gold, " it will come out the purer." The furnace is accordingly prepared—but the fewel is damp,—and the ſtream of air that iſſues from his waſting lungs, but extinguiſhes the flame he fain would keep alive;—and the precious metal he meant to eſſay—retains, in ſpite of the unſkilful artiſt, all its virgin purity, and intrinſick value. But, let us hear what he has to ſay of "The Gentle Shepherd," and its ingenious author, " But this effect (he means a "ſomething, a je ne ſçai quoi, in praſeology" that would have characteriſed a paſtoral opera, had Sterne or Rabelais written one) " Ramſay has even puſhed further; for by " his entire ignorance of the Scotiſh tongue, ſave that ſpoken by " the mob around him, he was forced to uſe the very phra- " ſeology of the meereſt vulgar, rendered yet more rediculous " by his own turn to low humour; being himſelf indeed one of " the mob, both in education and in mind. So that putting " ſuch *queer* language into the mouth of reſpectable characters; " nay pretending to clothe ſentiments, pathos, and all that, " with ſuch phraſeology; his whole Gentle Shepherd has the " ſame effect as a gentleman would have who choſe to drive " ſheep on the high way with a harlequin's coat on. This ra- " dical defect at once throws the piece quite out of the claſs of " good compoſition.

" But there are other faults, which lye with an internal " weight upon this piece, and cruſh it into the very dirt of " amuſement only for the meereſt mob. It is an Opera on the " plan of the Beggar's Opera; but yet more barbarous, and " and ſtupid: for the dialogue is in *couplets*! ſome have com- " pared it to the *Aminta*. Taſſo, thou divine genius! pardon " me for repeating this. The *Paſtor Fido* compared to the " *Aminta* is nothing; but the *Gentle Shepherd*, compared even

" to the *Paſtor Fido*, ſtands exactly in the ratio of a dunghill to " a flower-garden. The Engliſh opera every critic allows to be " a monſter. In the name of good ſenſe, what muſt then the " Gentle Shepherd be? an *hyper-monſter*, whoſe monſtroſity " monſtrouſly outmounſters that monſter?" * To this climax, gentle reader, ſhall be added, Mr. Pinkerton's concluding paragraph to this *temperate* critique of his, on the Gentle Shepherd. " Good ſenſe in antiquities, and good taſte in poetry, are " aſtoniſhingly wanting in Scotland to this hour."—The wonder ceaſes, when 'tis known, that both theſe qualities, have made their eſcape into the brain of John Pinkerton Eſquire. But, to return to Allan Ramſay—his fort lay in ludicrous compoſition unqueſtionably; and from a felicity of thought, and a peculiar ſprightlineſs, in idiomatical expreſſion, he pleaſes at once the illeterate, and the learned. This latter remark, naturally leads me, to the conſideration of what the late the Mr. Tytler has thrown out, † reſpecting Allan Ramſay being the author of the "Viſion a poem‡" firſt publiſhed in his Evergreen, which he edited in 1724.

How happens it, that ſome of the moſt admired pieces of compoſition, are ſo inveloped in myſtery, that their origin, nay, the very names of their authors, remain ſecret, or left merely to probability, or vain conjecture?

The queſtion may be anſwered thus. The epiſtles aſcribed to Phalaris the tyrant of Agrigentum, and the letters of Junius the aſſertor of Britiſh liberty, involve in their general ſcope, ſtriking traits of the abuſes of civil eſtabliſhments; hence, the danger that awaits an individual, in avowing, openly, the motives, and intention, of ſuch writings as ſtrike forcibly at the root of the evil. Whether the author of the *Viſion*, dreaded the conſequences of a diſcovery, it being of a political caſt, I know not. Nor do I know if it be the production of Allan Ramſay, or Alexander Robertſon of Struan, whoſe poetical works will be noticed in courſe, or, by

* See Pinkerton's liſt of Scotiſh poets p. cxxii.

† See vol. I. tranſactions of the ſociety of antiquaries of Scotland.

‡ The " Viſion" is an allegorical and deſcriptive poem of great merit indeed; and far ſuperior to any of Ramſay's known compoſitions.

placing the poem in queſtion farther back, and aſcribing it to the muſe of Andrew Ramſay, whoſe elegant Latin poems appear in the Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum, or, rather yielding to the deception its editor propoſes by the initials AR Scot. and ſuppoſing our Scotiſh Anacreon Alexander Scot* to have been the author, is what I ſhall not preſume to decide; but, I confeſs I have my doubts with reſpect to Mr. Tytler's being correct, in what he advances in ſupport of his idea, that the initials AR Scot. prefixt to the Viſion in the Evergreen, implies, Allan Ramſay Scotus; and it adds little, in my mind, in corroboration of this ſuppoſition, the ſingle teſtimony of Miſs Ramſay the daughter of the ſuppoſed author, to impreſs conviction, without more direct proof, and incontrovertible evidence. I do not, by any means, ſuppoſe, any one can ſuſpect me of a deſign to rob Ramſay of that well earned praiſe, the public have beſtowed on his acknowledged productions; his reputation is legitimate, as laſting; and will remain ſo, while Scotiſh poetry, and a love for unaffected nature, are reliſhed, and admired.

At the time, Ramſay was in the zenith of his good fortune and celebrity, an univerſal deſire for poetical diſtinction, pervaded Scotland. Our hiſtorians, our philoſophers, our ſtateſmen had not as yet, emerged from obſcurity. And while Ramſay, Hamilton, Bennet, Beurchet, Pennecuik†, Thomſon, Mitchell, Mallet, and others their contemporaries; appeared as Poets, the amiable, and erudite Ruddiman, ploded in ſilence, the preſident Forbes, ſhone in the ſenate, the truely philanthropic Hutcheſon, diſplayed his benevolent ſyſtem of ethics, the patient, perſevering, and enlightened Maclaurin, explored new regions of knowledge, and while he illuſtrated the doctrines, Newton had but lately diſcovered, he enlarged the range of mathematical ſcience; in ſhort, every thing indicated a rapid advance in all manner of polite literature, arts, and manufactures. Among the poets of this

* Mr. Pinkerton either inadvertantly, or intentionally has overlooked the R. as he ſays (talking of the *Viſion* and other poems he erroneouſly palms on Sir John Bruce Hope) "theſe poems are ſigned A Scot, which only expreſſes the author's country." See Pinkertons liſt of Scotiſh poets p. cxxvii.

† There were two of this name poets.

era, few, whoſe works, have reached us, deſerve our attention more than,

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour Eſquire, the friend and correſpondent of Allan Ramſay. Thus, in imitation of Horace, he adreſſes his friend

> Dear Ramſay if I know thy ſoul aright,
> Plain-dealing honeſty's thy dear delight:
> Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;
> Think kings moſt wretched, and moſt happy me:
> Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,
> I fear no flatt'rer where I wiſh a friend*. Glaſgow edit. 1748. p.132.

—Here then, is a beautiful example of mutual reſpect, unmingled with the meaneſs of little ſouls—how unlike the preſent race of bards, among whom, ſeem ſown the ſeeds of envy, diſcontent, and detraction!

Hamilton of Bangour was born in 17—† Educated on the lap of eaſe, and affluence, he very early ſhewed a propenſity to polite learning. We find him ſo early as 1719 the correſpondent of Ramſay, when he was a truetenant in Lord Hyndford's regiment; and again, embelliſhing the "Gentle Shepherd" of his friend, with a complimentary ſet of verſes preſented to the Counteſs of Eglinton in 1720 ſoon after it was firſt printed.

> Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'ſt, approve
> The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.
> Learn from theſe ſcenes what warm and glowing fires,
> Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires,

* Epiſtle xviii Book II.

† I own myſelf at a loſs how to reconcile the time of his birth viz. 1704 according as a ſhort ſketch of our poets life prefixed with the Edinburgh edition" (printed for W. Gordon bookſeller in the parliament cloſe 1760." with a beautiful head of the author engraved by Strange) of his poems, Ramſay in a note to one of his familiar epiſtles adreſſed to Leutenant William Hamilton, mentions him as being the author of "The laſt words of bonny Heck" Now, this poem, (already noticed p. 155) was printed in Watſon's collection 1709, when according to the above date (1704) he muſt have been five years old! One of two things muſt be true, either the date of his birth is erroneous; or, he was not the author of the laſt words of bonny Heck. The error, I take to belong to the inacuracy of his biographer, elſe, I know not how to account for this ſeeming inconſiſtency. It is ſaid he publiſhed the hiſtory of Sir W. Wallace in modern Scotiſh verſe in 1721.

Delighted read of ardors, ſighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe,
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes,
When firſt the fair is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing beauteous, ſmiles the kind conſent.
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhown,
In Charlot's ſmile, or in Maria's frown,

It is a matter of real regret, that ſo little is recorded of this accompliſhed, and amiable man; and that little, ſo indiſtinctly ſet down, as rather to miſlead, than inform. It is ſaid, he was twice married. By his firſt Lady, the daughter of Sir James Hall Bart. he had a ſon, an only child, who ſucceeded him in his eſtate on the event of his death, which took place at Lyons where he had gone for the recovery of his health, on the 25th of March 1754. His body was brought thence to Scotland, and laid in the Abbey church of Holy-rood-houſe.

The poems of Hamilton both in the Scotiſh, and Engliſh dialects, are ſterling compoſitions. They have their faults, and many too; but to compenſate for thoſe, they poſſeſs beauties, that balance the exceptionable part, and greatly preponderate on the ſide of excellence.

In Nicolſon's Scotiſh hiſtorical library, mention is made * (page 21. London edition 1702) of a geographical deſcription of Tweedale, † by

ALEXANDER PENNECUICK M. D. who alſo was a poet. But of his poetry I am unwilling to ſay much to its diſpraiſe, as I can in no wiſe qualify ſuch with any commendation; therefore, I paſs on, to notice another

ALEXANDER PENNECUICK Burges of Edinburgh, who printed a volume of poems entituled "Streams from Helincon" in

* This book was firſt printed at Edinburgh by John Moncur 1715, and dedicated to the Earl of March.

† I find in p. 22. Mr. Andrew Simſon our poet formerly mentioned (author of the Patriarchon) is noticed by Nicolſon "here is alſo (ſays he) in the neighbourhood a *Vilare Scoticum*, in imitation of Sir *H. Spelman's Anglicanum*, lately drawn up by *Mr. Andrew Simſon*, a learned Epiſcopal divine now reſiding in Edinburgh; who has alſo collected an account of the patrons of all the parochial benefices and will ſhortly (I hope) oblige the public with both.' See Nicolſon's Scotiſh hiſtorical library. London 1702.

1720*. He lived a ſtrange irregular life and died in poverty and wretchedneſs ſometime about the 1728 or 1729†. In a poem of

* Or poems on various occaſions. Edinburgh printed by John Moſman and company 1720.

† The laſt date of his poems is 3d June 1728. In 1722, he wrote and publiſhed an hiſtorical account of the blue blanket or craftſman's banner which was alſo printed by John Moſman and company. About 1726 a further collection of his poems was publiſhed under the title of "Flowers from Parnaſſus. And in 1728, he ſent forth "Entertainment for the curious" 4to. in numbers.

In "The ſtreams of Hel'con" there is a complimentary poem by the younger Pennecuick to the elder, wherein he celebrates ſeveral of the old Scotiſh poets—this is likewiſe prefixed to the Doctors poems, and ſigned Al— P— mercator Edinburgenſis; but, in moſt of the preſent copies it is cut off along with the deſcription of Tweedale and a lying title page of date 1762 affixed in its ſtead to the firſt edition of theſe poems 1715.

Several of the earlieſt of our Edinburgh Pennecuicks poems are of a religious caſt. Thoſe he choſe to write in broad Scotiſh doggrel, are equal to any of the kind;—ſuch as "Merry tales for lang nights." "Marriage of the gypſies." Preſbyterian Pope." &c. &c.

His poem addreſſed to the nine muſes, will be beſt underſtood by peruſing an account of the *Fair Intellectual Club* by a young Lady their ſecretary—printed by J. M'Ewen and company Edinburgh 1720

In his latter period he ſeems to have been the "brief chronicle of the times"—as no occurence in Edinburgh tragical, or comical eſcaped him. As he was a contemporary of Allan Ramſay's, they have ſome times both written on the ſame ſubject.

Poems on ſimilar ſubjects by

Ramsay,	and	Pennecuick.
Elegy on John Cupar Kirk Treaſurer's man 1714.		Elegy on Robert Forbes Kirk Treaſurer's man 17—
An ode ſacred to the memory of Ann Duches of Hamilton,		The Heavenly viſion, ſacred to the memory of Ann Duches of Hamilton.
The laſt ſpeech of a wretched Miſer.		The picture of a miſer, written on George Herriots day 3d June 1728.
On the royal company of archers marching &c. 4th Auguſt 1724.		Panegyric on the noble company of bowmen 11th May 1726.
The nuptials, a maſque on the marriage of his Grace James Duke of Hamilton and Brandon &c.		A paſtoral on the nuptials of his Grace Jas. Duke of Hamilton &c. with the Lady Ann Cochrane daughter of the Right Hon. John Earl of Dundonald 14 Feb 1723.
Prologue, ſpoken by Mr. Anthony Aſton the firſt night he acted in winter 1726.		Prologue to the Beggars Opera (when firſt acted in the Teinnis hall) at Holy-roodhouſe 1728

Extracted from Mr. D. Herds manuſcript liſt of all Pennecuicks poems.

Claudero's* entituled his "Farewell to the Muſes and auld Reikie" he ſays

To ſhun the fate of Pennecuick,
Who ſtarving died in turnpike-nevick
Tho' ſweet he ſung with wit and ſenſe
He like poor Claud was ſhort of pence.
I'll change my manner with the clime
And never more be heard to rhime &c.

In looking into ſeveral volumes of pamphlets in my poſſeſſion, I find, along with tracts on political and commercial topics, relating to this period, (the earlier part of this century) ſeveral detached pieces of poetry, anonyn ous and printed at Edinburgh. Among others "Scotlands tears" an elegy lamenting the death of the honourable Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, Knight Baronet, late Lord Advocate for Scotland &c. who died at London December 3d. 1721†.

* His real name was Wilſon and ſhall be noticed in courſe.

† Edinburgh, printed and ſold by Alexander Davidſon at his ſhop in the parliament houſe 1721. pages 7. 4to. The next pamphlet bound up with this poem is a very curious one;—it is entituled "A preſent remedie for the want of money" a ſimilar want prevailing at preſent will apologiſe for a few extracts from this ſcarce and ſingular production—The author endeavours to ſhew—"The exportation of bullion cannot ſpoil the home or foraign trade; nor the importation mend them: however it may be a commendable prudence to exchange yearly ſome periſhable home commodities, as corn, ſalt, coals, fleſh, cloth, &c for forraign durable ones, as diamonds, pearls, and other precious ſtones which are as valuable, and convenient, to be amaſſed, and tranſmitted to poſterity, and to increaſe the wealth of the kingdom, as gold, or ſilver, which ſeem not to be hereafter ſo eaſie to be procur'd, tho the nation ſhould gain the ballance; ſince France & Spain, by what already appears, are reſolved to reſerve thoſe metalls to their own uſe, yet, if as above mentioned, the nation ſhould encourage a current credit, gold and ſilver will neither be ſo much eſteemed nor bear the ſame price, nor be more uſeful, than diamonds, and other precious and durable commodities, & conſequently will be very little wanted, but as other uſeful and durable merchandiſe; the reaſon, which makes nations ſo fond and vigorous to gain the ballance, is, becauſe gold and ſilver being very ſcarce and of forraign growth, are made in moſt countries the ſole materials for money or common meaſure of trade, by which alone all hands are now imployed, and for want of which all hands muſt be idle, and trade move ſlowly, if at all, unleſs, as before hinted, a current credit be in practice, which with a lively induſtry will immediatly encreaſe manufacturies and reſtore the fiſhery, not only for home ſervice, but for forraign export, to ſuch a quantity, as may ſoon bring over the ballance to the

Some political poems, poſſeſſing much energy, and ſpirit are among the number: the two following may ſerve as a ſpecimen,

nation, ſo as to ſupply it with all forraign neceſſaries, and to diſcharge all forraign expences, and in a ſmall time, to export ſufficient to bring back bullion, if to be had, but certainly diamonds, and other precious jewells, may, which are as durable riches and as capable of being made every whit as uſeful a meaſure of trade, as bullion." The enlightened financier goes on to prove the ſalutary effects of a national debt, and makes the following propoſitions.

" 1*ſt*. That by act of parliament the ſum of 375000 lib. Sterl. ſhould be made current in notes of different values and denominations, more ſecure from being counterfeited then thoſe of the preſent bank,

" 2*do*. That an office ſhould be appointed by the parliament for preparing and lending 300000 lib. Sterl. in theſe bills, at 5. per cent upon the beſt land ſecurity.

" 3*tio*, That whatever ſum be borrowed, it ſhall never be repay'd, only the lands of ſuch, who borrow, ſhall be burdened with the ſaid 5. per cent. for the ſpace of 25 years and no longer.

" 4*to*, That the ſaid annual rent muſt be duly payed, in to the ſaid office, in the ſaid notes or tallys.

" 5*to*. That the 5. per cent. intereſt, yearly payed in notes or tallys, muſt be deſtroyed by the office: ſo that, ſoon after the expiration of the ſaid 25 years, there ſhall not remain one note or tally, within the kingdom, by this act, upon this ſound. tho', when the benefit of this method ſhall be confirm'd by experience, the ſame thing may, if need requires, be at any time before or after the expiration of this term, repeated upon this, or any new ſubſtantial fund.

" 6*to*. That the overplus 75000 lib. is to be a ſtock to be improv'd for defraying the expenſes of the office, which to be ſafe muſt be liberal, and for ſuch other occaſions as the parliament ſhall pleaſe to allow." We behold in this curious tract an embryo of our public funds. " The author allows a legiſlative power to invade mens property upon an extraordinary emergency for the publick good, & alſo, but in caſe only of hording, encourageth the raiſing money, for a ſhort time to 5. per cent. above the value, in order to bring forth the hords, and thereby cauſe a quick circulation, both which practices, as matters are now in the world, muſt be ſubmitted to: but when once current credit ſhall be legally eſtabliſht, no cauſe for either can ever happen, for the government can never after want a ſufficient ſupply from the parliament againſt any accident, not only without prejudice, but with great profit to the people. And as to the horders, 'twill be beyond their power to injure, the country, tho' they may themſelves, by keeping up their hords, when the kingdom will be ſo plentifully furniſht with bills, as not to want their money, and then probably they'l be glad to bring forth their hords for gain, rather than to be ſo ſullen, as to keep them dead and uſeleſs by them, and as to danger of ſending away the money in ſpecie, if the ballance of trade be on this ſide; as by this credit it may be, it muſt ſoon return with advantage; it being then impoſſible to ſtay behind; but ſuppoſing it ſhould not ſo immediatly return, the nation will neither want trade or convenience the while, ſo that if at any time afterwards, it ſhould by prudence an induſtry, gain the ballance, thoſe metals, if to be had (as appears by the ſequel to be very dubious) muſt be return'd: but if not; other commodities, as, durable and precious, ſuch as diamonds,

THE

FAITHFUL FEW.

AN ODE.

———*Dignum laude virum*
Muſa vetat mori.——— HOR.

I.

WHILE pow'r triumphant bears unrival'd ſway,
Propt by the aid of all-prevailing gold;
While bold corruption blaſts the face of day
And men, in herds are offer'd to be ſold;
Seleƈt, Urania, from the venal throng.
The FAITHFUL FEW to grace the deathleſs ſong;

II.

To thee, chaſte nymph, by Jove and fate, is giv'n,
The ſacred charge of the celeſtial bays
Thou raiſeſt heroes to their native heav'n,
And point'ſt the objeƈts of eternal praiſe.
And in thy records dear to future fame,
Each SON OF LIBERTY inſcribes his name.

&c. may be, which will enrich the nation as much, and may be made as ſerviceable.

"In caſe ſmall money for change be wanted, as it probably will be. 20000 lib. or more of foraign money may be new coin'd, ſome of ſilver with a good alloy, as 10d. and 5 d. and ſome of pure copper, as baabes and turners; but both *ad valorum.*

"2. or 300000. lib. Ster. may at firſt ſerve the nations occaſions for a ſmall time: but experience will ſoon convince, that the more credit iſſued, the greater will be the nations, gain, which in few months may require and be able to employ to advantage above a million.

"The currency of bills muſt be forced, there being all the ſame and more reaſons than for authorizing money to paſs current, ly and alſo becauſe a matter of ſuch high importance, ought not to be precarious; or ſubjeƈted to the caprice and inſtability of a mob, but to be fixt upon a moſt ſolid foundation, and the greateſt authority,

"One thing ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to be ſeriouſly regarded, which is, that, ſince France and Spain are now bottom'd in one intereſt, and by their proceedings appear reſolv'd to ingroſs the American mines to themſelves, altho' the ballance of trade ſhould be hereafter brought on this ſide the ſea, there will be little poſſibility, if any, to return the overplus in bullion, ſo that moſt nations will be under a neceſſity to contrive another medium of trade: and the wiſe ones will do it, before they ſuffer too much for want of one." We have now lived to experience the truth of all this.

* Edinburgh, printed by W. Cheyne, and ſold at moſt of the bookſellers ſhops in town. 1734.

III.

When o'er a nation fraud and guilt prevail,
And, ſafe, all queſtion and enquiry ſhun,
Thine is the impartial ſword,— and thine the ſcale
To weigh the crime, and make the actors known:
From Britain's eyes the deadly miſt to caſt,
And bid her waken, leſt ſhe ſleep her laſt!

IV.

Begin, bright goddeſs, the celeſtial ſtrain;
To lofty notes accord the tuneful lyre:
Almeria ſhall lead on the ſhining train,
Whoſe looks the love of liberty inſpire.
Let lower beauties fetter thoſe who ſee;
None ſhould behold a Pallas, but the free.

V.

So when great Juno came near Latium's land,
Detain'd, by fate, the guardian veſſel ſtood,
No human force could make it touch the ſtrand,
Fix'd it remain'd, in Tyber's rapid flood,
Till one bright veſtal, (ſuch is virtue's pow'r!)
Diſſolv'd the charm, and drew the gift on ſhore.

VI.

Nor leſs the chief, whom, bleſs'd in Myra's charms,
The ſacred love of LIBERTY inſpires;
Whoſe generous breaſt the ſame great paſſion warms,
That brightly glow'd in his heroic ſires.
How juſtly are the PATRIOT-NAMES ally'd,
How ſoftly pair'd, a DOUGLAS and a HYDE.

VII.

See HAMILTON, with luſtre, next appear,
A Prince deſcended from a royal race.
Behold his eaſy mien, and graceful air;
What noble freedom triumphs in his face?
Bright may his virtues ever be confeſt,
As the fair ſtar that guards his PATRIOT BREAST.

VIII.

Deſcended from an ancient faithful line,
Aſſume, MONTROSE, thy undiſputed place,
Who doubts the virtues of thy race are thine,
May read a confutation in thy face;
Where grandeur is with goodneſs temper'd ſeen;
Soft beams of light, that ſhew the day within.

IX.

Nor ſhall the muſe, great KER, thy name conceal,
Admir'd in counſels, as in arts polite;

Till knowledge ſink, and publick ſpirit fail,
  Thy merit ſhall appear in all its light.
Still may the *azure* band embrace thy knee,
Evil to him that evil thinks of thee.

X.

But who approaches next Urania's view,
  Sedate, with calm and philoſophic air?
Soon, TWEEDALE muſt the muſe acknowledge you,
  In youth a ſage, in grandeur ſtill ſincere;
The friend of men. Continue, with applauſe,
The firm aſſertor of your COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

XI.

Nor thou, the pride of thy illuſtrious race,
  Round whom uni ed virtues form a day!
Shall in the fair proceſſion want thy place.
  The courts no longer ſhed their tinſel ray.
In Britain's annals ſhall a ROTHES ſhine
Amongſt the foremoſt HEROES of his line.

XII.

BUCHAN, to truth and ſacred honour juſt!
  The muſe with pride thy title would repeat;
Who rather than betray a nation's truſt,
  Unblemiſh'd choſe with glory to retreat;
Thine ſhall the praiſe remain —when life is done,
And all the ſons of ſlavery ſleep unknown.

XIII.

Mild HADDINGTON, whoſe breaſt's with learning fraught,
  Receive the tribute of unpurch as'd praiſe;
Thine is the honour to retire unbought,
  And perſevere in virtue's ſacred ways!
Nor leſs becomes the man the muſes love,
And all the friends of LIBERTY approve.

XIV.

Great ABERDEEN, whoſe penetrating ſight,
  Thro' miniſterial cobwebs well can ſpy;
Can bring the depths of ſtate-deceit to light,
  The muſe unnotic'd muſt not paſs you by:
Tho' Britain's Senate hears your ſenſe no more,
Your country ſtill regards you as before.

XV.

MARCHMONT, whoſe wiſdom different courts have found,
  Whoſe freeborn ſoul has never chang'd its ſtate;
For knowledge fam'd, and eloquence renown'd,
  In whom the honeſt ſtateſman ſhines compleat!
Accept this homage which the muſes pay,
And ſtill deſerve applauſe the PATRIOT-way!

XVI.

But oh! if worth exalts the price of blood,
If virtue can the blaze of courts outſhine!
The muſe beholds a man both great and good;
The blended wreaths, immortal STAIR, are thine!
And like the Spartan chiefs retreat of old,
With equal glory ſhall thine own be told!

XVII.

Nor thou unblemiſh'd peer! whoſe ſteady ſoul
Corruption's bold aſſaults unmov'd, defy'd;
Suſtain'd the ſhock, collected firm and whole,
And kept inflexible the juſter ſide.
Still, ELPHINSTONE, preſerve the ſpotleſs name,
And leave the fair example dear to fame!

XVIII.

Theſe are the CHIEFS our hardy climate breeds,
That, deaf to intereſt's or ambition's charms,
Can ſhew, by greatly meritorious deeds,
How much the ſacred love of FREEDOM warms:
Souls made like theſe deſerve a Pindar's ſtrain,
Whom crowns would tempt to ill, but tempt in vain!

XIX.

To *theſe* nor want we PATRIOT NAMES to join
Souls uncorrupt, tho' in a lower ſphere;
Who ſlight the charms of either India's mine,
And make a nation's happineſs their care?
While firm, oppos'd the powerful flood they ſtand,
And riſque themſelves to ſave a ſinking land.

XX.

Such the DALRYMPELS, father and the ſon,
Whoſe virtuous minds no ſervile chains can wear.
Such ERSKINE is, who laid the *purple* down,
Whom Britain's Senate ſhall with pleaſure hear:
And * HE, who now retires with honour crown'd,
To the ſoft cares of his paternal ground.

XXI.

Nor ſhall the muſe, DUNDAS, omit thy name,
Who, fearleſs, in the face of pow'r and pride,
Has dar'd the rights of Britain to ſuſtain,
And joyn the juſter, but unequal ſide.
In thee the Roman orator appears,
And all his virtues ſhine, without his fears.

* Sir James Dalrymple of Newhl es.

XXII.

Such are the ſpirits firm to LIBERTY,
That with their influence bleſs our northern coaſt.
So the bright planets guild a wintry ſky,
And ſhine ſereneſt in the chilling froſt!
Unnumber'd ſtars around their paſſage glow,
And ſerve to chear the darken'd world below.

XXIII.

When Britain's preſent ague-fit is paſt,
When ſafe ſhe ſits amidſt her ſubject ſeas,
THESE NAMES ſhall dear to future ages laſt,
And time ſhall guild them with his lateſt rays.
Virtue ſhall triumph, over envy's ſpite.
Clouds are but foils to make us love the light.

M U M.

A POLITICAL BALLAD, FOR THE PRESENT TIMES*.

I.

BRAVE Bacchus by all is adored,
And roaſt-beef is praiſed by ſome;
But none, that I know of, before yet
Have ſung of the virtues of *mum*.

II.

Parnaſſus ſo plagu'd is with criticks,
The muſes of late are ſtruck dumb;
Common-ſenſe, ev'n with all its politicks,
May be forc'd in a jail to cry *mum*.

III.

Yet Cibber's odes ſtill are admired,
Which at court every year are ſo thrum;
Then why may'nt I write, when inſpired,
Like him, with the right Brunſwick *mum*?

IV.

Some people will rail in a frolick
For the want of true brandy or rum;
But there's nothing ſo good for a cholick
As a dram of plain water and *mum*.

V

If that will not do, ſtanding armies
Shall beat it away with their drum;
Nor further need it to alarm us;
The watch-word for ſafety is *mum*.

* Edinburgh printed, and ſold by the bookſellers in town. 1740.

VI.

" But, pray, againſt whom are we arming?
At leaſt we ourſelves ſhall o'ercome;
That were a bold feat, and what harm in
Thus training our ſoldiers to *mum*?

VII.

And beſides, our fleets all abroad are
A-learning the ocean to plumm:
There ne'er was a raree-ſhow odder
Then ſailing a navy in *mum*

VIII.

Peace, or war never made, ever making,
Has coſt us a damnable ſum:
High taxes, low trade, and ſhips taken
Will force us at laſt to cry *mum*.

IX.

The bold ſturdy beggars of London
For war ever roaring ſo grum,
At leiſure may find themſelves undone,
Unleſs they repent and cry *mum*.

X.

We've camps, horſe and foot; Sir John Norris,
Wade, Anſon, and Haddock the jum;
Cathcart and marines all before us;
But the word of command, it is *mum*.

XI.

No orders indeed, ſaucy fellow!
Could Vernon's high mettal benumb;
So took with ſix ſhips Porto-bello;
Now left, without aid, to cry *mum*.

XII.

France can ſell us of arms a ſuſpenſion,
Till Caſtres and Keen, and ſuch ſcum,
Shall clap up another convention;
While the Spaniards, as wont, anſwer *mum*.

XIII.

Think not Bob afraid of a war is,
Who has had a march beat on his bum,
Tho' with breeches in hand he ſend Horace
To harangue all our neighbours in *mum*.

XIV.

To our foreign foes Bob's ſo civil!
But with his own foes here at home,
If he can, he'll be ſure play the devil,
And all by the virtue of *mum*.

XV.

Such a ſtateſman! the jeſt and the wonder
Of ourſelves and all Europe become,
Still ſtumbling from blunder to blunder,
With no other ſalvo but *mum*.

XVI.

Yet bribes, falſe returns, and coruption
Will put us all under his thumb;
Unleſs we give quick interruption,
We'll have nought to choſe on but *mum*,

XVII.

"Here's a purſe, lads; let none be elected,
"But ſuch as you're ſure will ſtand plum,
"Who can ſay *ay*, or *no*, as directed,
"And ſilence his conſcience with *mum*.

XVIII.

Sure none, but a knave, or a blockhead,
Can be caught with ſuch bird-lime and and gum;
To be bribed out of his own pocket,
And robbing himſelf to cry *mum*.

XIX.

All plays from the ſtage are debarred,
Till licenſed by you know whom;
So what will they give us henceforward,
But a ſweet repetion of *mum*?

XX.

Our preſbyters (how can they help it?)
Or ſtipend, the devil a crumb,
When ſomebody bids, from the pulpit
Muſt read to the people a *mum*.

XXI.

Do ye talk of the Scotch diſaffections?
What rhime is ſo ready to come?
To their union, kirk, freedom elections,
What ſo pat to the purpoſe as *mum*?

XXII.

It is ſaid, things in time will be better:
But the queſtion's *Quomodo & quum*:
But diſſenters cleave cloſe to the letter;
Court promiſes only mean *mum*.

XXIII.

There is a great man wears a garter,
Who has robb'd us of many a plumb;
So deſerves to be ſent without quarter
To the—"Huſh, fooliſh bard, and cry *mum*.

XXIV.

"Rail as much as you will at a patriot,
"But it is *Scandalum Magnatum*
"To aim half the truth of your ſatyre at
"Them who govern the world in *mum*.

XXV.

Sure Argyle's wit leſs than his grace is,
He's an honeſt, plain weſt-country chum,
Or he'd ne'er ha' thrown up all his places
For want of, like me, crying *mum*.

XXVI.

A few hints I've here been premiſing,
The reſt to myſelf I ſhall hum:
For if wit were worth the exciſing,
'Twere wit to ſay nothing but *mum*,

XXVII.

Yet fain I'd ſing ſomething of Iſlay
But lacking more crambo's in *um*,
I paſs it, for fear I ſhould ſpoil a':
So laughing good night and ſay *mum*.

By theſe ſpecimens, we may perceive the glowing embers that burſt into flame in 1745, when Charles Edward Stuart had ſhaken the Britiſh empire to its centre; and had nearly accompliſhed the grand object of his ill-fated expedition.

"*Facinus audax incipit.*" Sed, "*Res jam eſt in vado ſalutis.*"

In theology, as well as in metaphyſics, it is not eaſy to wield the weapons of ridicule againſt any one branch of belief, or opinion, without, injuring the whole ſyſtem; yet, this has been frequently attempted; witneſs Rabelais, Buchanan, Swift, and others, who ſeem not to have been aware, when they laſhed the abſurdities of religion into contempt, true piety ſtood trembling in a corner, fearful, leſt *her* turn might come next, while ſuperſtition, with down caſt look, eyed her aſcance—I know not, whether this obvious remark preſented itſelf to the author I am next to mention, namely,

JOHN BARCLAY Miniſter at Cruden, author of the "Roman "Catholick church a Viſion,"* but, in this poem, he fails not o lay about him moſt unmercifully, and does his beſt, tolay open th frailties, follies, and pious frauds, of Monks, Friars &c. &c. together with the manifold ſins and tranſgreſſions of "the whore of "Babylon" who would fain palm herſelf on Jeſus Chriſt as his "fair ſpouſe" piquing herſelf on her "ſanctity, antiquity, mi-"racles, infallability, &c &c" Our poet in his viſion is led in ſpirit by his guide "the *Holy Catholic Church*" alias "the whore "of Babylon" to the caſtle of Saint Angelo, where he beholds many and various proſpects, which his holineſs the Pope condeſcends to preſent to his aſtoniſhed sight—In the firſt place he impreſſes him with his power in the following words.

I can make ſaints, I can make kings,
I can make him who made all things,
I can give others power to make him,
And give to thee the privilege to take him:
Blood I can make of wine, and fleſh of bread,
When I have but a very few words ſaid;
I ſqueeze the living, to relieve the dead.
I hallow all things with my words,
I hallow helmets, hallow ſwords,
I hallow trees, I hallow ſtones,
I hallow dry and rotten bones;
I hallow medals, hallow oil,
I hallow water, hallow ſoil,
I hallow ſalt, I hallow cells,
I hallow kirk, I hallow bells:
So ſtrong and mighty are my ſpells,
That I with very little ado
Could hallow brothel-houſes too.

His holineſs then makes a bold attempt to convert our poet to the true faith, which he does not ſeem ſo much inclined, to

*"A deſcription of the Roman Catholick Church. Wherein the pretenſions of its head, the manners of his court, the principles and doctrines, the worſhip and ſervice, the religious houſes, and the divers deſigns and practices of that church, are repreſented in a viſion. By John Barclay miniſter at Cruden, written in the year 1679. Edinburgh, printed in the year 1689; and reprinted by T. Lumiſden and J. Robertſon, 1741."

notwithſtanding his being all the while in a dream. Indulgence is held up as a ſure refuge for all manner of ſin. But, he remains immoveable. His guide (the whore aforeſaid) perceiving he grew weary of this interview with the holy father, propoſes to change the ſcene to the Pope's court; and having conducted him thither; he now beholds the ſplendour of "a glorious court" which naturally ſuggeſts the following reflection.

'Tis eaſy, when a man's in ſolitude,
To ſlight the gawdy world, and to conclude
That all its pomps and riches are but lies,
An heap of gilden worthleſs vanities,
And to contemn the flatt'ring breath of fame,
The fooliſh whiſtlings of an honour'd name,
And hate that wild ambition, which with force
Doth ride, and ſpur us, like unruly horſe,
And theſe imperious luſts, which often cauſe
Men break all bonds, and trample on all laws.
But things, we at a diſtance can deſpiſe,
When they approach us, do bewitch our eyes,
And charm our hearts; ſo ſtrong's the ſnare,
So weak our mind, ſo faint our care,
So ſoon our reſolutions do impair,
That we're intangled ere we be aware,

In time, he gets knowledge of all the court intrigues of "the "man of ſin;" he ſaw none of the "*Cardinal* virtues" but could percieve "*Cardinal* vices" in abundance.—His guide diſpleaſed that he "ſo narrowly did into all things pry" propoſes to conduct him to her "ſhops of learning."

This ſight at firſt did give me great content,
I thought I was into mine element:
Men of prodigious learning I ſaw there,
Prodigious heaps of books lay every where

But, to his great ſurpriſe, he ſaw the learned men buſied in erazing lines, tearing out leaves, and others writing in antique letters on "*ſuddled parchments*" and on aſking the reaſon of all this, he was anſwered "they purged what the fathers wrote" and "gave old traditions, new-come into their head."

I left the ſchools and to my guide did ſay
That I inclined to go to church and pray
It was a very ſolemn holy-day

To which he is immediately conducted, where he ſees "about "the walls painted images" among the reſt "the bleſſed virgin "—a goddeſs Lady of all grace" where "in devotion high" her humble votaries—"did beſeech her to command her ſon."

They called her Lady, yet her *ſex* forgot;
For, when they kneel'd, they gravely did accoſt her,
Firſt with an *ave* then a *pater-noſter*.

The poet goes on, deſcribing high maſs, the baptiſm of an infant &c. when of a ſudden, the officiating prieſt is called away to adminiſter extreme unction to a dying man, which ceremony is alſo deſcribed—our poet having crept ſneakingly under the dying mans bed, hears his confeſſion prior to the awful ceremony, which he impiouſly diſcloſes to his reader—then goes on with what paſſes—the prieſt now

———tells the man a dreadful ſtory,
That he muſt ſhortly land in Purgatory;
He ſo deſcrib'd that ghaſtly place, as might
The ſtouteſt of all mortal men affright:
There is fire, and there is ſmoke,
There noiſom heats, and vapours choke;
There poor ſouls are ſadly toiled,
Some in ſeething caldrons boiled,
Some in frying pans are broiled,
Some on ſpits are roſt alive,
Some the fiends with ſcourges drive,
Some in ſtreams of brimſtone ly,
There they ſhreik, and there they cry,
Thus they ſuffer, thus they dy;
They are confin'd into that cage,
Some a year, and ſome an age;
Some for many ages ſpace
Stay into that diſmal place:
And thou (ſaid he) muſt ſtill endure theſe pains,
Till thou be wholly purged from thy ſtains.
He then began the poor man to anoint,
Beſmear'd his head, and oiled every joint,

He oil'd his ears, he oil'd his eyes,
He oil'd his hands, he oil'd his thighs;
I thought it would be far from my deſire
Firſt to be flamd, and then ſet to the fire.

In this manner of deſcription, and moralization our poet proceeds, till he completely unfolds the abuſes of the "Holy "Catholick church, and till his "eyes burſt open," he "could "ſleep no more."

The reverend writer who thus indulges his muſe at the expence of our moſt holy mother-church, ſeems to have paid more reſpect to his noble patron and patroneſs the Earl and Counteſs of Eroll to whom his ſacred ſatyr is dedicated, than to the dogmas of perverted chriſtianity; judging, perhaps, that a more abſtract, and leſs complicated ſyſtem of theology, might be greatly exalted by expoſing the pious fraud of a venal prieſthood, and ſcourging into contempt the folies of a ſupine multitude, ſunk in ſuperſtition and dreams of attonement and forgiveneſs of ſins; the moſt heinous, and degrading to fallen mortals. Be that as it may, I am very apprehenſive, as I formerly remarked, that, in touching on tender points of any of the chriſtian rules, precepts, or prejudices, in matters of faith, ſhakes to the centre, the very rock on which the chriſtian church hath laid her foundations—But to proceed.

No ſooner, had a free ſpirit of enquiry burſt the bonds of ſylogiſtic nonſenſe, and the ungracious gloom of rigid preſbyterianiſm, had in a great degree, been diſſipated, than a flame of poetical fervour, ſeemed all at once to rekindle; and eager to light the torch at the general blaze, each candidate for fame, preſſed forward in the moment of enthuſiaſm, and caught the inſpiration that ſeemed at this time, to pervade the more enlightened circles of Scotland.

Newſpapers, and other periodical publications began now to make ſome figure north of the Tweed; * and were frequently

* "At the epoch of the Union, Scotland had ſucceſſively acquired three News-papers which were all publiſhed at Edinburgh viz. the *Edinburgh Gazette*, the *Edinburgh Courant* and the *Scots Courant*—to theſe were added the *Edinburgh Flying Poſt*, the *Scots*

embelliſhed with the occaſional effuſions of the Scotiſh muſe, who choſe rather to adopt the more poliſhed language of the ſouth, (while caſting her eye that way for approbation,) than the doric dialect which ſavoured ſo much of the gothic barbariſm of the north.

hile the maſterly compoſitions of Buchanan formed par of the claſſics in the humanity courſe at our Univerſities, as well as in our Grammar ſchools, a ſpirit of poetry, genuine, and pure, infuſed itſelf in our general range of ſtudies, which expanded the finer feelings of the ſoul, while the intellectual faculties were deepened in their tone. Thus, true philoſophy moved on in majeſtic grandeur, while the muſes ſtrewed the path with ſweeteſt flowers that led to the temple of Fame, where now the names of Hutcheſon, Smith, and Reid appear engraven by the ſteady hand of truth, on the altar conſecrated to ſcience and virtue. It were unfair, while contemplating the illuſtrious characters juſt now mentioned, to loſe ſight of thoſe celebrated men the able teachers in the Univerſities where the former acquired their knowledge. Among others that might be mentioned, is.

JOHN KER Profeſſor of Greek in King's College Aberdeen, and afterwards Profeſſor of Humanity in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, the friend and correſpondent of David Mallet, to whom he had ſhewn particular kindneſs*.

The poetical works, of this accompliſhed ſcholar are to be ſeen in that elegant collection of ſacred poems edited by William Lauder†, and printed by Thomas Ruddiman, who, together with our poet, and profeſſor Robert Stuart gave his aſſiſtance

Poſt, and the *North Tatler*—ſoon after Thomas Ruddiman became printer and afterwards proprietor of the *Caledonian Mercury* which continued in his family till 1772 when the late proprietor Mr. John Robertſon purchaſed the houſe types, preſſes &c. together with the right of publiſhing the paper." See Chalmers life of Ruddiman. See alſo Arnots hiſtory of Edinburgh. The *Scots Magazine* was about this time firſt printed and other ſimilar periodical works were ſoon after carried on.

* See Chalmer's life of Ruddiman p. 98. See alſo Anderſon's life of Mallet.

† The unfortunate calumniator of the divine Milton, whom Doctor Douglas hath hurled into deſerved contempt.

in ſelecting and arranging the contents of this work, which is entituled "POETARUM SCOTORUM MUSÆ SACRÆ*." This collection contains the pſalms of Dr. Arthur Johnſton together with his life; Ker's "Cantici Solomonis," Hog's "Paraphraſe of Job," Pitcairn's "civ. pſalm" &c. What inhances the value of this collection, is, the pains beſtowed on it by the celebrated critics, and poets already mentioned, which renders it a ſtandard book among the modern writers of Latin poetry.

I had occaſion to remark in a former part of this ſketch, that Roman literature had been cultivated with great care and diligence in our Univerſities. This cuſtom, then deemed indiſpenſible, was carried to its utmoſt limits, when even, the very elements of ſcience were conveyed in the ancient language of Rome. It is no wonder then, among a people, that piqued themſelves on their knowledge of ancient literature, Latin poetry was deemed the chief excellence of the art. This weakneſs ſhewed itſelf on all occaſions; and had it been cuſtomary for the fair ſex to have ſtudied the claſſics in the original, our Scotiſh nymphs, and ſwains, would have warbled their loves "in ſmooth Virgilian ſtrains, or ſoft Ovidian verſe." This was not the caſe. I have already ſhewn, the Ladies of Caledonia underſtood the language of love and ſenſibility too well in their mother tongue, to need the foreign aid of either the ancient or modern language of Rome. But, pedantry will ever betray its propenſities; and, an example, at this moment preſents itſelf, in a volume of "Poems in Engliſh and Latin on the "Archers and Royal company of Archers by ſeveral hands†" of little or no value.

It ſeems, ſomewhat ſingular, that, ſo few of our nobility, or gentry (ſtrictly ſo called) appear in the annals of literature in Scotland; and, while a Shafteſbury, a Bolingbroke, a Lock, a Berkely, a Boyle, a Newton appeared, we had ſcarcely any to oppoſe of equal rank and merit, to ſo bright a conſtellation, as theſe ſouthern luminaries compoſed. While, on the other hand, from

* Edinburgi apud Tho. & Wal. Ruddimanos. M.Dcc.xxxix. 2. tom. 8vo.

† Edinburgh printed in the year 1726. Among the "hands" are the laſt mentioned poet John Ker, Dr. Pitcairne, Sir William Bennet, Allan Ramſay &c.

the humbleſt ranks of the people, many aroſe from ſuch obſcurity, as hardly to leave a trace of their original, or to whom connected by the ties of blood.—Among thoſe who ſtole imperceptibly into notice, and reputation, few ſeem more to claim the attention of the biographer, than

DAVID MALLET, the learned editor of Lord Bolingbroke's poſthumous works. As I cannot pretend to any information beyond what is already ſufficiently narrated by the elegant pens of Johnſon,* and Anderſon, in their lives of Mallet as a Britiſh poet, I ſhall content myſelf with referring my reader, to, particularly the latter of theſe authors, who, has had an opportunity of doing ample juſtice to one, who, certainly deſerves that place in the temple of fame his writings had procured him. A few of the chief paſſages of his life, ſhall, however, be here ſet down.

Neither the time, nor the place of his nativity, nor how, nor where he recieved his early education, is, with certainty, yet, well aſcertained. Theſe particulars remain to ſome more inquiſitive biographer than either of the former or the preſent writers. His name, till pretty far advanced in life, was Malloch. He ſtudied chiefly at the Univerſity of Edinburgh, and reſided in the capacity of preceptor in ſeveral families, among which, his connection with the family of Montroſe ſeems to have paved the way to his future advancement in his literary carreer. On his arrival in London he was introduced to the literati of England. Among the number were Hill, Young, Dennis, Pope, Johnſon, Garrick, Theobald, Cook &c. &c. and his talents, verſatile, and, ſplendid, were ſoon diſplayed in the various walks of polite literature. The late Prince of Wales headed at that time, the Oppoſition. Among his choſen few, were, the author of the Seaſons, and his countryman the ſubject of this memoir. They were both penſioned—O ſhame, ſhame, muſt talents ever bend thus!—When poverty is the heritage of

* "The life of Mallet (ſays Dr Anderſon) has been written by Dr. Johnſon, with ittleact ivity of reſearch or accuracy of intelligence. Having no written memorial, he contented himſelf with giving ſuch an account as is ſupplied by the authoriſed loquacity of common fame, and a very ſlight perſonal knowledge."

the lowly, muſt genius, and the higher acquirements of intellect be bartered for gain? But the dread of phyſical want, led Mallet to forfeit preſent, in hopes of obtaining the means of future independence. In this his ultimate, *chief good*, he at laſt ſucceeded. And having paſſed through a great variety of life, marked doubtleſs, with ſome ungracious incidents, and after having ſpent the latter part of it in France, he returned to England, where he died in advanced age in April 1765.

" His works (ſays Anderſon) are not only the production of a " genius truely poetical; but they are friendly to the beſt inte- " reſts of morality and liberty." " According to Aaron Hill, " who knew him well, his manners were as amiable as his " abilities were reſpectable " " His converſation (ſays Johnſon) " was elegant and eaſy." " The reſt of his character may, without " injury to his memory ſink into ſilence." Among the poets of Scotland, whoſe works are handed down to poſterity, and are placed high in the archives of polite literature,

James Thomson the inimitable author of " The Seaſons," the friend and fellow ſtudent of Mallet is the next, I beg leave to turn the readers attention to. I dont know how to account for it, but, when the author of the Seaſons is mentioned, there is a grateful ſenſation ſeems to ſeize the feeling heart immediately. May I be permitted, before entering on the few particulars I mean to offer reſpecting the life and writings of this amiable man, to introduce to my reader by the eloquence of Doctor Johnſon, who beſtowed not praiſe, till he had " weighed the moral cha- " racters of his fellow creatures in the balance of the ſanctuary." our favourite author.

" The benevolence of Thomſon was fervid, but not active; " he would give, on all occaſions, what aſſiſtance his purſe " could ſupply; but the offices of intervention or ſolicitation he " could not conquer his fluggiſhneſs to perform. The affairs " of others, however were not more neglected than his own. " He had often felt the inconveniences of idleneſs, but he " never cured it; and was ſo conſcious of his own character, " that he talked of writing an Eaſtern tale *the man who loved* " *to be in diſtreſs*. Savage always ſpoke with the moſt eager

" praiſe of his ſocial qualities, his warmth, and conſtancy of " friendſhip and his adherence to his firſt acquaintance when " the advancement of his reputation had left them behind " him."

Having thus introduced the author of the " Seaſons" by means of Johnſon's recommendation, to the reader of feelin and elegant taſte; I ſhall lay before him, briefly, the leading incidents of his life; and cloſe this ſmall memoir with a few paſſages from the remarks of thoſe biographers, who have, criticiſed at large the various productions of our amiable and accompliſhed poet.

Whoever has made the tour of the river Tweed, will recollect, that on the north ſide, a few miles below the romantically ſituated town Kelſo, he falls in with a ſmall rivulet, whoſe confluence with the celebrated ſtream that marks the boundaries of ſouth and north Britain, is within view; on this rivulet ſtands the village of Ednam; where on the eleventh of September 1700 old ſtile which anſwers to the day of the autumnal equinox, James Thomſon was born. His father was paſtor of the pariſh at this time, but ſoon after the birth of our poet, he removed to Southdean in the preſbytery of Jedburgh in the ſame county, namely Roxburgh. A country clergyman, having a family of nine children, the mother of which brought little other dowry, than her affection, the ſocial qualities of a good woman, and pleaſing companion*, is indifferently able to ſupport that decency, and reſpect, which, unfortunately, the ſlender ſtipend of a church of Scotland clergyman, is but ill calculated to inſure. Notwithſtanding, the father of Thomſon, did all manner of juſtice to the education of his numerous family, and James, among the reſt, though by no means eminent in his earlier courſe of ſtudies†, received a liberal ſhare of the fond parents attention.

* Her name was Beatrix Trotter the daughter and coheireſs of a worthy man of that name at Foggo in Berwickſhire, and was, what is called in that part of the country a *portioner*, that is, proprietor of a ſmall piece of land, held in perpetual fue; and this ſpecies of property, is of great antiquity in Scotland.

† He was ſent to Jedburgh ſchool—"he was not diſtinguiſhed among his ſchool fellows by any remarkable ſuperiority of parts."

Our poet is ſaid to have diſcovered an early propenſity to the art, to which, he in after life ſo much contributed in its dramatic, allegorical, and deſcriptive departments. He ſtudied in the Univerſity of Edinburgh. He was deſtined by his friends for the church: but, his devotion to the muſes made him loſe ſight of the abſtract theology of the ſchools, and accordingly, the ſtrong propenſity to the former, naturally led him to drop the ſanctity of the prieſt, in the more viſionary functions at the ſhrine of Appollo .It has already been noticed, that while at the Univerſity, he was one of the contributors to the "Edinburgh Miſcellany*." It ſhould ſeem, from the favourable reception of his earlier pieces, he determined to try his fortune as an author in London; and accordingly, having completed his twenty fifth year, he arrived in London in the autumn of 1725, where Mallet, who had been his fellow collegian, received him with open arms. He diſcloſed to Mallet, who at that time was in the Duke of Montroſe's family, his views and intentions, which his friend taking intereſt in, forwarded with a becoming liberality every meaſure towards laying the foundation of Thomſon's future fame, and fortune. He commenced author with his "WINTER.†" And (may I be pardoned for the conceit) though he planted his laurel in *winter*, yet, it budded, flowered, and bare the faireſt fruits in the ſucceſſive "*Seaſons*," which yielded to the planter, at

* "About that time, elegant literature began to be cheriſhed and cultivated in the Univerſity; and a poetical club, called "The Athenian Society," had ventured to publiſh a collection of poems intituled, "The Edinburgh Miſcellany," furniſhed chiefly by Callander, Symers, and Mitchell, young men of great promiſe, and of Thomſon's accquaintance.

"What ſhare Thomſon had in "the Edinburgh Miſcellany," cannot now be known; but it is probable he was a contributor, as well as Mallet, who was then aſpiring to poetical compoſition; and with whom he contracted an early intimacy, which improved with their years, undiſturbed by any cauſual miſtake, envy, or jealouſy on either ſide.

"A ſimilitary of taſte and of purſuits, connected him alſo in habits of early intimacy with Paterſon, the tranſlator Paterculus, Malcom, author of the Treatiſe on Muſic and Murdoch, afterwards a clergyman of the church of England, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the biographer of his youthful companion."

† It was publiſhed in 1726 with a preface, dedicated to Sir Spence Compton, and recomendatory verſes by Hill, Mallet and MIRA, a Lady "once" (ſays Dr. Johnſon), "too well known."

once reſpect, reputation and emolument. His firſt dramatic work (which was brought on the ſtage * ſubſequent to the publiſhing of his " Seaſons") Sophoniſba, was ſucceſsful and appeared in 1730.

A circumſtance occured ſoon after this good fortune, thawhile it contributed to improve his taſte in the arts, enlart ged his knowledge of mankind. The circumſtance alluded to, is, his being appointed, through the friendſhip of Dr. Rundle, the travelling tutor of the honourable Charles Talbot, eldeſt ſon of the Chancellor Talbot, with whom he made the grand tour of Europe, for ſuch in thoſe days, viſiting the various courts and capitals was called.

Thomſon was now elevated to the tables of the great. Walpole the corrupt, was in the plenitude of his power. His enemies talked loudly of liberty, dear liberty, ſweet liberty, heaven-born liberty, and the like nonſenſe. The miniſter ſmiled in his ſleeve; for he underſtood their notions of liberty—and with a moſt condeſcending air, in which pride was conſpicuous, aſked at what price, dear liberty—ſweet liberty was bought—he rarely failed in his purchaſe—Thomſon too talked of liberty; and actually wrote ſoon after his return to England a poem called " Liberty"—The critics, talk indifferently of it—But, let any man write about liberty as he pleaſes, he certainly will fail to attract readers. The reaſon is obvious. Liberty is illuſive. Or rather like a mathematical point. " It hath neither parts, nor magnitude" It is like the rainbow—we run but to the next field—a hedge is between—tis gone—behold it dance before us—tis now ſtationary on yon mountain ſteep—we aſcend—it hath vaniſhed to the valley beneath —It is ever ſeen—but—as ſurely it eludes our graſp—and ſo does liberty.—To return to our poet. He was not diſcouraged at the ill-ſucceſs of his poem on liberty, and having by the death of Mr. Talbot loſt his place of ſecretary of the Briefs, he found himſelf once more a dependent on public favour, and the excerciſe of his talents as an author.

* Drury lane.

In 1738 his Agamemnon was brought forward at Drury-lane; and about the ſame time the tragedy of EDWARD AND ELEONORA, but this was leſs fortunate than the former. In 1740, he and Mallet wrote the maſque of *Alfred*. In 1745, his *Tancred and Sigiſmunda* was brought out at Drury-lane and this tragedy yielded him both emolument and honour. He was not altogether overlooked by his friends in power, and after he had ceaſed to be the penſioner of the Prince of Wales, he found a patron in his friend Mr. Lyttleton, who procured for him a ſinecure * that afforded three hundred pounds per annum.

We behold the amiable, the ingenious author of the Seaſons, arrived at the ſummit of his wiſhes, reſpected, admired, and courted by every denomination of wit, politician or moraliſt. But, alas, his days were numbered—The time of his departure drew near. His laſt, and by far his beſt work, *the Caſtle of Indolence* had ſcarcely received its finiſhing touches, when his fatal illneſs ſeized him—at firſt it was mild, and he paid little, or no attention to his ſituation—but a fever ſuperveening, cut him off, juſt before he had completed the forty eight year of his age. His remains were laid in the church at Richmond, and his monument is to be ſeen in Weſtminſter Abbey, where a corner is conſecrated to the poets of Britain, among which number he was not the leaſt.

"Thomſon" (ſays Dr. Johnſon) "was of ſtature above the "middle ſize, and *more fat than bard beſeems*, of a dull counte- "nance, and a groſs, unanimated, uninviting appearance, "ſilent in mingled company, and chearful among ſelect friends; "and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved."

Agreeable to my firſt intention, I now proceed to give my reader a few remarks on the works of Thomſon from the criticiſms of thoſe who have beſtowed pains on the ſubject. And no one has done juſtice more impartially, in a general way, than

* Surveyor General of the Leeward Iſlands. He employed as his deputy his friend Patiſon author of the tragedy of Armenius, which had been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain—he afterwards ſucceeded Thomſon in the office which became vacant by his death.

† He died in the 27 of Auguſt 1748

Dr Johnſton; for that reaſon, I think it proper to ſubjoin his remarks, which are as follow

" As a writer, he is entitled to one praiſe of the higheſt kind: " his mode of thinking, and of expreſſing his thoughts, is original. His blank verſe is no more the blank verſe of Milton, " or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes " of Cowley. His numbers, his pauſes, his diction, are of his " own growth, without tranſcription, without imitation. He " thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of " genius; he looks round on nature and on life, with the eye " which nature beſtows only on a poet; the eye that diſtinguiſhes, " in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on " which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a " mind that at once comprehends the vaſt, and attends to the " minute. The reader of the *Seaſons* wonders that he never ſaw " before what Thomſon ſhews him, and that he never yet has " felt what Thomſon impreſſes.

" His deſcriptions of extended ſcenes and general effects " bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether " pleaſing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the ſplendour of " *Summer*, the tranquility of *Autumn*, and the horror of *Winter*, " take in their turns poſſeſſion of the mind. The poet leads us " through the appearances of things as they are ſucceſſively varied by the viciſſitudes of the year, and imparts to us ſo much " of his own enthuſiaſm, that our thoughts expand with his " imagery, and kindle with his ſentiments. Nor is the naturaliſt without his part in the entertainment; for he is aſſiſted to " recollect and to combine, to arrange his diſcoveries, and " to amplify the ſphere of his contemplation.

" Theſe poems, with which I was acquainted at their firſt " appearance, I have ſince found altered and enlarged by ſubſequent reviſals, as the author ſuppoſed his judgment to grow " more exact, and as books or converſation extended his knowledge and opened his proſpects. They are, I think, improved " in general; yet I know not whether they have not loſt part of " what Temple calls their *race*; a word which applied to wines, " in its primitive ſenſe, means the flavour of the ſoil.

" *Liberty*, when it firſt appeared, I tried to read, and ſoon " deſiſted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not " hazard either praiſe or cenſure.

" The higheſt praiſe which he has received ought not to be " ſuppreſt; it is ſaid by Lord Lyttleton in the prologue to his " poſthumous play, that his works contained

" No line which, dying, he could wiſh to blot."

JOSEPH MITCHELL, a contemporary of Thomſon had neither his merit,nor ſucceſs. He was one of Sir Robert Walpole's poor poets—was neglected. and died in great poverty.

SAMUEL BOYSE, a native of Dublin, was educated at the college of Glaſgow,married very early in life a Tradeſman's daughter of that city, was patroniſed by many of the Scotiſh nobility, became diſſipated, wrote for bread, and died in the extreme of wretchedneſs and want.

The EARL OF HADDINGTON wrote poems, immodeſt chiefly. His ſon Lord Binny wrote ſome poetry alſo, but of no great value—he died at Naples in 1732. The author of the ſeaſons reſided in his family as Tutor to the preſent Earl of Haddington.

Amongſt the diſtinguiſhed men of talents Scotland has furniſhed the literary world, few, it will be granted, claim a higher title to our regard, than

JOHN ARBURTHNOT M. D. better known for his wit and learning, than as a poet of very ſplendid abilities. This ingenious man was a native of the north of Scotland, (near Montroſe) he ſtudied medicine at Aberdeen; and ſoon after obtaining his degree, he went to London, inſtead of practiſing in his medical capacity, he rather choſe the leſs precarious profeſſion of a teacher of mathematics; and having publiſhed his " Exam- " ination of Dr. Woodwards account of the deluge," and ſoon after his eſſay on the uſefulneſs of the mathematics, his reputation as a man of deep reſearch, and extenſive knowledge was fully eſtabliſhed. So accompliſhed a man ſoon found a ready acceſs to the wits, and the men of genius of the age. The reign of Queen Ann is eminently diſtinguiſhed as the auguſtan era of literature in England. Addiſon, Pope, Swift, Bollingbroke, Gay, and a

train of illuſtrious characters appeared at this time. Among them Arbuthnot was conſpicuous & his labours in the various departments of literature in whatever taſk aſſigned him, entitles him to a place in the firſt rank of Britiſh critics.

It is curious to obſerve, how ſometimes accident lays the foundation of a man's fortune, when all the talents, worth, and ſkill he may poſſeſs avail him but little. This is exemplified in what led to the advancement of our poet, in his profeſſion of medicine. Queen Anne's huſband (George, prince of Denmark) was thought dangerouſly ill; his phyſicians having failed in alleviating his malady, recourſe was had to the advice of our Scotch phyſician, Arbuthnot; the prince recovered, and his new medical friend had the credit of the cure: Moreover, her Majeſty, to reward the ſaviour of her lord and maſter, beſtowed the high title of phyſician in ordinary, on Arbuthnot.* His connection with Pope and Swift is ſo well known by their joint literary labours as to require no further notice in this place†. In 1715 Pope's "*three hours after marriage*" was brought forward on the ſtage, in which production, it is ſaid, Gay and Arbuthnot aſſiſted. But, our poet was better calculated for works of judgment, than the effuſions of fancy. We find him in 1727 engaged in a learned and uſeful work, entitled, "Tables of ancient coins, weights, and meaſures." He now ſeems to have fixed his attention to his medical purſuits; accordingly, in 1732, he publiſhed his tract on "The nature and choice of aliment," and the year following another tract on "The effects of air on human bodies." He ſurvived theſe latter publications but a ſhort time. An aſthma, that had long afflicted him, became more and more urgent, and he ſunk with its malignity in 1734. In his principles he was a Tory, and was known among the wits by the nick name of the Tory Phyſician; but

* In 1709.

† See, among others "The memoirs of Martinus Scribleras" a well known ſatyr on the abuſes of human learning, replete with the fineſt vein of humour and much good ſenſe.

neither his honour as a man, his taſte, wit, erudition, nor medical knowledge, ſuffered in the eſtimation of thoſe who knew his real value and ſplendid accompliſhments*. Another phyſician and poet, no leſs diſtinguiſhed in the annals of literature than the former, comes next under conſideration, namely,

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. the ingenious author of "The art of preſerving health, a poem," and other admired productions. Our poet was a native of Liddeſdale, and was born at Caſtleton, a ſmall village on the banks of a rivulet which gives its name to this diſtrict of Roxburghſhire, and joins the river Eſk, a few miles before both ſtreams fall into the Solway Firth, near Gratney †. His father was paſtor of the pariſh, and was deemed a worthy and pious man. Young Armſtrong ſtudied at the Univerſity of Edinburgh, and took his degree as Doctor of medicine, February 4. 1732. Soon after, he went to London, and commenced practice as phyſician; but, it appears, he was neither popular nor ſucceſsful. He publiſhed ſome medical tracts which obtained but little notice; and finding PAEN unpropitious to his eſſays in the healing art, he commenced poet, and ſung "The Economy of Love, a poem," in the manner of

* "Mr. Pope uſed to ſay, that of all the men ever he met with, or heard of, Doctor Arbuthnot had the moſt prolific wit: that in this quality, Swift only had the ſecond place."

"A Lady aſked Swift what his opinion of Arbuthnot was? to which Swift replied, Why, Madam, Dr. Arbuthnot has more wit than we all have, and his humanity is equal to his wit." See the Edinburgh Magazine for May 1774. from which the materials were furniſhed for the above ſmall ſketch of Arburthnots life.

† GRETNA GREEN. ‡

No more the ſoldier on the dewy turf,
With ſhield-propt head, ſtretches himſelf to reſt
Where once in furious ſhock the battle clos'd,
Now ruſh fond lovers to each others arms;
Soft ſighs are heard where erſt the trumpet blew;
The field of Mars is now the bed of love.
No more "the armourers accompliſhing the knights
"With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up
"Give dreadful note of preparation."
Far other arts the ſon of Vulcan plies;
To rivet cloſe the indiſſoluble chain,
To beat the ſpear into ſweet Cupid's dart,
To fan Love's fires, to harneſs Venus, doves,
Theſe are thy toils, great Prieſt of Gretna Green.

‡ The place where the Scotiſh army lay during the night before the battle of Solway

the amorous Ovid, and young and old "liſtened to the lay." A nobler production from the pen of our poet made its appearance in 1744, viz. "The art of preſerving health, a didactic poem." This truly valuable piece eſtabliſhed at once his reputation as a phyſician and a poet. In 1746, he was appointed one of the phyſicians to the hoſpital of lame and ſick ſoldiers; and in 1760 was appointed in the ſame capacity to the army then in Germany. After the peace at Paris, in 1763, he returned to London and reſigned his connection with the army, after which, he again attempted to get into practice, but the ſtrong deſire of eaſe, quiet, and love of literature, combined againſt his ſucceſs as a medical practioner. From time to time he produced ſeveral pieces in proſe and verſe, in which appear a glowing imagination, and lively fancy, under the guidance of judgment, and a correct, well-regulated taſte. He was much eſteemed and reſpected for talents and worth, by all who knew him perſonally, or through the medium of his works. On the 7th of September, 1779, he died, and left behind him, it is ſaid, 3000l. which his prudence and good management had laid up for old age*.

Of all his literary productions, none deſerve a more careful peruſal than his "Art of preſerving health, a poem." What the elegant pen of Dr Aikin † hath delineated in a critique on this invaluable poetic jewel in his "critical eſſay" prefixed to Cadell and Davis's beautiful edition, (1796) precludes the neceſſity of any obſervations here. ‡.

* He was born about the year 1709, conſequently was aged 70—ſee Dr. Anderſon's life of Armſtrong.

† London 1796.

‡ The Doctor after having with much critical erudition gone over the deſign, ſcope, and more minute parts of this poem, he happily concludes his remarks in a general view of its ſtile and manner in the following words.

"It now remains to conſider how far this work is characteriſed by any peculiarity of ſtile and manner.

"Engliſh blank verſe in its ſtructure approaches ſo nearly to proſe, that they who have employed it on elevated ſubjects, have adopted a variety of methods to give it the ſtamp of poetry. Some have tranſplanted as much as poſſible of the idiom of the ancient languages into their own, They

The deſire of eſteem ſo early imbibed in infancy, is not unfrequently to be diſcerned in ſome ruling paſſion in after life; and none more ſtimulates the higher faculties of the human intellect, than a thirſt of diſtinction. This powerful emotion calls forth the latent ſparks of genius; and when happily a ſound underſtanding, and well regulated morals go hand in hand with the elegant purſuits of arts and ſciences, we conſider public approbation the juſt reward of merit, and the ſolace of real worth. The name of BLACKLOCK will ever be aſſociated with the beſt attributes of humanity, reputation, and genius. A more happy example, where a laudable deſire of eſteem joined to every quality that ſeems calculated to inſure it, can hardly be adduced than in the perſon of our amiable and accompliſhed poet.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D. D. who, blind from his infancy, ſcarcely recollected that ever his eyes, doom'd to perpetual darkneſs, beheld the diurnal changes of ſun and ſhade. In vivid language few, however, have equalled, and doubtleſs none have ſurpaſſed this extraordinary man. He portrayed the face of the

have uſed words in uncommon ſenſes, derived rather from etymology than practice; and in the formation of ſentences, they have ſtudiouſly deviated from the natural order, and copied the involutions and inverſions of the Latin and Greek. Others have enriched their ſtile with novel terms and compound epithets, and have aimed at an uncommon mode of ſaying the commoneſt things. Very different from theſe is the manner of ARMSTRONG. It is diſtinguiſhed by its ſimplicity—by a free uſe of words which owe their ſtrength to their plainneſs—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraſeology. His ſentences are generally ſhort and eaſy, his ſenſe clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken at the firſt glance; and there are no lofty myſteries to be unraveled by repeated peruſal. What keeps his language from being altogether proſaic, is the vigour of his ſentiments. He thinks boldly, feels ſtrongly, and therefor expreſſes himſelf poeticaly. Where the ſubject ſinks, his ſtile ſinks with it; but he has for the moſt part excluded topics capable either of vivid deſcription, or of the oratory of ſentiment. He had from nature a muſical ear, whence his lines are never harſh, and are uſually melodious, though apparently without much ſtudy to render them ſo. Perhaps he has not been careful enough to avoid the monotony of making ſeveral ſucceſſive lines cloſe with a reſt or pauſe in the ſenſe. On the whole, it may not be too much to aſſert that no writer in blank verſe can be found more free from ſtifneſs and affectation, more energetic without harſhneſs, and more dignified without formality."

material, as well as intellectual world, with eaſe and exactneſs: and this, by the way, may ſerve to ſhow in the cleareſt manner, how eſſential to knowledge, the inſtrument of juſt and appropriate language is, when properly applied to expreſs our ideas and modes of thinking, in whatever train our reaſonings are conducted; whence "the inſeperable connection between words and knowledge". *—I would ſay, that Dr Blacklock was a ſtriking inſtance of the above remark; as evidently appears, from his being blind almoſt from his birth.

His ideas of external nature were unqueſtionably ſtored in his mind, by means of appropriate language; by a ready command of which, he could readily combine, aſſociate, arrange, and expreſs his comprehenſive ratiociations with a ſtrictly logical perſpicuity and accuracy, that aſtoniſhed all whoever heard him ſpeak, or have read what he has written.

Early in life he became the admiration of Europe; for he had been noticed by ſeveral philoſophers, and among the reſt the celebrated Diderot, in his letter on the blind, a work of great ingenuity, and depth of thought.

Of the gentleſt manners, the moſt perfect good nature, the kindeſt and moſt affectionate demeanour to all around him, he could not fail to be ſincerely beloved; and his genius and acquirements rendered him truly reſpectable, as an accompliſhed ſcholar, and excellent poet.

His parents were placed in the humbleſt ſphere of life; and lived in Annan, Dumfries county, where our poet was born, 10th December, 1721. His father (by trade a bricklayer) was killed by the accidental fall of a malt barn, in 1740; this melancholy event was a great mean of forcing him from that retirement ſo congenial to his feelings, and having attracted the notice of ſeveral perſons of taſte, among

* See "Εκτα Πτεροεντα or the Diverſions of Purly," a work of infinite knowledge and depth of reſearch. The beſt eſſay on language that any age or country have produced.

the reſt, Dr John Stevenſon (to whom he inſcribes his firſt ode) appears to have been his moſt zealous friend; at his expence, he was maintained and educated for four years. On breaking out of the Rebellion 1745, he retired to Dumfries, and lived a ſhort time in family with a brother-in-law; thence he went to Glaſgow and publiſhed a collection, in ſmall octavo, of his poems in 1746. When tranquility was completely reſtored, our author returned to Edinburgh, and purſued his ſtudies for ſeveral years, at the univerſity there. He had made a good account of his time, for he not only had acquired a competent knowledge of the dead, but alſo made himſelf acquainted with ſome of the living languages, with the various branches of philoſophy, and the *belles lettres*.

In 1754 he publiſhed at Edinburgh a ſecond edition of his poems. His literary circle was enlarged, and he counted among his friends David Hume, the hiſtorian.

About this time, he ſeems to have attracted the notice of our Southern neighbours. Mr Spence, the friend of Dodſley, was ſo ſtruck by the beauty and claſſical elegance of our blind boy's poetry, that he made ſuch enquiry after him as to enable him to publiſh an account of his "life, character, and poems," in London, 1754. It was from this publication that the celebrated Diderot obtained his information reſpecting Blacklock.

In 1759 he was licenced a preacher of the goſpel. In 1762 he married Miſs Sarah Johnſon of Dumfries*, and a few days after, he was appointed, in conſequence of a preſentation from the Crown, to the pariſh of Kirkcudbrigh.

But, in this new ſituation, he experienced all the tortures his extreme ſenſibility ſubjected him to, in the unfavourable reception the inhabitants of his pariſh gave him, when called to officiate as their ſpiritual inſtructor. Various reaſons have been aſſigned for their unkindneſs to ſo truely pious and benevolent a teacher. Among o-

* Her father was an eminent ſurgeon of that place,

† Through the intereſt of the Earl of Selkirk then in high favour at the court.

thers, ſome political diſputes between the townſmen and Lord Selkirk, which diſpoſed ſome of them to ſhow reſentment on this occaſion. Another reaſon of diſſatisfaction is ſaid to have been that of our poet's blindneſs. But the true cauſe, in all probability, was the unconquerable averſion of the people to *patronage* *.

At the end of two years, Blacklock retired on a proviſion allowed him, by way of annuity, with which he was ſatisfied, and ſoon after came to reſide in Edinburgh, where he remained till his death, which happened on the 7th July, 1791, in the 70 year of his age.

In recalling to my remembrance the amiable and truely reſpected ſubject of this ſlight notice, the appearance of the man often preſents itſelf. In his perſon he exceeded not the middle ſize, but his erect poſture gave an air of dignity, mingled with perfect ſimplicity, and a peculiar involuntary motion, the effect of habit, added not a little to intereſt the beholder, as it uſually accompanied the glow of his feelings in converſation.

To his accompliſhments he added, that of a taſte for muſic; and he excelled in ſinging the melodies of his country. I have heard him often bear a part in a chorus with much judgment and preciſion. His knowledge in the ſcientific part of muſic, was by no means inconſiderable.

I ſhall never forget a meeting I had the pleaſure to witneſs, where a large party were aſſembled in a friend's houſe, at tea, one evening, in winter 1787, between our poet and the celebrated itinerant philoſopher, Dr Henry Moyes. They came up to each other—ſhook hands moſt cordially—were

* See this ſubject treated with much elegance, perſpicuity, and juſt obſervation in a work intituled "An Inquiry into the principles of Eccleſiaſtical patronage and preſentation, in which are contained, views of the influence of this ſpecies of patronage, on the manners of the people" (Edinburgh printed by J. Doneldſon 1783) with juſtice aſcribed to a gentleman at the Scotiſh bar.

happy to *ſee* each other—ſat down—chairs pulled quite cloſe —they involuntarly took hold of each other's hands—felt them with ſeeming pleaſure—then, as if not ſufficiently ſatisfied, they mutually extended their *enquiring fingers* over each other's arms, ſhoulders, face, breaſt, &c.—aſked each other's welfare—news, &c. &c. By one who delights only in tracing the hiſtory of ambition, the humble anecdotes of domeſtic life may be viewed with indifference. It rarely happens, in one age, and in the ſame country, that two individuals, blind from their infancy, ſo celebrated too, have an opportunity of meeting, ſo that the man of obſervation and feeling, may contemplate ſo interreſting an interview.

The proſe and poetical works of Blacklock are ſo well known, and have been ſo ably criticiſed by Mr M'Kenzie, Dr Anderſon, and others, as to require but very general notice in this place. His proſe works, (among which, his *Paracleſis* deſerves particular notice) are deemed worthy the divine, and the moraliſt. His poetry, though not of the firſt claſs, poſſeſſes ſo great a ſhare of the requiſites of the art, as to hold a diſtinguiſhed rank among the works of the minor poets of Great Britain.

David Crawford, author of "Ovidius Britannicus," ſhould have obtained earlier notice. But he is better known as an hiſtoriographer, † than a poet.

Alexander Robertson of Struan (Perthſhire) muſt not be omitted. His poems were publiſhed at Edinburgh, (without date) by the late Alexander Robertſon, printer.

Many of theſe poems poſſeſs a conſiderable degree of poetical merit; but they become more interreſting, when it is conſidered they are the compoſitions of one who ſuffered proſcription for his firm adherence to what he deemed a glorious cauſe, namely, the reſtoration of the Stuart family.

A royaliſt from principle muſt be diſtinguiſhed from one who acts from intereſt only. He conforms to what he conſiders as

† Crawfords memoirs are well known. He alſo wrote two comedies and a novel, neither of which riſe above mediority;

the high decrees of Heaven, in eſtabliſhing an individual as the guardian angel of a free, independant ſtate. In this light we view the illuſtrious patriot Wallace, the gallant, and no leſs unfortunate Montroſe, the patrotic Fletcher, and many others, the aſſerters of independance, while firmly attached to their hereditary prince. The next poet that comes in courſe to be noticed, namely,

Tobias Smollet, M. D. was ſuſpected, and not without ſome reaſon, of being a favourer of the Stuart cauſe. His pathetic lamentation on the dire events of 1745 and 1746, poured forth in his "Tears of Scotland," may be mentioned at this diſtance of time, without injury to the dead.—The following quotation breathes all the tenderneſs of ſorrow, and beauty of poetical deſcription.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken wanders o'er the heath;
The black wind whiſtles round her head,
The helpleſs orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Smollet was born in 1720, on the banks of the Leven *, which iſſues from Lochlomond, and meets the Clyde at Dunbarton. He ſtudied at the univerſities of Edinburgh and Glaſgow. Having practiſed as a phyſician with little ſucceſs in different parts of England, he relinquiſhed the profeſſion, and commenced author. His active mind embraced almoſt every department of literature. As a journaliſt of travels, a noveliſt, a dramatiſt, an hiſtorian, and a poet, he ſupported his well-earned reputation with dignity and honour. He died in the 51ſt year of his age, at Leghorn, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, in 1771.

* A pillar was erected to his memory near the ſpot in 1774.

WILLIAM WILKIE, D. D. the diſtinguiſhed author of the EPIGONIAD, an epic poem of ſingular merit, was born on the 5th October, 1721, in the periſh of Dalmeny, about ten miles weſt of Edinburgh, in Linlithgowſhire, and died where he had reſided the laſt thirteen years of his life, as Profeſſor of Natural Philoſophy, in the univerſity of St Andrews, on the 10th October, 1772, aged 51 years and five days. To that of an able teacher, he joined the profeſſions of an agriculturiſt and a poet; moreover, he was a diligent preacher of the goſpel, and while exerciſing the functions of a clergyman, he neither neglected the occupation of the plough, nor the inſpiration of the muſe. "His Epigoniad (ſays Dr Anderſon) had he written nothing elſe, is ſufficient to entitle him to an honourable rank among the poets of our nation, with whom he is now aſſociated. It is a ligitimate epic poem, of the ſame ſpecies of compoſition with the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, which is univerſally allowed to be, of all poetical works, the moſt dignified, and at the ſame time, the moſt difficult in execution."

JAMES GRANGER, M. D. author of that beautiful "Ode on ſolitude," in Dodſley's collection, 1755, vol. 4th.—"Tranſlations of the elegies of Tibullus," and other poems of conſiderable merit, was a native of Dunſe, in Berwickſhire, where he was born in 1724. He ſtudied at the univerſity of Edinburgh; having ſerved an apprenticeſhip, as ſurgeon, with Mr George Lauder, he went into the army in that capactiy, where, it appears, he devoted his leaſure to the muſes. He quitted the army after the peace at Aix-la-Chappelle in 1748, when he returned to London, and ſettled as a phyſician. He now was known in the literary circles as a poet of great promiſe; but he ſoon left the metropolis, went to the Weſt Indies, and ſettled as a medical practitioner, in the iſland of St Chriſtopher, where he married the ſiſter of William Matthew Burt, Eſq. governor of the iſland.

His active mind beholding the ſcenes of tropical occupations, more particularly the culture of the *ſugar cane*, determined him, after the manner of the Mantuan Bard, to ſing in its praiſe; and accordingly, in 1764, he produced "The ſugar cane,

a poem," in four books, with notes, 4to. This appears to have been among the laſt efforts of his muſe; for he died at Baſſeterre (St Chriſtopher's) in December 1767, in the 43 year of his age, leaving to deplore his loſs, a widow and two daughters. "He "was not only a man of genius and learning, (ſays Dr Percy) but "had many excellent virtues, being one of the moſt generous, "friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew."

Whether epic poetry ſhall continue to be admired as much as it has hitherto been, is what I ſhall not hazard a conjecture on. But, when Homer, Virgil, and Camoens find ſuch tranſlators as Pope, Dryden, and Mickle, few will forego the pleaſure ſuch elegant performances are capable of yielding to the lovers of poetry, even in an Engliſh dreſs.

William Julius Mickle the ingenious tranſlator of the "Lusiad of Camoens," claims a juſt title to a place among the poets of Scotland. He was born at Langholm, in Dumfrieſshire, 29th September, 1734. His father, Alexander Mickle, was miniſter of the pariſh, which is pretty extenſive, and lies on the Eſk*. Our poet was partly inſtructed in the elements of his education by his father, and partly in the high ſchool of Edinburgh. He diſcovered an early propenſity to poetry; and before he was eighteen, he had written two tragedies, and part of an epic poem, which, it is ſaid, he committed to the flames. Having been unſucceſsful as a brewer in Edinburgh, he went to London, and had the good fortune to attract the notice of ſome of the literati; among the reſt Lord Lyttelton, who was a mean of bringing Mickle forward as a young man of hopeful promiſe. And the tranſlation of the Luſiad juſtified fully every favourable idea that had been formed of him. His life, prefixed to the laſt edition of his works, is full of intereſt, to which I beg leave to refer the reader.

* It will be remembered the courſe of the Eſk was laid waſte, when the dreadful eruption of the Solway-moſs took place in 1771. The greateſt part of the plain, which was then overflowed, is now cleared, ſo that its former verdure appears. The ſcenery in this part of the country is paſtoral, and exhibits to the eye, accuſtomed to contemplate picturesque beauty, charming ſubjects for the pencil.

Mickle lived in habits of intimacy with the greateſt literary characters of the preſent century, from whoſe friendſhip he derived many advantages. Having experienced a deal of hard, and latterly a comfortable portion of good fortune, " he died af-
" ter a ſhort illneſs (ſays the writer of his life) at Wheatly, in Ox-
" fordſhire, October 25th, 1786, in the 55 year of his age. As
" a poet, he ranks confeſſedly among the firſt of the preſent day;
" and would not ſuffer by a compariſon with his predeceſſors
" Pope, and even Dryden himſelf, as a tranſlator; his original
" poetry is ſuch, as entitles him to a high degree of celebrity for
" genuine pathos, unaffected ſimplicity, and delicacy of ſenti-
" ment."

In 1743 " The Golf, an heroi-comical poem, in three cantos," was printed anonymous. This humourous production turned out to be the compoſition of a very ingenious and worthy clergyman, named THOMAS MATHISON. He had formerly been an agent, or writer, in Edinburgh, but he quitted a profeſſion ill ſuited to the feelings of a man devoted to literary purſuits, and entered into orders as a diſſenting clergyman. He was firſt ſettled in the north of England, but, by the intereſt of the Preſident Forbes he was appointed to an eſtabliſhed living in Brichen, ſhire of Angus, where he died in 1754. " The Golf, a poem," has conſiderable merit It celebrates a game, till lately, peculiar almoſt to North Britain. Though it cannot boaſt the athletic exertions required in the game of Cricket, yet the addreſs in the game of Golf is not leſs artful and lively; and ſurely it is leſs liable to bad effects from violent exerciſe, to which is to be apprehended the former paſtime ſubjects the gameſters

Few pieces in the broad Scottiſh dialect appeared in print from the time Allan Ramſay had ceaſed to write, till Alexander Roſs, author of " The fortunate ſhepherdeſs," and Robert Ferguſon publiſhed their maſterly productions. Among the few that were reſcued from obſcurity, " Ajax ſpeech to the Grecian Knabbs," is by far the beſt. It is a work of a Mr —— Forbes; but as I find three perſons of this name poets, viz. Stephen, Robert, and William, I am at a loſs to which of theſe three I am to

conſider as the author of the poem in queſtion. The latter of theſe, namely,

WILLIAM FORBES, A. M. author of "The Dominie depoſed, a poem," in the broad Buchan dialect, was a man of ingenuity and learning; but unluckily, his love for the fair ſex, exceeded the decorum required in a parochial ſchoolmaſter. The poem alluded to, gives the hiſtory of the conſequences of an intrigue, which coſt him, poor fellow, his employment. This poem was printed about the years 1746 or 47.

In 1747, "the Grave, a poem," was firſt publiſhed. This admirable little piece lay long neglected, and its author hardly known. Mr Pinkerton, with his *uſual accuracy*, ſays, "The author was a clergyman of the Epiſcopal church; but I know no other anecdote of him†". Was it impoſſible for Mr Pinkerton to learn that he was the accompliſhed and worthy father of the preſent ſolicitor-general for Scotland, Robert Blair, Eſq. and couſin of Dr Hugh Blair, (well known for his elegant ſermons,) late profeſſor of rhetoric and belles lettres in the univerſity of Edinburgh? The few particulars reſpecting the life and writings of

ROBERT BLAIR, author of the "Grave, a poem," have been communicated already to the public by Dr Robert Anderſon, in his lives of the Britiſh poets. To this learned and ingenious work, therefore the reader is referred. I ſhall only mention that our poet was born about the beginning of this century—was educated at the univerſity of Edinburgh—was put in orders and ordained miniſter of Athelſtaneford, in Eaſt Lothian, January 5th, 1731, where he paſſed the remainder of his life, "and died of a fever on the 4th of February, 1746, in the 47 year of his age. He was ſucceeded in his living at Athelſtaneford by another poet, John Home, Eſq. author of "Douglas."

* The edition of this poem was printed in 1743, is octavo. A new and improved one was printed for Peter Hill, at the Croſs, Edinburgh, 1793, in quarto, with the addition of two ſongs in praiſe of Golf.

† See his liſt of Scots poets, p. 138.

Such are the few particulars preſerved by the memory, and kindly communicated by this ſchool companion of the ingenious author of the "Shipwreck."

The awful cataſtrophe of a ſhipwreck is ſurely one of the ſublimeſt ſubjects for poetical deſcription; and who can better thrill the imagination than he who has witneſſed all its horrors; and who can pour forth in a full, deep, and powerful ſtream, living from the fountain of reality, the deſcriptive ſong—his pictures are the vivid ſtrokes of a ſkilful artiſt, and highly characteriſtic of true genius. From various parts of the poem in queſtion, and from the motto prefixed

——— ——— quaeque ipſe miſerrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui ———

it is pretty evident that he was one of thoſe mariners that ſurvived the wreck he hath ſo inimitably deſcribes. Falconer firſt publiſhed this poem in 1762, 4to—the ſubſequent editions are by many deemed inferior to the firſt, as what it has gained in embelliſhment, it has loſt in true poetical beauty and energy of expreſſion. "There is frequently a copious ſimplicity (ſays Dr Anderſon) in firſt deſigns, that no after thought or labour can amend; an irregular beauty, that every alteration muſt deface."

Previous to our poet's laſt voyage to India, on board the ill-fated *Aurora* (which, is ſuppoſed to have taken fire at ſea, and that the whole crew periſhed) he publiſhed his *Marine Dictionary*, a work of great profeſſional merit. It ſhould ſeem from a note ſubjoined to "an addreſs to his miſtreſs," firſt printed in Dr Gilbert Stuart's "Edinburgh Magazine and Review for November 1773. that Falconer had been ſeveral times in India, and it is not improbable but that his talents had gained him patronage, in conſequence of which his appointment in the *Aurora* was ſuch as might have inſured his fortune and independence.

In 1752 Eloge de la ville d' Edinbourg, diviſé en quatre chants, par LE SIEUR DE FORBES," was printed by R. Fleming, ſmall 8vo, p. p. 82. It is dedicated "A ſon alteſſe Royale GEORGE Prince de Galle et Duc d'Edinbourg, &c. Specimen,

Ce grand college enfin repreſente à nos yeux
Des lettres, et des arts, le grand bureau femeux
Le centre des vertus. et de toute ſcience,
Au ta haute ſageſſe a pris ſa reſidence. *See* p. 33.

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In 1757 "Britain, a poem, in three books," was publiſhed at Edinburgh, and publiſhed by Walter Ruddiman, junior, and Company, for the author—ſmall 8vo. p. p. 88.

I have not been able to learn any thing relative to the author of this poem hitherto. There are ſome paſſages in it truly excellent, and highly poetical.

About this time the ingenious Jerom Stone, formerly noticed as a paraphraſt, (ſee p. 35.) died. Although no collection of his original pieces has appeared, yet he poſſeſſed too much merit to be paſſed by unheeded. Many of his humourous poems were printed in the Scots Magazine, and ſeveral were alſo inſerted in Donaldſon's collection hereafter to be mentioned. See Sir J. Sinclair's ſtatiſtical accounts, (pariſh of *Scoonie*) ſee alſo Smith's Gælic antiquities, note p. 93.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF THE POETS, NATIVES OF SCOTLAND.

WITH A LIST OF THEIR POETICAL WRITINGS FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

IT has often been remarked that talents are confined to neither time nor place; and when accident ſtrikes over the tinder of latent genius, the kindling ſpark that lights up the flame of poetic fancy, whatever the ſituation of the poſſeſſor may happen to be, will eventually burſt forth. In no inſtance has the truth of this reflection been more fully verified, than,

In the year 1751, when a poem, ſacred to the memory of Frederick, Prince of Wales, 8vo, appeared, and the author was enquired after, he was found to be a BRITISH SAILOR. William Falconer, the ingenions author of that inimitable poem, "The Shipwreck," in three cantos, was in the humble condition of a fore-maſt-man! and ſpent the moſt of his life at ſea. The few particulars of his life that have come to my knowledge, ſhall be faithfully given, as I received them, through the kindneſs of Dr Robert Anderſon, to whom they were communicated by a gentleman reſiding in Edinburgh, who had been a ſchool-fellow of the author of the "Shipwreck." As I have the permiſſion of the Doctor to uſe the following letter in the manner I might deem moſt proper for this ſhort notice of our poet, I apprehend it would not be doing juſtice to its author, ſo fairly, by giving extracts, as by inſerting the whole of its contents, exactly in the manner he made the communication to my friend.

SIR,

In looking over the tenth volume of your edition of the Poets a few days ago, I could not help feeling mortified at the little notice you had been able to procure about the author of the "Shipwreck," even in his native city, as I think he is a credit to it, if you print a ſecond edition, I beg he may be recorded as a ſon of Auld Reikie, and the few following particulars I can vouch on my own knowledge.

Poor WILL FALCONER was born here, I ſuppoſe about the 1736 and 1737, his father was a barber and wigmaker in the Netherbow, and, I have reaſon to think, in indigent circumſtances, for I remember a boy and a girl of his, both born deaf and dumb, who were long maintained in the Charity Work Houſe. My acquaintance with the poet commenced at the ſchool of one Webſter, a teacher of no great eminence, but I imagine he was the only preceptor Falconer ever had, and very little of him he got, for the ſchool was given up in 1746, when he was but beginning the grammar, and as he had been at ſea ſome years before, he publiſhed his "Ode" on the prince of Wales in Spring 1751; he had but little time to acquire claſſical knowledge, at leaſt from any maſter, and yet by his poems he ſeems to have had a conſiderable ſhare of it. I well remember being greatly ſurpriſed when he gave me a copy of the above ode as his own, for he had been always reckoned rather a dunce at ſchool, and young as I then was, I knew that a ſailor's life was not favourable for the cultivation of letters. I never, to my recollection, ſaw him ſince that time, indeed I fancy he never was here. He was a lumpiſh, heavy looking lad, very careleſs and dirty in his dreſs, and was known by the appelation of Bubly-haſh Falconer; if you are not a Scotſman this name will not convey to you ſuch a diſtinct idea of his looks as it does to one of us.

I am,

PRINCE'S STREET, 9th *Feb.* 1798. SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN FORREST.

Dr R. ANDERSON,
Heriot's Bridge,

Having carried my reader to the middle of this century, it may not be improper to open to his view, the great out-line of our national improvement in knowledge and the uſeful arts.

Tranquility having been reſtored in the ſuppreſſion of the commotions of the years 1745 and 1746, government followed up their conciliatory meaſures * with laudable exertions towards gaining the confidence and eſteem of a virtuous, but too eaſily deluded people.

Trade and manufactures, agriculture, and the fine arts began to flouriſh; while the youths at our univerſities, among whom, Robertſon, Hume, Smith, Reid, Campbell, Wallace, Ferguſon, Black, Gregory, Monro, and a long liſt of eminent writers, whoſe works have ſince enlightened Europe, were proſecuting, with unwearied diligence, the various departments of elegant and uſeful knowledge. But our national form of religion had not yet loſt that auſterity, that marked its character for rigid diſcipline and contempt for gaudy decoration. Some attempts had been made among the more enlightened clergy to add to the moral precepts of Chriſtianity the ſublime philoſophy of Plato. Nay, ſome, perhaps, from a fond predilection to the learning of the ancients, compoſed after the manner of Greece and Rome, and epic, lyric, and even dramatic compoſitions, were the fruits of the advancement of the belles lettres in Scotland. The "Douglaſs" of Mr John Home is an example in illuſtration of this remark. But an attempt to bring forward on the ſtage his tragedy, ſhewed how far behind our Southern neighbours we were at that period. The ſpirit of perſecution was rouſed. The hue and cry was ſet up againſt the ſtage, yet in its infancy in Scotland. The accompliſhed author of the moſt ſucceſsful drama Scotland has produced, was left to abide the abuſe continually poured on him from all quarters, for his impiety,

* "If (ſays a modern writer) proſcription, decollation, torture, and the gallows, all component parts of a ſyſtem of coercion, be beſt adapted to inſpire confidence and eſteem, a wiſe and prudent government, will, doubtleſs, profit by ſuch prompt and effectual meaſures."

while his brethren, who were of the number of his aſſociates in this henious tranſgreſſion, hung their heads in ſorrow and deep contrition, confeſſed their ſin and were forgiven—on condition of never, frequenting where the ſons of Belial met—in the temple of Theſpis—or—any where elſe.

Thus we behold the ſpirit of the times—and—will it believed!—The National Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland were on the eve of taking this affair up in a moſt ſolemn manner, when Mr Home, who, by this time, had gained ſufficient patronage and popularity, by the ſucceſs of his tragedy in London, ſmiled at the miſtaken zeal of the reverend divines, and prudently reſigned his charge. The author of "Douglas" has had the ſingular felicity of not only enjoying the well earned praiſe univerſally beſtowed on his play, but alſo has witneſſed a great revolution in the ſentiments of his former perſecutors; for plays are not only eagerly ſought after by the laity of Scotland, but even the clergy themſelves do not ſcruple to be of the audience that appear at the mental feaſt, when MRS SIDDONS, and her accompliſhed brother JOHN KEMBLE occaſionally grace the boards of the Edinburgh theatre.

A moſt liberal ſpirit having manifeſted itſelf, not only in the capital, but alſo in the great trading towns, north of the Tweed; a laudable deſire to excell in the arts of muſic, painting, and architecture became univerſal Splendid edifices made their appearance; and ſerved as models to more magnificent buildings. Cities were reared, where but lately corn fields had been reaped; and the loom occupied the place where the plough had but ceaſed its labours. In ſhort, while our trade and commerce flouriſh, and our fleets and armies were recruited from the flower of our Scotiſh youths, our Univerſities furniſhed the ſenate, the bar, and the pulpit with ſuch as are amongſt the brighteſt ornaments of polite learning.

It now remains, in addition to what I have communicated, to give

high degree of poetical merit. It is written in the Buchan dialect*.

In 1759 "The laſt guinea, a poem.—The third edition, printed by Walter Ruddiman, junior, and Company". This ſmall piece is not without its merit,—for inſtance,

When thou art gone, what ſhall become of me?
Where e'er thou go'ſt, mankind take care of thee;
And yet thou may'ſt from hand to hand be toſt,
Or in ſome miſer's ruſty coffers loſt,
Or purchaſe port, or be at *Ombre* play'd,
Or bribe a ſtrumpet, or debauch a maid,
Be ſent to Paris and employ'd in ſtocks,
Buy villain's pardon, or gallants the pox;
Make judges e'en with wholeſome laws diſpence, &c.

In 1760, "The KEEKEIAD, a poem," was printed (as ſaid) at London. This production is given to the facetious muſe of a late ſenator of the College of Juſtice, whoſe learning and elegant acquirements were an ornament to the Bench; but he was better known for his learned tracts in the law of his country, than as a poet; though his claim to this title were by no means illegitimate.

* "To which is added a gloſſary, or alphabetical explanation of Scotiſh words and phraſes, Aberdeen, printed by Francis Douglaſs, and ſold by J. Cootin Paternoſter, London, 1759. The following *advertiſement* is prefixed: "As the following *Tale* was written eighteen years ago, (i. e. 1759) it has not been haſtily obtruded on the public; whether it at all deſerves to ſee the light, is a point which the author's ſuffrage would not determine. He thinks it contains nothing indecent or immoral; and if in common with many others, it be found dull, let it alſo be conſidered that it is ſhort." The *Tale* begins thus:

When merry Charles the ſceptre ſway'd
And none through force or fear obey'd,
There liv'd a man in Watercairn*,
A widower, with ae laſs bairn;
Twa hunder marks he had to gie 'er,
Brought men and lads a' fouth to ſee 'er.

* A village in Cromar, in Aberdeenſhire.

In 1760, "A collection of original poems, by the Revd. Mr Blacklock, and other Scotch gentlemen, was printed at Edinburgh, for A. Donaldſon, at Pope's head; and ſold by R. and J. Dodſley in Pall-Mall, and J. Richardſon, in Paternoſter-row, London." In an advertiſement ſubjoined to this volume, the editor acknowledges, in particular, his obligations to Mr BLACKLOCK and Mr GORDON; of this latter gentleman I know nothing. A ſecond volume of this collection was publiſhed in 1762; in which, as well as in the former, are contained ſeveral of the fugitive pieces of the late Honourable ANDREW ERSKINE, to be noticed in a ſubſequent page of this work. Many of the contributors to this collection, made, and ſtill continue to make a conſiderable figure in the literary world. Among the living, the names of Beatie, Home*, (the author of "Douglas") and Ogil-

* The following may ſerve as a ſpecimen.—

THE FATE OF CESAR.

By the Author of DOUGLAS.

As penſive on my bed I lay,
And mus'd the midnight hours away
My boſom glowing with thoſe fires
Which Shakeſpear's magic page inſpires;
The moon, whoſe waning, ſcanty light,
Gave dubious objects to the ſight,
Beneath a cloud retir'd her ray,
And wrapt in gloom the chamber lay;
Winds wav'd along the lengthen'd wall,
The cricket ſhriek'd his thrilling call;
The dead-watch click'd the ſick man's knell,
And dogs ſent forth their boding yell;
Quick beat my pulſe, my ſoul was tun'd
To ſympathize with every ſound:
When from the room's moſt darkſome ſide,
I ſaw a pompous image glide;
Looſe from him flow'd the Roman gown,
His brows inveſted with a crown;
His red right arm a ſceptre bore,
And regal pride his aſpect wore.
But when his ſteps approach'd more near,
I mark'd his features daſh'd with fear;
I ſaw, beneath his purple robe,
His breaſt with bitter anguiſh throb.
His cruel eye around he caſt,
Then rais'd his arm, and ſtruck his breaſt;
With aſpect ſtrange his robe he tore,
And daſh'd his ſceptre on the floor.
Intent I gazed to deſcry,
If ought ſubſtantial took his eye.
With deep amaze I then beheld
The air around with figures fill'd:

vie, are eminently conſpicious. Among the dead, the names of Boſwell, Macpherſon*, and Mickle†, ſtand firſt in point of celebrity.

Conſpicious far above the reſt,
The form of VIRTUE ſtood confeſt;
And, hand in hand with her, a fair
Of haughtier mein, and fiercer air,
Whoſe eyes flaſh'd with indignant flame;
'Twas LIBERTY, the peerleſs dame.
From their regard the tyrant turn'd,
And with convulſive anguiſh burn'd;
While FREEDOM, with reſentment red,
Menac'd revenge upon his head,
And gaily lifting up her hand,
She pointed to a diſtant band.
My eager eye her arm purſu'd,
And ſoon the awful preſence view'd.
In cloſe divan the heroes ſtood;
Stern, yet untroubled was their mood:
On each conſiderate viſage ſat,
Reſolve, that conquers chance or fate:
Yet one there ſeem'd the chief of all,
Pale was his cheek, his ſtature tall;
'Midſt ſtorms and tempeſts fit to reign,
His port was honour and diſdain;
Frowning, he bent his black eyebrow
And prying look'd the tyrant thro':
Near him a hero more humane,
Of ſober air, and gentle ſtrain,
With pitying look great CÆSAR ey'd,
And at his own firm purpoſe ſigh'd.
Then from their ſwords a gleam of light
I ſaw, and trembled at the ſight;
The victim fell, the tyrant dy'd,
And *Freedom! Freedom!* loud was cry'd.
Impatient there I join'd the ſcream,
And, ſtarting, found 'twas all a dream.

* In order to gratify the admirers of the tranſlator of Oſſian, I ſhall inſert here

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OFFICER KILLED BEFORE QUEBEC.

By Mr JAMES MACPHERSON.

Ah me! what ſorrows are we born to bear!
How many cauſes claim the falling tear!
In one ſad tenor life's dark current flows,
And ev'ry moment has its load of woes:
In vain we toil for viſionary eaſe,
Or hope for bleſſings in the vale of peace:
Coy happineſs ne'er bleſſes human eyes;
Or but appears a moment, and ſhe flies.
When peace itſelf can ſeldom dry the tear,
What floods demand the dreary waſte of war!
Where undiſtinguiſh'd ruin reigns o'er all,
At once the truant and the valiant fall;
Where timeleſs ſhrouds inwrap in the great and brave,
And DAPHNIS ſinks into a nameleſs grave.

In 1761, Ajax ſpeech to the Grecian Knabs, by a Mr Forbes, was printed at Edinburgh, 8vo. and ſince at Aberdeen 1779.

Dear hapleſs youth! cut off in early bloom,
A fair, but mangled victim for the tomb.
No friendly hand to grace thy fall was near,
No parents eye to ſhed one pious tear;
No favour'd maid to cloſe thy languid eyes,
And ſend thee mindful of her to the ſkies:
On ſome cold bank thy decent limbs were laid;
Oh! honoured living, but neglected dead!

So ſoon forſake us, dear lamented ſhade,
To mix obſcurely with the nameleſs dead!
Thus baulk the riſing glory of thy name,
And leave unfiniſh'd an increaſing fame!
Thus ſink for ever from a parents eyes!
Wert thou not cruel? or ye partial, ſkies?

But what can bound, O thou by all approv'd!
The ſad, ſad ſorrows of the friend you lov'd!
A friend who doted on thy worth before!
A friend who never ſhall behold thee more!
Who ſaw combin'd thy manly graces riſe,
To pleaſe the mind, and bleſs the raviſh'd eyes;
A ſoul replete with all that's great and fair,
A form which cruel ſavages might ſpare.

If, in the midnight-hour, lamented ſhade,
You view the place where thy remains are laid;
If pale you hover o'er your ſecret grave,
Or, viewleſs, flit o'er *Hoſtelega*'s * wave:
O when my troubled ſoul is ſunk in reſt,
And peaceful ſlumbers ſoothe my anxious breaſt,
To Fancy's eyes in all thy bloom appear,
Once more thy own unſully'd image wear;
Unfold the ſecrets of your world to me,
Tell what thou art, and what I ſoon ſhall be.

He comes! he comes! but, oh! how chang'd of late!
How much deforms the leaden hand of fate!
Why do I ſee thy gen'rous boſom gor'd?
Why bath'd in blood the viſionary ſword?
What rudeneſs ruffled that diſorder'd hair?
Why, blameleſs ſhade, that mournful aſpect wear?
For ſure, ſuch virtues muſt rewarded be,
And Heaven itſelf approve of WOLFE and thee.
Yes! —thou art bleſs'd above the rolling ſphere;
'Tis for myſelf, not thee I ſhed the tear.
Where ſhall I now ſuch blameleſs friendſhip,
Thou laſt, beſt comfort of a drooping mind
To whom the preſſures of my ſoul impart,
Transfer my ſorrows and divide my heart?
Remote is he who rul'd my breaſt before;
And he ſhall ſooth me into peace no more.

Men born to grief, an unrelenting kind,
Of breaſts diſcordant, and various mind,
Scarce 'mid'ſt of thouſands find a ſingle friend,
If Heav'n, at length, the precious bleſſing ſend,

* The river St Laurence

In 1763, "Letters between the Honourable Andrew Erſkine, and James Boſwell, Eſq". were "printed at London, by Samuel Chandler, for W. Flexney, near Gray's Inn-Gate, Holborn." Theſe facetious letters are interſperſed with pieces of poetry by

A ſudden death recalls him from below ;
A moment's bliſs is paid with years of wo.

What boots the riſing ſigh ? in vain we weep,
We too, like him, anon muſt fall aſleep ;
Life, and its ſorrows too, ſhall ſoon be o'er,
And the heart heave with burſting ſighs no more ;
Death ſhed oblivious reſt on every head,
And one dull ſilence reign o'er all the dead.

† The curious reader may not be leſs gratified with an early attempt of the ingenious tranſlator of the "Luſiad," which firſt appeared in the "Scots magazine," and afterwards in the above mentioned collection.

ON PASSING THROUGH THE PARLIAMENT CLOSE OF EDINBURGH AT MIDNIGHT.

By W. J. Mickle,

So now, the doors are ſhut, the buſy hand
Of Induſtry ſuſpends her toil a while,
And ſolemn Silence reigns : the men of law
Throng not the paſſage to the auguſt court ;
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curſe
Their cauſes long delay : the labourer
Lies wrapt in ſleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
Gath'ring new vigour for to morrow's toil.
Now o'er their cups immoderate, the rout
Of Bacchanalians, with impetious laugh,
Applaud the witleſs, but invenom'd jeſt.
At yon dim taper, poring on his bonds,
Or leger, crooked Av'rice keenly ſits ;
Or ſleepleſs on his tawry bed, ſums up
His rents and int'reſts. Oh thrice dire diſeaſe !
Oh doleful madneſs ! Wherefore all this care,
This ſinful care, that from the mind excludes
All thought of duty toward God or man !
An heir debauch'd, who wiſhes nothing more
Than the old dotard dead, will throw it all
On whores and dogs away ; then, curſing life,
That nothing gives but ſcoundrel Poverty,
By his own hand a mangled carcaſe falls.
Now ſmoking with unhallow'd fires, the ſons
Of curs'd Gomorrha ſtroll along the ſtreets,
Scenting the proſtitutes : perhaps the ſon
Of ſome well-meaning country-man, entic'd

both theſe gentlemen. Mr Boſwell has ſince honourably diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the republic of letters. His works are ſo well known as to render it unneceſſary any further notice in this

By lewd companions, midnight-orgies holds,
Kennels with ſome abominable wretch,
Contracting foul diſeaſe, one day to ſmart
His pious parents ſouls with bitter grief,
And o'er their rev'rend cheeks to pour
The ſad parental tear.—

Behold how grand the lady of the night,
The ſilver moon, with majeſty divine,
Emerges from behind yon ſable cloud;
Around her all the ſpacious heavens glow
With living fires. In the pale air ſublime,
St Giles's column rears its ancient head,
Whoſe builders many a century ago
Were moulder'd into duſt. Now, O my ſoul,
Be fill'd with ſacred awe—I tread above
Our brave forgotten anceſtors. Here * lie
Thoſe who in ancient days the kingdom rul'd,
The counſellors and favourites of kings,
High lords and courtly dames, the valiant chiefs,
Whoſe manly harneſs'd breaſts and mighty arms
Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land,
Miugling their duſt with thoſe of loweſt rank,
And baſeſt deeds, and now unknown as they.—
Hark! 'twas the clock ſtruck one,—the ſolemn ſound
Yet vibrates in my ear: Such is the life,
The tranſient life of man: a while he breathes,
Then in a little with his mother earth
Lies mix'd, and known no more; even his own race
Forget his name, And if his name remains,
What is it but an empty, airy ſound?
Ceſar, and Ammon's ſon, high-ſounding air,
Founders of ſtates, their country's faviours, lie
In dark oblivion; others only live
In fables wild and vague: yea, this ſame age,
That ſaw the wave of Marlb'ro's ſword decide
The fate of Europe, and her trembling kings,
Re'ate his action paſt as an old tale,
Without concern; and ſoon the days ſhall come,
When Pruſſian peaſants ſhall ſtrange ſtories tell
Of Fred'ric and his brothers; ſuch as oft
The Britiſh labourer, by winter's fire,
Tells to his wond'ring children of the feats
Of Arthur and his knights: a few years more
Shall ſee great Fred'ric and his glorious bands,
And all the millions of his raging foes,
All ſilent duſt, and lodging with the hoſts
(Down in the dreary manſions of the dead).

* This was once a burial-place.

place Mr Erſkine, the grandſon of Pitcairn, reflected the higheſt honour on his deſcent. His wit and taſte in polite literature, as well as knowledge in the fine arts, have entitled him to be ranked among the literati of Scotland. His probity, honour, benevolence, and warmth of affection will be long remembered by all who knew him. Several of his pieces were inſerted in Donaldſon's collection already mentioned His "TOWN-ECLOGUES" were written about this time, but were not publiſhed, as appears by an *advertiſement*, till eight or ten years afterwards. They were publiſhed at London, and "printed for for T. Caddel, in the Strand; and A. Kincaid, and W. Creech, Edinburgh, (without date.)

That fought at Cannae or Thermopylae,
And thoſe of later name that ſtood beneath
The banners of Godfredo or Guſtave.

Say, ye immortal ſons of heaven, who rule
This nether world, who from old Nimrod's days
Down to the preſent have beheld the fate
Of emperors and kings; ſay, which the life
That the immortal ſhade will like to own?
Does Caeſar boaſt of his eternal name,
How, wading through the blood of millions, he
Inſlav'd his country; No: he droops his head,
And imprecates Oblivion to o'erſhade
The horrid tale. Not ſo poor Socrates:
With everlaſting ſmiles he humbly owns
The life that was a bleſſing to mankind.
The heroes whoſe unconquerable ſouls
Would from their country's int'reſt never flinch,
Look down with ſweet complacence on th' realms
Their valour ſav'd. O WALLACE, wondrous chief!
Who durſt alone thy country's rights aſſert,
Betray'd and ſworn away by all but thee;
And thou great BRUCE, who many a doleful day,
For thy inſlav'd and groaning country's ſake,
Stray'd o'er the ſolitary hills of Lorn;
With what ecſtatic raptures do you ſee
A nation to this day bleſs'd in your arms!
Such ſhall thy happineſs, O FRED'RIC, be,
Thou glorious pattern of a perfect king;
And ſuch the recompenſing heaven of thoſe,
The happy few, in bleſs'd obſcurity
Who paſs their days; whom Gabriel pointing out,
When in his ſilent rounds, unto his mates
Will ſay, "There is the man who at all times
Acts as becometh an immortal ſpirit."
Such is the life that's worthy of a man,
And ſuch the life that God himſelf applauds.

He was alſo the author of "She's not him, and he's not her, a farce of two acts, as it is performed at the Canongate theatre. Edinburgh, printed by A. Donaldſon and J. Reid, for Alexander Donaldſon, 1764."

In 1765, "Two paſtoral poems, by Thomas Ruſſel, ſtudent in phyſic, to which is prefixed Phyllis, a love elegy, by the ſame, were printed at Edinburgh by J. Robertſon, and ſold at his printing office in the Fiſh-Market, and by W. Gray, Bookſeller, in the New Exchange."—p. p. 26, 4to.

I know not whether the author of theſe poems is the ſame Dr Ruſſel, whom Dr Burney mentions in his hiſtory of muſic. (See his additional notes to Vol. I.) Specimen.

Nigh yonder ſonely moſs-befringed cave,
A Dryad taught her native tree to grow;
Faſt by a Naiad bade her ſtreamlet lave,
And drench the verdure of the vale below. *See Love Elegy.*

Again,

I ſaw his * *Maviſs*, and his fleecy care,
Browſing alone upon yon mountain bare.— *See Paſtoral* II.

Of ſuch happy lines, gentle reader, are the aforeſaid "two Paſtorals and Love Elegy" compoſed.

In 1765, "Original poems on ſeveral ſubjects, in two volumes, by WILLIAM STEVENSON, M. D. Edinburgh, printed by A. Donaldſon and J. Reid; ſold by Alexander Donaldſon, at his ſhops in London and Edinburgh," were publiſhed and dedicated to the author's father.

Theſe volumes contain the productions of a Phyſician's leiſure, who makes his apology in the following words: "With "reſpect to a perſon of my profeſſion, which ſeems to involve "in it a certain preciſeneſs, and ſolemnity, indulging himſelf "in ſuch ſtudies as theſe, I may urge, not impertinently, the "example of two eminent men of the laſt age, the Doctors (Sir

* "*Maviſs*, name of Alexis's bitch."

"Samuel) Garth and Armſtrong, who ſupported the double cha-
"racter of Phyſician and Poet with equal dignity and ſucceſs;
"not to mention ſome others, now living, of great reputation
"in both capacities. However, the truth is, an apology here
"is altogether unneceſſary, as a bad performance can never pre-
"tend to preſerve itſelf from contempt, by any conſideration of
"this kind, and a good one will make its way to the favour of
"the public, under every diſadvantage of a mere adventitious
"and extrinſic nature."

I wiſh it were in my power to beſtow a favourable opinion on this phyſician's poetry; but, on the whole, the pieces contained in theſe volumes are heavy and unintereſting. At the ſame time, there are ſeveral detached poems of conſiderable merit.

In 1766, ALEXANDER NICOL, ſchoolmaſter, publiſhed in one volume, octavo, his "Nature without art; or, nature's progreſs in poetry, being a collection of his "poems on various ſubjects, ſerious and comic*." This is a motely collection indeed; yet, there are in it, notwithſtanding the extreme careleſſneſs, but too apparent throughout, here and there, a few paſſages tolerable enough. Our author has made an attempt, like Allan Ramſay, to add *a fourth* canto to "Chriſt's kirk on the green," but is much leſs happy than Ramſay in point of language, and certainly in point of incident.

Nicol hasgiven, in dogril rhyme, aſketch of his own life, in an "Epiſtle" addreſſed to Suſanna, Counteſs of Strathmore, in the year 1727; wherein it appears, he was of poor parentage—was left at the age of ſix a helpleſs orphan, and to add to his misfortune, was deformed, and almoſt blind, by means of a fall he had met with in infancy. For ſometime hetravelled about the country as a packman, afterwards became a ſchoolmaſter, in

* "Edinburgh, printed for the author, and James Stark, bookſeller in Dundee, and old by him and the other bookſellers in town and country, 1766." His dedication to the honourable James Halyburton, of Pitcur, Eſq. is dated Callace, Auguſt 24th 1753, where he was pariſh ſchoolmaſter,

which ſituation he ſeems to have written the greater part of his poems. I was lately informed, by a perſon who ſaid he knew him, that having given himſelf up to hard drinking, he became poor and wretched. His end was truely deplorable, for his body was found in a ditch, by the road ſide, and no one to own it, of courſe he was buried at the expence of the pariſh.

In 1768, JOHN HARVEY, M. A. publiſhed "The life of Robert Bruce, kind of Scots, an heroic poem, in three books," which is dedicated to Lord Bruce. From what I have been able to learn reſpecting this author, it does not appear he was a native of Scotland. His poem has many of the requiſites of a legitimate epic compoſition, and, on the whole, deſerves a place amongſt the collections of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

In 1768, "The Fortunate Shepherdeſs, a paſtoral tale, in the Scotiſh dialect, by ALEXANDER Ross, ſchoolmaſter, at Lochlee, to which is added, a few ſongs by the author. Aberdeen, printed by, and for Francis Douglaſs," p. p. 150, large octavo. A ſecond edition of the "Fortunate Shepherdeſs," to which is added a gloſſary, was publiſhed with a dedication to the Ducheſs of Gordon, dated "Lochlee 1ſt January, 1778," corrected, but without being divided into cantos. A third edition was printed in 1787. "and ſold by J. Boyle, bookſeller, head of the Broadgate, oppoſite Mariſchal College, Aberdeen." The firſt edition, and this latter, lie before me, and are thoſe to which I refer in the following remarks.

The "Fortunate Shepherdeſs" is a poem of uncommon merit. In calling the readers attention to the exquiſite ſtrokes of nature that appear every where throughout this maſterly performance, I will be readily pardoned, when it is conſidered, how long it has been in print, and yet ſo much neglected. In a periodical paper, in which I bore ſome ſmall ſhare, printed at Edinburgh in 1796, is inſerted a firſt part of a critique on this poem, with juſtice aſcribed to me; I take this opportunity of repeating it here, and ſhall give the ſequel: but, being limited in my plan, in the preſent ſketch, I muſt neceſſarily be more brief and general in my remarks, than otherwiſe I would, were I at full liberty to follow my author in the manner I at firſt intended.

"HELENORE, the Fortunate Shepherdeſs," was the legitimate offspring of an honeſt pair.

When yet the leel (*a*) and ae-fauld (*b*) herding life,
Was not o'ergane by falſhood, ſturt, (*c*) and ſtrife,
But here and there part o' that ſeelfu' (*d*) race,
Boore love and lawty (*e*) in their honeſt face,—
—A ſonſie (*f*) pair of lad and laſs was found,
Wha honeſt love wi' halie wedlock crown'd;—
—The lad was Colin, and the laſs was Jean,
And fu' ſoon as the jimp three raiths (*g*) war gane,
The dantieſt little-ane bony Jean fuiſh hame,
To fleſh and bluid that ever had a claim.
The name the wean gat was HELENORE,
That her ain grandame brooked lang before;
—And NORY was brought up wi' unco care;—
—An' as ſhe grew, ſae did her beauty ſprout.

Infancy is the emblem of love. 'Tis a juſt one: for the pureſt and moſt exquiſite paſſion is that of early attachment. This our little heroine proved in its tendereſt form.

Fan NORY now a gangrel (*h*) trig was grown,
And had begun to toddle 'bout the town,
An honeſt neiper man, Ralph was his name,
A dainty ſtirrah (*i*) had, twa years out-gane,
And he was now weel ta'en the road him lane,
The callan's name was ROSALIND, and they
Yeed hand and hand together at the play,
Wa'd help her up, whan ſhe wa'd chance to fa'!
Wa'd gather gowans, and ſtring them on a ſtraw,
And knit about her bonny neck and arms.

This infant pair of lovers are repreſented as tending their parents ſheep, innocent and gay, as the lambs that play around them. Their love was like exiſtence; yet were they ſcarcely conſcious of

(*a*) *leal*, honeſt. (*b*) *ae-fauld*, without guile. (*c*) *ſturt*, wrath.
(*d*) *ſeelfu'*, pleaſant. (*e*) *lawtie*, friendſhip. (*f*) *ſonſie*, goodly.
(*g*) *raiths*, quarters of a year. (*h*) *gangrel*, applied to a child when beginning to walk. (*i*) *ſtirrah*, applied to a ſtout boy.

its realty, till the following circumſtance ſhewed how dear they were to each other.

Whan they were able now to herd the ewes,
They yeed together through the hieghts and hows,
Whileoms they tented, and ſometimes they play'd,
And ſometimes raſhen hoods and buckies made :—
—But on a day, as LINDY was right thrang
Weaving a ſnood, and thinking o' nae wrang
And baith curcuddoch (*k*), and their heads bow'd down,
Auld fleeket Lawrie (*l*) fetch'd a wylie round,
And caught a lamb anoner NORY's care;
She ſpied the thief, and gave a reeſu' rair,
LINDY bangs up, and flang his ſnood awa',
And i' the haſte o' rinning caught a fa',
Flaught-bred upon his face, and there he lay,
NORY purſuing as faſt as ſhe may
The cries and yammers gar'd the thief let gang
The ſakeleſs lamb, but not without great wrang;
For twiſh twa hillocks the poor lambie lies,
And aye ſell forret as it ſtoopt to riſe;
But that was naething to the dreary knell
That pierc'd her heart, when her dear LINDY fell.

A tender ſcene takes place on his recovery. She attempts to waſh the blood ſtreaming from a wound in his face, but in vain, till

A plantane leaf was clapped on the fair,
The bleed was ſtaunch'd, and then that ſtaunch'd her care.

Their mutual attachment increaſed with every new incident, and their morning of life ſtole gently on, without fear, anxiety, or jealouſy, without a pauſe in their enjoyments, ſave the repoſe of nature.

By this time LINDY is right well ſhot out,
Tweeſh nine and ten, I think, or thereabout;—
—And NORY was the bonnieſt laſſie grown,
Was to be ſeen a-landward or in town.

(*k*) *curcuddoch*, ſitting cloſe together. (*l*) *fleeket Lawrie*, the fox.

—Her hair was like the very threads of gowd,
Firſt hang well down, and then back ringlets row'd;
—You cou'd na look your fairin at her face,
Sae meek it was, ſo ſweet, ſo ſu' o' grace.—
—While through their teens the youth and maid advance,
Their kindling eyes with keener tranſports glance,

And now the "rural ſcandal and the rural jeſt," aſſail them from all quarters. Their love becoming more mature, other emotions mingle with the myſtic maze of this ſtrange paſſion.—Jealouſies ariſe, doubts and perplexities beſet them on every ſide. But NORY is the greateſt ſufferer.

Right dowie in the dumps ſhe ſeem'd to be.

LINDY clears away every ſuſpicion that clouded NORY's brow, by declaring his inviolable affection for her, who had his firſt and only vows.—And

—when love dwells between twa lovers leel,
Nor good nor ill from either they conceal:
Whate'er betides them, it relieves their heart,
When they get ſcouth (*m*) their dolor to impart.
——————————for a' our lovers art,
The mill and ſmithy had it now ſu' rife,
That LIND' and NORY wa'd be man and wife.
Even the auld folks themſelves were mair than fain,
When o' the bargain they began to ken.

But, alas! how unforſeen are the accidents of life! Even in the paſtoral ſtate, man is not exempt from the depredations of ſurrounding hordes. While all was happineſs and profound peace, the expected union of our lovers was blaſted by a woeful event, not uncommon in Scotland a century or two back.—While

Wi' goats and ſheep aboon, and ky below,
The bonny braes a' in a ſwarm did go,

(*m*) *ſcouth*, Freedom.

Nae property theſe honeſt ſhepherds pled,
All kept alike, and all in common fed.
But, ah! misfortune! while they fear'd no ill,
A crowd of KETTRIN (*n*) did their foreſt fill—
—And in the ca', nor cow, nor ewe did ſpare!—
The ſakeleſs ſhepherds ſtrove wi' might and main.
To turn the dreary chace, but all in vain;
Among the herds that play'd a mighty pa-t,
Young LINDY kyth'd (*o*) himſelf wi' hand and heart,
But, mair the maſter maws the field (*p*), and ſae
It fair'd with him, poor man, that hapleſs day
Three fellows bald, and like to lions ſtrang,
Were a' his wrack, and wrought him a' his wrang,
On him laid hands when he dow do na mair,
And wi' teugh raips they band him hard and ſair,
Then left him lying.————
—To hillock-heads, and knows, man, wife, and weane,
To ſpy about them, gather ilka ane;
Some o' them rinning here, ſome o' them there,
An' a' in great mazerment and care.
NORY, poor 'oman! had ſome farder gane,
For LINDY fly'd.——

But LINDY, her beloved LINDY is not to be found! and in this perplexity ſhe goes in ſearch of him. The confuſion occaſioned among the peaceful ſhepherds by this diſaſter, is deſcribed with peculiar force, and effect.—Meanwhile.

Poor NORY rins till ſhe dow rin nae mair,
An' ſyne fa's down;—
In this poor pickle heartleſs Nory lies,
Rowing her head, amind to never riſe.

(*n*) *Kettrin*, Highland cattle ſtealers. Cattle-ſtealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and many of the beſt families in the north can trace their deſcent from theſe daring ſons of the mountains. The produce (by way of a dowry to a Laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon, is proverbial; and by the aid of Locheil's lanthorn (the moon), theſe exploits were the moſt deſirable things imaginable. Nay, to this day, a Highlander that is not a ſturdy moraliſt, does not deem it a very great crime to lift (ſuch is the phraſe) a ſheep now and then.

(*o*) *kytled*, exerted.

(*p*) *but mair than maſter*, &c. a proverb.

O Lindy! Lindy! was her dowie ſang :—
—Cry what ſhe liked, Lindy cou'd na hear,
For ſhe for that a quite wrang courſe did ſteer.

In this hopeleſs condition, night came on "the howlet ſcreecht," and

—ilka time the on beaſt gae the yell
In ſpite of grief, it gave her heart a knell
At laſt, what wi' the fright, and what wi' grief,
An' ſoupet (q) ſpirits, hopeleſs o' relief:
Sleep bit by bit crap in upon her wae,

But "ſleeping an' waking Lindy fills her thought," her broken ſlumbers are thus diſturbed, and wakes at laſt, amid the horrors of the night.

—An' the night foul began again to ſhout
Thro' ilka limb, and lith the terror thirll'd
At ilka time the dowie (r) monſter ſkirl'd.
At laſt the welcome ſkie began to clear,
The birds to chirm, an' day light to appear;
This laid her eery (ſ) thoughts, but yet the pain
For her dear Lindy ever did remain.

Having ſtrayed ſo far from home as to completely loſe ſight of every known object that might aſſiſt her to find her way back, ſhe gives herſelf up to deſpair, and eſſays in vain to climb

Up thro' the cleughs, where bink (t) on bink was ſet,
Scrambling wi' hands an' feet he takes the gate:—
—At length, when ſhe unto the height had won,
What meets her here, but the ſweet riſing ſun.

Here ſhe ſits down, and the glories of a riſing ſun engage, for a time her diſtracted reveries. On looking round ſhe eſpys "a

(q) *ſoupet*, exhauſted.
(ſ) *eery*, fearful.
(r) *dowie*, diſmal
(t) *bink*, bench, ſhelf.

plump of everns (*u*),"—" right yape (*x*) ſhe yoked to the pleaſing feaſt," but every thing preſents to her imagination her dear loſt Lindy!—the berries bring to her fond remembrance her lover.

An' till herſell ſhe made this heavy main,
" Propines (*y*) o' this I'll get nae mair again
" Frae my dear Lindy: monie a time haſt thou
" Of theſe to me, thy pouches fuſhen fu':
" Alas, poor man!"—

—She now riſes, and purſuing the courſe of " a bonny burnie," and, " a bonny eaſy beaten road," which ſhe keeps.

Weening at length, ſhe meith ſome town eſpie,
An' ſae amo' them for her lover try.

The fervid glow of ſunſhine is beautifully deſcribed; and while overcome with the ſultry heat of mid-day, ſhe ſinks down beneath the ſhade of a tree " wi' branches thick an' bred," and falls aſleep.

Three hours to her that bliſs was lengthen'd out,
Whan, by odd chance, a huntſman came about,
A gallant youth.—

His ſurpriſe at ſeeing the lovely Helenora faſt aſleep, in that ſweet diſorder, that makes female charms more captivating, no wonder if " the gallant youth " was bewitched at firſt firſt ſight —and ſo it happened—for " when he ſaw her face "

So ſweet, ſo angel-like, ſo fu' o' grace;
He durſt na budge, nor ſpeak, nor gang awa,
But ſtood ſtane ſtill, like picture on the wa':
His fill o' looking he could never get.—

As he thus ſtood gazing on ſleeping innocence,

(*u*) *everns*, berries. (*x*) *yape*, keen appetite, (*y*) *propines*, preſents,

—She was aften ſtartin' thro' her ſleep,
An' ſumpering (z) as ſhe made to weep:
Still he looks on, at length herſel ſhe rais'd,
An' round about wi' conſternation gaz'd.
Upo' the 'ſquire as ſoon's ſhe ſet her eyes,
Up till her feet ſhe bangs wi' great ſurpriſe;
An' was to rin, he caught her by the claiſe,
An' ſaid, Sweet laſſie, huly an' ye pleaſe,
Ye's get nae wrang, byde only till I ſpeer,
What ye be ſeeking, an' what ſuiſh you here:
The grip detain'd her, but ſhe cudna ſpeak
Her tongue for fear, tint ſettle in her cheek;
Then ſaftly ſtill the 'ſquire intreats her ſtay,
At laſt ſhe gae a ſob, and cry'd, Hegh hey!
O let me gang, for I hae done nae ill—
There's nane here thinks it, ſays he, but ſtay ſtill:
Tell me what ails you, an' I'll right your wrang,
Be what it will, I ſanna had you lang;
My wrang! my wrang! gryt is my wrang, ſhe ſays,
Gin you heard tell of FLAVIANA's braes;
Frae them am I.—

She goes on, and tells him the ſad ſtory—the cauſe of her wandering; the young laird, for ſuch he proved to be, touched with her narrative, offers her protection.

And he intreated ſhe wad courage tak;
That he wad gar the gueeds (a) come dancing hame,
An' them pay deep an' dear that had the blame

He deſires her to proceed in her ſtory, and offers her ſomething to eat, and ſays,

Ye're juſt as welcome as my heart can mak you,
Nor need you fear that ony ſkaith (b) o'ertak you
As lang's I'm here, for me I's do you nane.—

He thus detains her by the gentleſt perſwaſion, and by degrees, gains her confidence, ſo far as to give conſent to put herſelf

(z) *ſumpering*, ſobing. (a) *gueeds*, goods, (b) *ſkaith*, harm loſs.

under his guidance and protection; ſo he diſpatches his attend^ant to prepare a welcome for the fair wanderer.

At laſt and lang, when night began to gloem,
An' eery like to ſet on hill and howm,
To a bra' gentle place they drew in by
Of his, where an auld aunty had her ſtay.

He introduces Helenore to his aunt, and charges her to ſhew kindneſs to the maid. By the attentions of the 'ſquire and his aunt, the gratitude of Helenore, is, by natural tranſitions, converted into love. A converſation between his aunt and the 'ſquire, in which it appears an intended match, his father, (who is now dead) had in view for him, is broken off; of conſequence, finding himſelf at full liberty, and in poſſeſſion of his own affairs, he declares to his aunt his reſolution to offer marriage to the fair ſtranger; his prudent aunt oppoſes to this intention, the taunts and jeers of the world, which he as readily ſets at defiance; ſo, leaving Helenore to the care of this good lady, he ſets out in the true ſpirit of chivalry, to perform his promiſe in taking vengeance on the Kettrin, and make "the gueeds come dancing hame."

Now leave we Nory in her change of dreſs,
Under the care of aunty and of Beſs;
Till we acquaint you of poor Lindy's fate.—

He had been left tyed hand and foot by the mercileſs freebooters, till at laſt having bit through the cords that bound him, he found means to make his eſcape, and reach home. But, to his inexpreſſible diſappointment he finds his Nory gone, and no one to tell whither. He ſets out in queſt of her—he ſeeks her day and night, "cries mony a Nory, but nae anſwer hears," He falls again into the hands of

——————That very three
That with the raips gar'd him the dolor dree (s)

(s) *dolor dree*, undergo pain

Ho, ho, my lad, ſay they, ye are nae blate *(d)*
They gang right far about that never met:
It ſeems ye are na fairt (*e*) wi' what ye got,
Ye's ken that we can caſt a harder knot.

The barbarians but too faithfully keep their promiſe; and not only bind him, but threſh him moſt inhumanly, and

Than flung him by, juſt like a ſlaughter'd ſheep,
An' bade him reſt him there, and take a ſleep.

He is brought to the habitations of the Savilians, and lodged in ſafe cuſtody. While ruminating on his hard fate, he hears a fellow-ſufferer making a ſad lamentation, and this poor wretch turns out to be the father of his Nory, who had alſo been made priſoner. In this ſtate of captivity Colin and Lindy are made work more than they are able to bear, till a damſel of the Savilians falling deſperately in love with Lindy, contrives to alleviate their ſufferings, in hopes of gaining the affections of the young ſhepherd. She promiſes to favour their eſcape, on condition Lindy promiſes her marriage; and requeſts Colin to prevail on Lindy to comply with her earneſt wiſh. Life and liberty are too precious to ſtand on much ceremony, on what terms they are either to be preſerved or obtained; and theſe powerful motives urging Colin to procure freedom at any rate, endeavours to perſwade Lindy to promiſe *Bydby* marriage, were he never to perform it, rather than waſte the remainder of their days in this horrid bondage. Lindy conſents to carry on the deceit.—Having effected their eſcape, "they made a ſhift to tyne her by road," and thus got clear at once of their mercileſs tyrants, and Lindy's intended ſpouſe. No ſooner had poor Bydby diſcovered that Lindy was off, than ſhe reſolves to follow him northward, to where ſhe had heard, "Flaviana lay." She encounters extreme difficulties. Two men attack her, and offer her rudeneſs; ſhe meets a third with wild diſtraction in his air, aſks if ſhe had met the former two, whom he ſaid had

(d) blate, baſhful. *(e) fairt*, ſatisfied.

murdered his brother; ſhe informs him that ſhe had, and points out the place whence ſhe had made her eſcape from them; he paſſes on in fury; Bydby purſues her journey.

At laſt an lang as night began to fa',
Near to ſome dwelling ſhe began to draw,
That was a' burrach'd *(f)* round wi' trees,
Thro' which the reek (*g*) from the lumb head ſhe ſees;
That gate ſhe ſees, an' as ſhe wears in by
Amo' the trees, a laſs ſhe does eſpie:—
—An' ſa (*h*) was this—but Nory.—

Nory kindly adminiſters to her wants, and queſtions her concerning the ſtrange-like appearance ſhe made, having a man's coat on.

—Nory ſays, what's been your fate
That ye hae fa'en in ſic a ſtaggering ſtate,
What means that coat you carry o' your back,
It cud na miſs to be your utter wrack?
Ye maun, I ween, unto the kards belang,
Seeking perhaps to do ſome body wrang,
An' meet your crew upo' the dead o' night,
An' brak ſome houſe, or gee the fouk a fright,
I was o'er buſie geeing you relief,
Whan, ablins, (*i*) ye at beſt are but a thief.
Hegh, hey, quo Bydby, this is very hard!
Then whan fouk travel, they are ca'd a kard; (*k*)

Nory makes an apology, and Bydby tells her adventures, how ſhe fell in love with Lindy, &c.

An' Nory's heart was at the tale right ſair,
But ſhe was troubled with another care
Her heart for Lindy, now began to beal, (*l*)

Thus, the tender emotions of early aſſociations ruſh on her memory; ſhe heſitates but for a moment; her reſolution is taken,

(f) burrach'd, incloſed. *(g) reek*, ſmoak. *(h) ſa.* who. The *w* is frequently ſounded like *f* in the north of Scotland. *(i) ablins*, perhaps. *(k) kard*, a gypſy. *(l) beal*, or *bale*, to ſorrow.

and ſhe goes off with Bydby for Flaviana, where ſhe expects to meet her deareſt Lindy.—Thus, the firſt canto ends.

The ſecond canto begins

> Wi' lightſome hearts, now up the burn they hey,
> An' were well on the road by break o' day.

The poet makes a ſhort digreſſion on the vexation occaſioned by the ſudden departure of Nory from the young laird's aunt, after which, he deſcribes the progreſs of Bidby and Nory to "Flaviana's braes." They are caught in a thunder ſtorm

> ——About the lynth (*m*) hour o' the day,
> An' they are poſting on what e'er they may,
> Baith het an' meeth (*n*), till they are haleing down,
> The ſun he dips, and clouds grew duſk around;
> A' in a clap the fireflaught (*o*) blinds their eyn,
> The thunder roars, and nae a breath between,
> Hurle upon hurle, an' juſt aboon their head,
> That o' their waims they fa' as they were dead.
> Sair bet their hearts, the bowden clouds they brack,
> An' pour as out o' buckets o' their back:
> Now they conclude that here their truff was made,—

—but ſoon the ſky clears, "an' the ſun brak throw wi' cheerfu' ray,"—ſo, when burns began to fa'," "they ſcour awa'," till night falls.

> Syne piece an' piece together down they crap,
> An' crack till baith o' them fell on a nap.

Having ſlept ſoundly, they riſe with the morning lark, and purſue their dubious way, till "they ſpie a little ſhiel far in a how;" they deſcend, and fall in with a matron, that gives them the kindeſt welcome. This ſhiel, or dairy, is happily deſcribed.

(*m*) *lynth hour*, mid-day. (*n*) *meeth*, exceeding hot. (*o*) *fireflaught*, lightning.

On ſkelfs a' round the wa's the cogs were ſet,
Ready to ream, and for the cheeſe be het;
A hake was frae the rigging hinging fu'
Of quarter kebbocks tightly made an' new
Behind the door, a calour hether bed
Flat o' the floor, of ſtanes and fail, was made.
An' lucky ſhortly followed o'er the gate,
Wi' twa fu' leglins, foaming o'er an' het;
Syne ream'd her milk, an' ſet it o' the fire;
An' bade them eek the bleeze, an nae to tyre.
That curds their waimfu' they ſud get on haſte,
As freſh an' gueed, as ever they did taſte.
Sair looked ſhe on Nory's bonny face,
An' ſays, young laſs I wiſh you meikle grace;
Sweet are your looks, an' of good nature fu',
He'll get nae blind that chances to get you;
Your bonny rozered cheeks, and blinkin eyn,
Minds me upon a face I've ſometimes ſeen.
Weel look ye baith, I dinna mean to lack
The ane, whan I but o' the ither ſpak—

She then "ſpears far they cam thrae, an' far they mean to ſpeed," to which anſwers are given by Nory at full length. Having reſted themſelves a conſiderable time, "the gueed-wife," who turns out to be the young laird's dairy maid, points out the way to Flaviana. Nory and her companion ſet out again on their jonrney; and each, fired with the dear idea of beholding Lindy, "ſcour faſt o'er bent and brae," till at length the wiſhed for Flaviana appears

As they the water paſt, an up the brae,
There Nory monie a time had wont to play,
Her heart wi' nettie grief began to riſe—
—She ſays my heart is like to gang awa'—

She deſires Bydby to go to

——Lindy's door;
That by the caſt o' ground, the neareſt lay
Juſt at the bottom of a ſunny brae,
My laſs ſlips in,—

The firſt perſon ſhe ſees is Lindy, who had been all the while ruminating on his loſt Nory; he lifts up his eyes and to his utter aſtoniſhment beholds Bidby; but ſuddenly recollecting himſelf he bids her welcome, makes an aukward apology for having given her the ſlip, and deſires her to walk in. Bidby claims him as her's in right of his promiſe, and threatens to have him taken up by her kindred, if he dares to refuſe; he wiſt not what to do; but truſts to the chapter of accidents. Meantime, Nory ſlips in, "when they're i' the fix fax o' their din." Jean (Nory's mother) flies to meet her Nory, and

Lindy looks alſo butt, an' Nory ſpies,
An' O my Nory! O my Nory! cries,
Flaught bred (*p*) upon her, but the houſe he ſprang,
An' frae her mither's oxter (*q*) fierclings wrang,
An' O my Nory! my dear Nory! cries,
Sweet, ſweet, indeed to me is this ſurpriſe!

But Nory does not return Lindy's carreſſes with equal rapture; this did not diſpleaſe Bidby; nor could Lindy ſay with Captain Macheath, "*How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.*" Bidby by this time had found out her ſhare in Lindy was not over well ſecured; however, ſhe ſtorms, and threatens to ſend the Kettrin, ſhould ſhe be diſappointed. Our poet fails not to deliniate the various characteriſtics of contending emotions; and fear getting the better of Lindy, while the old folks repreſent to him the danger his noncompliance with the demands of Bydby expoſed them to, from the *Savilians*; he heſitates whether to cling to his dear Nory, or ſave the whole village from impending ruin. The poet leaves this part of the ſtory, and ſays,

Thus at their bargain I my lads maun leave,
Till of the ſquire ſome ſhort account I give;
Who to his aunt returning miſs'd his pout,
An' was in unko' rage, ye wad na doubt;

(*p*) *flaught bred*, open arms. (*q*) *mither'e oxter*, mother's arms.

For her he juſt was like to burn the town
An' to ſeek for her, made him ſhortly boun.

He accordingly ſets out with his attendants after her, and on his way learns "frae his auld mammy," (the dairy maid formerly noticed) that Nory by this time had reached Flaviana, to which place he directly bends his courſe, and finds the fair fugitive among the group of aſtoniſhed villagers, who came thronging out of their cots, to ſee the meeting between the young ſquire and Helenore.

In throw the thicket o' the crowd he ſprang,
——He claſp't her hard an' faſt,
With baith his gardies (*r*) round about the waiſt;
An' laid a thouſand on her bonny mou',
That was as red as roſe that ever grew.

It cannot be expected that Lindy was an indifferent ſpectator at this warm interview.

Sad were the dunts and knells yeed to his heart,
To think that Nory had miſplaid her part;
An' now began to think, 'twas nae for nought,
That o' *his* welcome ſhe ſo little thought;
When ſick a ſquire about her was ſae thrang,
Out o' his wits he juſt is like to mang;
Thinking for her to come to ſick a paſs,
An' a' ſeem'd now but ſcores amo' the aſe.

Doubtleſs jealouſy muſt have wrought a ſudden change in the warring emotions of poor Lindy's breaſt; but here, it muſt be confeſſed, our author fails in ſufficiently accounting for this part of his ſtory. One is hurt at the clowniſh manner which Lindy yields to the importunities of Bydby, and the old folks: nay, even the young laird himſelf, (who is a party too deeply concerned to attribute his attempt to preſwade Lindy to marry the Savilian maid, to diſintereſted motives) ſeems moſt ſucceſsful in making up this match.

(*r*) *gardies*, arms.

Now Nory a' this while was playing prim
As onie lamb, as modeſt and as mim;
An' never a look wi' Lindy did ſhe ſa',
But chaw'd her cood, on what ſhe heard and ſaw.
Now Lindy's heart is haflins in a ſwidder, (ſ)
The wild Savilians put him in ſick a dridder; (t)
An' he 'bout Nory now cud ſpy nae lyth,
An' Bydby on him only looked blyth.
Then ſaid the ſquire, I wiſh we had a prieſt,
I'm thinking Lindy's a' this time in jeſt.

The laird adviſes, in the meantime, Colin and Ralph to reaſon the matter cooly with Lindy, which they do to ſo good purpoſe, as, in a very ſhort time, to perſwade Bydby and Lindy to unite in wedlock, and thus ends the ſceond canto.

The ſquare cud ſoon the alteration ſpy,
When they came a' ſae chearfully in by;
An' ſays I ſee ye're a' accorded now,
Ye winna trow what good advice'll do,
An' tho' poor Lindy looked half an' half,
Yet Bydby anſwer'd wi' a blythſome guaff; (u)
Well fell me now, the day is a' my ain,
There is nae pleaſure gotten here but pain.
Then ſays the ſquire, good friends, now had you merry,
We's hae the prieſt to end the dibberderry (x);
Kiſs on an' daut, and uſe your freedom now,
Nane now dare ſay 'tis ill done that ye do.
Wi' Colen I maun hae a quiet crack,
An' ye ſhall ſee a ſport when I come back.
Than taks he Nory by the milk-white hand,
That changing colours a' the time did ſtand;
Then bade he Colen bring his wife alang,
An' down they ſat a wee bit frae the thrang.

We cannot paſs over this laſt part of our author's ſtory, without ſome animadverſions; particularly with regard to Helenore's conduct. He does not, by any means, place his heroine in that amiable point of view, with which the feeling heart would moſt

(ſ) *ſwidder*, doubt, (t) *dridder*, dread.
(u) *guaff*, laugh. (x) *dibberdery*, confuſed debate.

ſympathize; we cannot ſay the thing is altogether out of nature.—The author ſays himſelf, "With regard to the conduct "of the ſtory in general, the author will poſſibly be blamed for "throwing ſo many rubs in the way of the young couple he "makes ſo fond of one another from their infancy, and much "more for diſappointing their hopes in the concluſion. To ob-"viate this, in part, he ſhall only obſerve, that the incidents "which bring all this about to him, ſeemed poſſible and natu-"ral; and he thinks this important leſſon is inculcated by the "trouble and diſappointment that Roſalind met with, that when "two young people have come under ſtrict engagements to one "another, no conſideration whatever ſhould induce them to "break their faith, or to promiſe things incompatible with "with keeping it entire. And beſides, though they are diſ-"appointed, they are not unhappy, for all things are ſettled to "their mutual ſatisfaction."* All this may have ſatisfied the author; but, it muſt be confeſſed, he was a better poet than a caſuiſt.

The third canto begins.

When they were ſet, he unto Colen ſays,
I've not yet tauld my errand to thir braes,
Yon threap (y) I think is feckly (z) at a cloſe,
But I have ſomething better to propoſe:
Poor Nory here is like to want her jo,
An' tooth an' nail I've wrought to have it ſo;

This declaration is as blunt, as honeſt; and the old people after affecting to pary off the honourable intentions of the young laird, conſent to Nory's and his union. Helenore prepares for the wedding; and

—by the time that Nory comes in by,
Like Venus from a ſcamper thro' the ſky,—

* See advertiſement to edition firſt, 1768, Aberdeen.
(y) *threap*, falſe allegation, a diſpute. (z) *feckly*, moſtly.

Lindy an' Bydby frae their quiet crack,
Right weel content, and blithſome like come back.

The meeting of Nory and Lindy is deſcribed. Lindy inſiſts

—Nory now before you a',
That on my ſide the bargain did na fa';—
—Then Nory ſmiles, an' ſays I's no come o'er,
Tweeſh you and me what happen'd has before,
That's paſt and gane, an' things ye ſee hae ta'en,
Anither caſt an' maun be latten alane;
But a' before here ſtanding I avow,
That naething wrang I hae to lay to you,
An' as a taeken, that I hae nae grudge,
Ye's ay be welcome where I byde to lodge;
An' fare as I do, an' what I can ſpare
I's ever mak you welcome to a ſhare.—

An' now the prieſt to join the pairs is come,
But firſt is welcom'd wi' a doze of rum;
An' now the hearts that chance together caſt,
In wedlock's bands are linket hard an' faſt;—

The marriage ceremony is crowned with a rural feaſt.

When dinner's o'er, the dancing neiſt began,
An' throw an' throw, they lap, they flang, they ran;—

While thus the gameſome mirth goes round,
Colen's behading o' the green,
An' mair nor pleas'd turns in a ſtund (*a*),
An' couthily ſays unto Jean,
What think ye 'omen o' this day,
May we not think our pains well wair'd,
An' that it is right blythſome play,
When our young Nory's gotten a laird.

Jean ſays, I thought ay good o' her wad come—

Colin now propoſes to hear "auld Jean ſing a ſang—Jean threaps on Colen that he's fu'," the young laird requeſt the

(*a*) *in a ſtund*, in haſte.

ſame favour, and Jean is prevailed on to ſing "The braes of Flaviana, to the tune of The laſs of Patie's mill." After the ſong, the dance begins; but

As thus the dancing an' the mirth gaes on,
Ane looks about, and ſays, See ſirs what's yon!
A knott of men advancing at full dreel,
An' O the foremoſt looks a fearfu' cheel!
A' look about, an' Lindy ſays, Ho ho,
Yon's the Savilians, what ſhall we do now?
An' yon's black Tam, that gangs alane before,—

The company in great terror, behold the approaching band.

The ſquire obſerves their fright, ſays, Never fear,
We's meet them wi' as ſharp and truſty gear;
Come, friends, wi' courage, let us meet the crew,
An' that there's men in FLAVIANA ſhew.

Meantime, they propoſe to attack the Savilians; he commands "the ſtout and ſtalvart (*b*) laird of Aikenhill," to go and tell the foe, to advance at his peril, Aikenhill accordingly goes

Wi' daring mein, frae aff a riſing mot,
He cry'd to ſtop, an' crying ſtampt the ground,
Until the hillock gae o trembling ſound,
The men, tho' bauld, yet at the fearſome ſight,
An' manly call, were ſome put in a fright;
An' ſtopt a wee, ſyne up mair ſaftly came.

The laird enquires the meaning of this hoſtile appearance, the Savilians reply, their ſiſter had been ſtolen away by the Flavianians, and they were now determined to have her at all hazards.—

—Now, the ſquire is ready to advance,?
An' in his hand takes up the glitt'ring lance,
An' bids the ſtouteſt o' the truſty throng,
Gird on their brands, and briſkſy come along.

(*b*) *ſtatwart*, robuſt.

Nory at this is ſuddenly agaſt,
An' to her ſquire with both her hands grips faſt;
Crying, Ye ſhanna, nay, ye maunna gang.
Yon kettrin crew will work you dead'y wrang;
For onie thing wi' you I'll never part,
For fear's already like to break my heart.
Fear na, my Nory, fear na, ſays the ſquire,
At ſight of us yon kettrin will retire.
Retire or no, ſays Norie, if you'll go;
But onie further ſpeaking, I'll do ſo.
Then come along, the ſmiling ſquire reply'd,
We'll look the better that we hae our bride;
Ye want not arrows that can wound an' kill,
Ye know ye ſhot me ſleeping i' the hill;
Your glancing eyn will mak their heads to-reel,
An' melt their arrows, tho' of beaten ſteel.
Sae hand in hand, the ſquire an' ſhe ſet out,—

The laird and his choſen band come boldly up to the undaunted foe, and a parley takes place; in which matters are amicably adjuſted; and, when the Flavianians demanded their reaſons for the frequent depredations committed by the Savilians, the latter replied,

We never thought it wrang to ea' a prey,
Our auld forbears practis'd it a' their days,
An' ne'er the worſe for that did ſet their claiſe,
But we ne'er heard that e'er they ſteal'd a cow,
Sick neſty tricks they wad hae ſcorn'd to do;
But tuming faulds, or ca'ing of a glen,
Was ever deem'd the deed of pretty men.

Such are the diſtinctions of rude ſociety! Pray, in what manner has civilized ſociety refined on this idea of *right* and *wrong*? But, to proceed, matters being adjuſted to the mutual ſatisfaction of all parties.

The face o' things is alter'd in a ſnap,
An' as they came, they ſang, they dane'd, they lap,
Colen an' Lindy now that fear'd the warſt,
This change obſerving, cam among the firſt,
Wi' Bydby dadding Lindy by the hand,
To welcome the Savilians to their land.

An' merry was their meeting o' the green,
An' O the ſhaking hands that there was ſeen!

The revelry being ended, a mutual league of amity is entered into; and, while the Savilians return to their own country, Nory and her enamoured laird depart for his paternal eſtate, where "THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS," receives the kindeſt welcome at BONNY-HA', of which, according to the Scotiſh faſhion, ſhe is hailed the Lady. Such, then, are outlines of this admirable production. With all its faults, it is aſſuredly, by far the beſt poem, in point of paſtoral ſimplicity, pathos, and appropriate phraſeology, the Scotiſh language has to boaſt. Any further comment would but weaken what I have already ſaid; and I have ſtudiouſly avoided overloading my critique with praiſe or cenſure, judging it the faireſt way, to lay before my reader the paſſages that appeared to me the moſt intereſting; at the ſame time, carrying on the chief incidents of the ſtory; well knowing the exquiſite touches of a maſter copying after nature, and addreſſing himſelf to the feeling heart, ſtands in no need of an interpreter. I ſhall here ſubjoin a ſmall piece, addreſſed, as I am informed, by Dr Beatie, under the ſignature of Oliver Oldſtile, to the author of the Fortunate Shepherdeſs *.

* *To the Printer of the Aberdeen Journal.*

SIR,

I have read the Fortunate Shepherdeſs, and other poems in broad Scotch, juſt publiſhed at Aberdeen, by Mr Alexander Roſs of Lochlee. This writer has given us the provincial dialects of Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenſhire, in great perfection; and I am convinced this work will be highly amuſing to all who reliſh that ſort of compoſition. A nice critic might, perhaps, take exception at his plot, at the prolixity of ſome of his ſpeeches, and at the impropriety of ſome particular incidents and ſentiments; but Mr Roſs, in his preface, hath made ſo modeſt an acknowledgment of theſe, and of other faults which he thinks may be found in the performance, that it is impoſſible for a good-natured reader not to excuſe them. Many genuine ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, and many beautiful touches of picturesque deſcription, are to be ſeen in this work. There is even an attempt at character, which, in one or two inſtances, is by no means unſucceſsful.—In his ſongs there is an eaſy turn of humour and verſification: ſome of them have long been known to the common people of this country, who ſing them with much

In addition to what I have communicated, with regard to the volume publiſhed by our author in 1768, I have the ſatisfac-

ſatisfaction and good humour. I beg leave to tranſmit to this facetious author, by the channel of you paper, the following lines, which may pleaſe ſome of your readers, and cannot, I think, offend any: and am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

June 1, 1768.

OLIVER OLDSTILE.

To Mr ALEXANDER ROSS *at Lochlee, Author of the Fortunate Shepherdeſs, and other Poems, In the Broad Scotch Dialect.*

O Ross, thou wale of hearty cocks,
See crouſe and canty wi' thy jokes!
Thy hamely auldwarld muſe provokes
Me, for a while,
To ape our guid plain countra' folks
In verſe and ſtile.

Sure never carle was haff ſae gabby,
E'er ſince the winſome days of Habby.
O mayſt thou ne'er gang clung or ſhabby,
Nor miſs thy ſnaker!
Or I'll ca' Fortune, Naſty Drabby,
And ſay, Pox take her.

O may the roupe ne'er rouſt thy weaſon!
May thirſt thy thrapple never gizzen!
But bottled ale, in mony dozen,
Ay lade thy gantry!
And fowth o' vivers, a' in ſeaſon,
Pleniſh thy pantry

Lang may thy ſteven fill wi' glee
The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
Which were right gowſty but for thee,
Whaſe ſangs enamour
Ilk laſs, and teach wi' melody
The rocks to yamour.

Ye ſhak your head; but, o' my fegs,
Ye've ſet auld SCOTA (*a*) on her legs.
Lang had ſhe lyen, wi' beffs and flegs
Bumbaz'd and dizaie,
Her fiddle wanted ſtrings and pegs.
Waes me! poor hizzie!

Since Allan's death, naebody car'd
For anes to ſpeer how Scota far'd;
Nor plack nor thriftled turner war'd,
To quench her drouth,
For, frae the cottar to the laird,
We a' rin ſouth.

The Southland chiels indeed hae mettle,
And brawly at a ſang can ettle;
Yet we right couthily might ſettle
O' this ſide Forth.

(*a*) The name Mr Ross gives to his muſe.

tion of having it in my power to preſent my readers with a brief account of his poſthumous works, in manuſcript; which, I have no doubt, will be acceptable to the admirers of the "Fortunate Shepherdeſs."

The devil pay them wi' a pettle,
That ſlight the North.

Our countra' leed is far frae barren,
It's even pithy and auldfarren,
Ourſells are neiper-like, I warren,
For ſenſe and ſmergh,
In kittle times, when faes are yarring,
We're no thought ergh.

O bonny are our greenſward hows,
Where thro' the birks the burny rows,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And ſaft winds ruſſle,
And ſhepherd-lads on ſunny knows,
Blaw the blyth fuſſle.

It's true, we norlans manna ſa'
To eat ſae nice, or gang ſae bra',
As they that come frae far awa';
Yet ſma's our ſkaith;
We've peace (and that well worth it a')
And meat and claith.

Our fine nefangle ſparks, I grant ye,
Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty;
They're grown ſae ugertfu' and vaunty,
And capernoited,
They guide her like a canker'd aunty,
That's deaf and doited.

Sae comes of ignorance, I trow,
It's this that crooks their ill-far'd mou'
Wi' jokes ſae courſe, they gar ſouk ſpue
For downright ſkonner.
For Scotland wants not ſons enew
To do her honour

I here might gie a ſcreed of names,
Dawties of Heliconian dames!
The formoſt place Gawin Douglas (*b*) claims,
That canty prieſt.
And wha can match the fifth king James (*c*)
For ſang and jeſt?

Montgomery (*d*) grave and Ramſay gay,
Dunbar (*e*) Scot (*f*) Hawthornden, and mae
Than I can tell, for o' my fae,
I maun break aff;
'Twould take a live-lang ſummer-day
To name the haff.

The ſaucy chiels—I think they ca' them
Critics—the muckle ſorrow claw them,
(For menſe nor manners ne'er could awe them
Frae their preſumption)
They need na try their jokes to fathom,
They want rumgumption

But ilka Mearns and Angus bairn
Thy tales and ſangs by heart ſhall learn;
And chiels ſhall come frae yont the Cairn-
amouth, right vouſty
If Ross will be ſo kind as ſhare in
Their pint at Douſly (*g*)

(*b*) Biſhop of Dunkeld, the celebrated tranſlator of Virgil's Eneid. He died 1522.
(*c*) The author of Chriſt's Kirk on the Green, The Gaberlunzie-man, &c.
(*d*) He wrote the Cherry and the Slae.
(*e*) Author of the Thiſtle and the Roſe
(*f*) Author of the Viſion, a poem remarkable for pathos and elegance of deſcription.
(*g*) On alehouſe in Lochlee.

The pieces put into my hands are contained in eight ſmall volumes, 12mo. The pieces are,

1. The Fortunate Shepherd, or the Orphan.
2. A Dream, in imitation of the Cherry and the Slae. (date) 1753.
3. Religious Dialogues, the ſpeakers of the vulgar kind, (date) 1754.
4. A Paraphraſe on the Song of Solomon.
5. A view of King David's afflictions, particularly Abſolom's unnatural rebellion.
6. The Shimeonite, from 2 Kings, chap 4
7. Moſes expoſed in the ark of bulruſhes.
8. An incitement to temperance, from a thought on the nice conſtruction of the human body
9. Moſes' ſtory continued.
10. Tranſlation of an elegant, and truly claſſical Latin poem, the inſcription of which bears Andrae Ramſaei, paſtoris Edinburgeni poemata ſacra,
11. The book of Job rendered into Engliſh verſe, by a well wiſher of the muſes, 1761.
12. The right of government among the Scots, a dialogue.
13. A deſcription of the creation, tranſlated from A. Ramſay's poem on the ſame ſubject.
14. A deſcription of the flood of Noah.

It is not my purpoſe to enter at large on the conſideration of the pieces before me; having already examined, at conſiderable length, the poem, that, in my apprehenſion, ſtamps our author as an original and entertaining poet; of conſequence, I ſhall be as brief as is conſiſtent with the importance of each article, in the order above ſtated.

Elated, as well he might, with the ſucceſs of his "Fortunate Shepherdeſs," our poet muſt needs try his hand on "The Fortunate Shepherd, or Orphan." He ſays in the introductory verſes,

Now lords and ladies, knights and gentlemen,
That I have rous'd the labours of my pen,
As well's ye leſſer folks that but your lift,
An' keeſt into my lap your willing gift,
May a' the thanks a grateful heart can gi'e
Be your reward, and take them here from me,

Behold here half a dozen of lines, as poor as the pooreſt poet-aſter ever penned. He proceeds.

But poets may be vain, auld ALLAN * ſays,
So I maun theſe wi' others to be prais'd.
Happy, thrice happy, has my Nory been,
And mony a bonny fairly has ſhe ſeen, &c.

He goes on to invoke *Scota* hismuſe.

Lend me a lift, as weel I ken ſhe can,
My next eſſay ſhould make a happy man,
A FORTUNATE SHEPHERD.—

He is very earneſt in his invocation, and promiſes,

——the muſes, that have long been nine,
Shall now be TEN, and ye the foremoſt ſhine;
What wad ye mair?

Here and there we recogniſe the author of Helenore; for inſtance,

Gryte is the heeze ye've ge'en unto my fame,
And 'mang the poets regiſter'd my name;
Hence lang, perhaps, lang hence may cotted [quoted] be,
My auld proverbs well lin'd wi' blythſome glee;
As when the Jamper i' my former tale
O'ertook a cabbrach knibblack with his heel,
And heedlins ſtoited o'er into the moſs,
Some reader then may ſay, "Fair fa' ye Roſs,"
When ablins I'll be lang, lang dead and gane,
An' few remember there was ſick a ane.—
—If I be found to copy o'er myſell,
That's *Flaviana* o'er again they'll tell;
So let me not my readers diſappoint,
Nor tell an idle ſtory out of joint.
Her anſwer was, Syne ye hae doon ſae well,
I'll help you yet to ſhape another tale:

* Allan Ramſay.

Perconon that ye by your text abide,
And take pure nature for your truſty guide,
And uſe my leed, as ye did i' the laſt,
Sae doing, ye may get a canny caſt.

"The Fortunate Shepherd, or the Orphan," begins thus,

Lang ſyne, in troubſome times, in Cromwell's * days,
When wiers and miſter had haraſh'd the braes,
When gryte and ſma' wi' pinching want oppreſt,
Were forc'd to ſeek their bit where they could beſt,
When houſe-holds hail took a' the gate at anes.—

In thoſe troubleſome times, our poet places the hero of his piece young Kenneth,

A blooming boy was he, round face'd an' fair,
And like the threads of goud his yellow hair,
Stout limbs an' ſound, an' firm as ony tree
Were his, an' of a' ſeeming eclift free;
No linen kind had ever touch'd his ſkin,
As few thir days had cen [kend] that claith to ſpin;
A lindercoerfe cut out of hoden gray
Neiſt to his ſkin, as white's the paper lay;
A blanket of the ſame his ſhoulders clad,
A ſpacious broach before its faſt'ning made.

Thus, "without hoſe or ſhoon, to ſave his youthfu' limbs frae ſnaw, or froſt," young Kenneth wanders from his deſolated country, in company with a beggar woman, "through mony a wilſome glen," till

Sair ſpent wi' faut, wi' hardly pith to ſtand
When they fell in at laſt wi' Murray land—
—Upon ſome gentle place, the wand'ring twa
Baith weet and weary on a night did fa'.

Here they meet with the kindeſt welcome; the ſudden change from extreme hunger to repletion, ſo affected young Kenneth, that he

* Our poet ſeems much at a loſs in what *troubleſome times* he meant to fix on, for his tale, having drawn his pen through Donald's, and alſo through Malcom's, he fixes on Cromwell's days, as it now ſtands.

Grew ſick upon't, and almoſt ſwarft awa',
His guide too fright, and did for curance ca';
The lady kind ſome haleſome things apply'd,
So that until he cure'd wi' her he ſtay'd.
His wyllie guide thinks this a canny caſt;
Ae morning up ſhe gets, and aff ſhe paſt,
And leaves young Kennith—
Weening the lady wou'd the ORPHAN keep.

Thus, caſt on the protection of this lady, Kenneth is taken into favour "An' very ſoon became a houſhold bairn;" from this piece of good luck, his future proſpects open, and the ſtory, though ſomewhat too prolix, is carried on with the author's uſual addreſs. After a great variety of adventure, Kenneth who, while he was a ſhepherd-boy, had fallen in love with the fair daughter, of his kind protectreſs, was betrayed into ſome extravagances, which forced him into the army, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf. He at laſt was promoted to the rank of captain, came home, and married his faithful miſtreſs. Thus, valour, honour, and merit were rewarded in the tale of the FORTUNATE SHEPHERD.

The next piece that comes under conſideration, is article 2d, A Dream, in imitation of the Cherry and the Slae, written, as appears, in 1753. It begins thus:

O did the muſe that once inſpir'd,
And dear Montgomery's boſom fir'd,
But lend an ear to me;
Could I but ſuch a ſtory tell,
As he has figur'd out ſo well,
How happy ſhould I be?

After an apoſtrophe to Montgomery, he proceeds,

Alone, as muſing thus I lay
Upon a pleaſant ſummer's day
Beneath a beechen ſhade,
The birds around me with their ſang
Sae ſweetly thro' the buſhes rang,
That I reclin'd my head.
A little ſtream ran purling by,
With murmur calm and ſweet;
The fair primroſes charm'd my eye,
So was my bliſs complete.
Invited, delighted,
In hearing, ſight, and ſmell,
Whiles thinking, whiles winking,
Mine eyes together fell.

In theſe lines we diſcover all that ſimplicity, and elegance of rural deſcription, in which our author is ſo inimitable. He no ſooner falls aſleep, "than fleeting dreams began." He is led by Fancy to the bowers where the ſages of former times were repoſing.

Mong many more than I can tell
Was worthy DOUGLAS of Dunkeld,
With Virgil in his hand.—
BUCHANAN alſo ſweetly rhymes,
The royal DAVID's pſalms,
Converting them to Latin hymns,
Like one in heav'nly qualms.
Next writing and diting
The ſtory of his land,
That LIVY, believe me,
Revived by his hand.

As I am looking me aronnd,
My dear Mongomery next I found—
—I made a courtly bow,
The civil bard my mein eſpies,
And courteouſly unto me ſays,
Thy mint young man purſue—
—You ſeem to have a curious eye,
But things more worthy to eſpy,
Come, and I'll let you ſee.

Accordingly, Montgomery aſcends with our poet the heights of Parnaſſus, where they meet with lions, that ſtrive to make a prey of thoſe who endeavour to gain the ſummit.

But he who rhyme and reaſon keeps,
Needs not their roaring fear,

His guide propoſes he ſhould try to expand his wings, and he would lead him in the flight, then rallies him for his timidity; and having, with no ſmall difficulty, gained the eminence they wiſhed, his guide ſhews him various proſpects, in the manner the angel did Adam in the paradiſe loſt, by the help of a ſpy-glaſs, which Montgomery put into the hand of our poet, at the ſame time, he

—aſk'd [his] guide he would forgive [his] muſe,
In ſingle ſtanzas if to write [he] chuſe.

"Leſt fetter'd by it, the rhyme might ſuffer, or the ſenſe might die—obligingly he gave his countermand, to try his *hand* in any numbers," of courſe, the meaſure is changed to lines of ten ſyllables, and in the manner of Pope. Now, thrones, kingdoms, and provinces are in his view, but no one was by, ſave his dear Mongomery. The grand events of the univerſe are laid open; a retroſpect of the reformation is taken.

One CALVIN with a grave religious beard,
Profeſſed for a little to be heard;

And told that ROME now deſolate was grown,
That no reſpect ſhould to her cry be ſhown,
That what ſhe call'd her merit was her crime,
And that her faults had grown, as grew her time.
That this was fact.——

In ſhort, having ſurveyed the evils of popery and prelacy, he naturally prefers the pure ſimplicity of "ſound PIETY." The next in order is,

3. Religious dialogues, written, as it ſhould ſeem, in 1754.

The intention of theſe ſacred dialogues is pious; and if here and there inaccuracies appear, the Chriſtian reader will not be much diſpoſed to find fault.

4. A paraphraſe on the Song of Solomon.—It is but poorly executed.
5. A view of King David's afflictions.—This alſo is poor.
6. The Shemeonite from 2 Kings 4 —Poor indeed.
7. Moſes expoſed in the ark of bulruſhes.—Very ſo ſo.
8. An incitement to temperance from a thought of the nice conſtruction of the human body.—This is a piece of quaint nonſenſe.
9. Moſes' ſtory continued.—No better than the former.
10. Tranſlation of an elegant, and truly claſſical Latin poem, the inſcription of which bears ANDREÆ RAMSÆ, paſtoris Edinburgeni poemata ſacra.

To this tranſlation I ſhall beg leave to call the reader's attention. This work was the laſt production of the author. He wrote it, as he himſelf informs the reader, in the eighty-ſecond year of his age*. The original of this tranſlation is the well

* Mr Roſs's introduction is in the following words, "*Tranſlation* (1782) (the date is but faintly written, or rather ſeems as if it had been partly eraſed) of an elegant, and truely claſſical Latin poem, inſcription of which bears Andrae Ramſaci, paſtoris Edinburgeni poemata ſacra.

"This poem, with ſeveral others, the works of our countryman, diſtinguiſhed in their day for their literary accompliſhments, had been in my poſſeſſion for upwards of ſixty years paſt, nor had I conſidered the treaſure I was in poſſeſſion of, till more minutely obſerving the plan and ſpirit wherewith the above poem was written, how noble the deſign was, and how intended to diſplay the gracious ways of God to man, by bringing, as it were, to our view, the re-
ſult of the council of peace, the great
tery of godlineſs, God made m
the fleſh; I was determined
ſame with diligence, The
have had in his eye to correct
account we have of the crea

known poem, Lauder, in his "Eſſay on Milton's uſe and imitation of the moderns, in his paradiſe loſt." (See p. 78. et paſſim.) accuſes Milton of having ſtolen from. With what fidelity and freedom our author has performed ſo ardous a taſk, at ſo advanced an age, the learned reader will be able to judge, by the following examples. In order to render theſe extracts as intereſting as poſſible to the critic, I ſhall ſubjoin Lauder's tranſlation alſo; and, I hope, the author of the "Fortunate Shepherdeſs" will be found ſecond to neither Lauder, nor any other who has attempted a tranſlation.

ANDREAE RAMSAEI,

PASTORIS EDINBURGENI,

POEMATA SACRA.

CREATONIS RERUM DESCRIPTIO POETICA.

Liber I *.

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION BY ROSS.
QUAE maſſae dedit orſa rudi vis diva creatrix,	WHAT divine power creative eſſence gave
Diſtribuitque locis, diſcludens Nerea terris ;	To the rude maſs at firſt, aſſigning each
Viſque opifex eadem ut ſinuatis orbibus orbes	Its proper place, disjointing earth from ſea;
Arcuat, & caeli camerat faſtigia ſumma ;	And how that ſame almighty artiſt fram'd
	Spheres within ſpheres, and arch'd the heavens above,

by Ovid, and to ſet in a truely poetical light, the account given us thereof, by MOSES, to which, as the beſt recommendation of itſelf, we refer, could we be ſo happy, as, in any meaſure, to do juſtice to the elegant original. But to attempt a tranſlation of a work of ſuch poetical merit, at my time of life, going the eighty-ſecond year of my age, that had ſo long eſcaped my obſervation, muſt, in the judgment of the world, be accounted unſeaſonable, nor can I withhold my own from it; however, I behoved to yield to the prevailing impulſe, and have ſome how got through the ſame, I ſhall not ſay with that accuracy that became ſo ſerious an undertaking, yet endeavoured to ſupport the beauties of the original, as far as was conſiſtent with the inconveniences I lay under, of the reach of our own language coming ſhort of the poet's elegances, and of my coming ſhort of what our language may be allowed to be capable of.

* Blaeu's edition, Amſterdam, 1637.

Utque hominis libata polo mens Numinis hauſtu,
Semina mortiferae labis concepit Edene;
Unde Dei ſoboles caeli radiantia templa
Liquit, ut aetherea reduces nos ſiſteret arce,
Argumentum ingens, celſae dignum alite mentis,
Pandere fert animus, Mihi tu qui moenia mundi
Struxiſti, glomerans flammato fornice caelum,
Adſis ſancte parens: faciliſque in vota vocanti
Adſis Nate Patris, mundi melioris origo:
Qui Patre, qui Nato manas communis utrique
Spiritus adſpira, atque animis illabere noſtris.
Non mihi Pegaſides curae, non praeſes Apollo
Pegaſidum, nil Cyrrha juvat, nil numina vana.
Alma trias, Deus unus agat praecordia motu,
Ut ſacrare aevo, numeriſque extendere poſſim
Facta Dei, & rerum tantas evergere moles.

And how the heaven-born human mind got firſt
In Eden fair the mortal ſtain:
And how the Son of God heav'n's radient towers
Forſook, that he might lapſed man reſtore,
And in etherial ſeats again replace.
Grand argument indeed, which would require
A ſeraph's wing, to give it proper flight,
Is what my mind propoſes to diſplay.
With me, O holy Father, who at firſt
The world's walls fram'dſt with thy almighty hand,
And ſhap'd the ether to a flaming vault
Aſſiſtant be, and thou the Father's Son
The ſpring and founder of a better world,
Thy aid impart, and thou O holy Spirit
In common kindly iſſuing from both,
Propitious be, and ſlide upon my mind,
For I Apollo and his train deſpiſe,
With all the vain and fab'lous deities,
The vot'ries of the muſes to invoke.
Let the bleſt three in one inſpire
My willing breaſt, that I to times to come
God's mighty deeds may properly declare;
And hidden things becomingly unfold.

LAUDER's TRANSLATION.

What pow'r divine to this rude maſs of things
Gave birth; aſſigning each its proper place:
Old ocean to his own appointed bed
Confining: how the ſame effective pow'r
Orbs within orbs created, heavens high arch
Extended wide o'er ſea and ſhore: and how
The human ſoul, by God inſpir'd from heaven
In Eden's Paradiſe of mortal guilt
The ſeed confin'd; whence God's eternal Son
Forſook heavens radiant manſions, that loſt man
He might reſtore to climes of forfeit bliſs
A lofty theme! worthy a daring ſoul!
I mean, to unfold. Be preſent to my aid
O thou! who heavens and earth's foundations laid
Eternal Father! be my ſuit invok'd,

Thou coeternal Son! of a loſt world
Reſtorer! of a better thou prime ſource!
From Father and from Son proceeding! deign
Thy influence, holy Spirit! and gently glide
With ſweet influx, into my inmoſt ſoul!
No muſes are my care, not *Phœbus'* ſelf
The muſes patron; *Cirrha* nought avails,
Nor fabulous heathen deities, vain names!
Bleſs'd trinity! one God! my ſpirit raiſe
That to poſterity I may tranſmit
God's noble acts, and weighty truths unfold
In never-dying verſe; immortal theme.

Thus far we may judge of the abilities of the traducer of Milton's fame, and the amiable and learned Roſs, as faithful to their original, and free in their poetic diction; to ſay nothing of the great age of the one, while the other in the vigour of manhood; morover, Roſs in deep retirement, ſecluded from men and books, while Lauder in London, amidſt the literati of England, and having the firſt libraries in the iſland at his command, had every advantage.

I am often moved, by turns, to ſmile at the ſilly attempts of ſome, and execrate the bold attacts of others, on the works of a Shakeſpear, or a Milton. Is it of any moment, if an original and great genius happening to hit on the ſame train of thought, with either an ancient, a modern, or a contempory ſhould expreſs himſelf in a ſimiliar manner? Yet, how often do we ſee much pains waſted, in tracing reſemblances, and calling them plagiariſms, or imitations *. Thus Lauder expoſed himſelf. Had he been

* The Creation, fall of man, and the myſtery of redemption, ſeem to have been ſoon after the reformation of religion, the general topics of poetical exercıſes. "On the creation and paradiſe loſt, by Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knt. is to be ſeen in Ramſay's Evergreen, 1724, which begins thus:

God, by his word, his work began,
To form this earth and heaven for man,
The ſea and water deep;
The ſun, the moon, and ſtars ſae bright,
The day devydit from the nicht,
Their courſes juſt to keip;
The baiſt that on the grund do muve,
And fiſhes in the ſie,
Fowls in the air, &c.

In ſhort, had Milton been diſpoſed to borrow, he had not far to go, and might have taken from manuſcripts and printed books, what his judgment and taſte ſhould have approved, had the rich ſtores of his own mind run ſhort in the execution of his great and original performance Paradiſe Loſt.

content to ſhew that Ramſay and Milton, in treating the ſame ſubject, had fallen in many ſimilar paſſages, on very ſimilar modes of expreſſion, and ſhewn a remarkable coincidence in both theſe reſpects, there had been nothing unfair in all this; but, to mix truth with falſhood, is the peculiar art of all detractors, and ſuch as wriggle into notice, by traducing merit, and blighting the reputation of matchleſs excellence. But to return to our author—his tranſlation, is by no means equal throughout. He ſeems quite loſt in the mechaniſm, ſo to ſpeak, of blank verſe. For inſtance, the ſecond book,

"How happy man's condition in his primogenial integrity," begins thus,

When the great author all his work had done,
And earth' and ſeas, and heav'ns above had fram'd,
With all the hoſts that make the mighty whole,
To ſacred reſt he gave, not ſuch as ſlow
And reſtive mortals to themſelves allow.

In Ramſay's poemata ſacra, book third, entitled, "De Lapſu Protoplaſtae & omnium in eo poſteriorum." The ſerpent's addreſs to Eve is the following, and ſeems to bear a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſerpent's ſpeech, in Milton's paradiſe loſt, book ninth.

RAMSAY.	ROSS'S TRANSLATION.
O terrae pelagique potens, rerumque ſub aethra	O thou that bear'ſt the ſway in earth and ſea
O regina! poli quae ſceptra capeſſere digna!	With all the vaſt expanſe below the ſkies,
Et Jovae trifidum moliri fulmen Olympo!	O queen deſerving to preſide in heaven,
Quid terras habitas humiles? aut ſi Dea terram	And thence Jehovah's thunder bolts to throw.
Sub ditione tenes, cur terrae excludere fructu?	Why walk'ſt thou on this grov'ling earth? or if
Qui victum tenuem, pomumque parabile vobis	Thou, as a goddeſs, ruleſt this earth below,
Invidet, an Superum dabit ille accumbere menſis?	Why thus forbid its choiceſt fruits to taſte?
Non dabit, & ſi adverſa ſedet ſententia mente,	Will he, think you, who this reſtraint has laid
Heu te vana fides, et ſpes deludit inanis!	On you, an apple not to touch, that you
	By reaching forth your hand may take at will,
	Allow you ever with the gods to feaſt?

Haec ſerpens: non incaſſum, non irrita vento
Verba volant, errans ceu nervo pulſa ſagitta
Aufugit, & vacuas nequicquam verberat auras:
Nam ſi non hoſtem ſternit primo agmine facto,
Munit iter letho: quippe illa immanibus auſis
Contra ire & referire ictus non fortiter inſtat:
Sed molli affatu mulcens, his ora reſolvit.

He never will; or if you fondly think
He'll not that bliſs deny, your hopes are vain,
Thus ſpake the fiend, nor were his words in vain,
Or paſt without effect into the wind,
As arrow drawn by urging ſtring
Flies off, and to no purpoſe beats the air:
For if by his firſt blow he brings not down
The foe, at leaſt he paves the way for death;
For ſhe neglecting boldly to repell
The daring onſet, makes this meek reply.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, *Book Ninth.*

Wonder not ſov'reign miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou can'ſt, who art ſole wonder: much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heaven of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleaſed that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus attir'd,
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker, fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty adore
With raviſhment behold, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man excepted
Who ſees thee? (and what is one?) who ſhould be ſeen
A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſav'd, &c.

Ramſay and Milton, it ſhould ſeem, deemed flattery more captivating to female fortitude, than Moſes hath been pleaſed to acknowledge. Who can tell but flattery was the forbidden fruit our firſt parents were not to taſte?

They will be ſufficiently apparent, without my pointing out, the verbal inaccuracies in the verſes quoted of Mr Roſs's paraphraſe: they are ſuch, as, by a careful reviſal, might have been, by the author himſelf, rendered fit to meet the eye of the public.

12. A dialogue of the right of government among the Scots.

The perſons George Buchanan and Thomas Maitland.

This piece is in proſe. It contains many judicious obſervations, and ſhrewd remarks, pertinent and logical in no ſmall degree. The ſtile is by no means inelegant. For example,

Maitland. ——" ſeeing then we cannot free the King of the " laws, who then ſhall be legiſlator, whom we ſhall give him as a " pedagogue?"

§ 26. *Buchanan.* " Whom chiefly think you ſhould have the " charge?"

" *M.* If you aſk me, I would have the King himſelf. For in " other arts moſtly, we ſee their rules given out by the artiſts: " which they themſelves uſe as commentaries on account of " ſtrengthening their memory, and to admoniſh others of their " duty.

" *B.* On the other hand I ſee no difference whether we leave " the King at liberty from laws, or give him a power to make " them. For no man will of his own accord caſt himſelf into " fetters. And I know not, whether it will be better to leave " him free, than to cloſe him in bonds that will profit nothing " ſince he can extricate himſelf when he would.

" *M.* But when you commit the government of the kingdom ra- " ther to the laws, than to the King, take care, I entreat you, that " you impoſe not a tyrant upon him, when you make a King in " word only, that may" *preſs him with government and bridle him with fetters and priſon;* " or may ſend him to labour in the field " unburthened with fetters, or give him up to the bake houſe.

" *B.* Soft and fair, I ſet no Lord over him, but I would have " the people that have given up themſelves to his government, " to have it in their power to ſet bounds to his government: and " I aſk that the King ſhould uſe that right that the people have " given him over them, nor do I incline that theſe laws ſhould " be forced upon him, as you interpret it, but I think they " ſhould deliberate in common, the King taken into the council " what may in common make for the ſafety of all." p. 53. and 54.

There are ninty two ſections in the tract; from the ſlight look I have taken through it, I am of opinion it might be rendered a

very valuable performance, by, perhaps, the judicious uſe of the pruning knife, and a careful reviſal of the whole.

13. The deſcription of the creation &c. from Andrew Ramſay's Poemata Sacra.

The contents of this volume appear to be the firſt draught of Ramſay's poem already noticed at ſome length. The date on part of book third is 12th. June 1781. Tittle of this part—" The ſerpents addreſs to Eve in the Garden of Eden according to Mr. Andrew Ramſay Miniſter in Edinburgh his elegant and practical deſcription thereof in his Poemata Sacra" It begins thus,

By chance the woman walking all alone.

14. A deſcription of Noah's flood.

This ſeems quite a detached thing of little or no value.—Specimen.

Whene'er a cloud o'er ſpreads the hemiſphere,
And ye again may judge a deluge near;
My bow with fair, and various colours dreſt,
Shall forthwith in the wat'ry clouds be plac'd,
A certain ſign to you that rain no more
Shall drown the world as it did before. *P.* 16.

Here then, is another proof, how ill the vulgar verſion of the bible will bear to be paraphraſed. Mark the ſimplicity of the vulgar verſion. " And it ſhall come to paſs, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow ſhall be in the cloud: And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all fleſh; and the waters ſhall no more become a flood to deſtroy all fleſh." Gen. ix. 14, 15.*

Having brought to a cloſe my remarks on the works of the ingenious author of " The Fortunate Shepherdeſs," I have only to add ſuch little information reſpecting him, as hath come within

* When the earth is overclouded, the bow doth appear in the clouds; I will remember my covenant betwixt me, and you, and every living ſoul, or all fleſh: There ſhall be no more a deluge to deſtroy all fleſh. Lookup's Berafhith; or the firſt book of Moſes called Geneſis, chap. ix. I am ſorry I have not Geddes's books of Moſes by me, of conſequence, have it not in my power to give an extract of the ſame paſſage from his elegant and learned tranſlation.

theſe few days * to my knowledge, and to my no ſmall ſatisfaction, from ſo reſpectable a perſonage, as the friend of Ross himſelf, the Revd. JOHN PIRIE, miniſter of Lochlee, who, while attending his duty at this General Aſſembly, with that politeneſs, ſo truely characteriſtic of worth and urbanity, kindly favoured me with the following reply to an application which I made for ſome paſſages in the life of our author.

SIR,

Mr Alexander Roſs was born about the year 1700. His father was a farmer, in the pariſh of Kincardine O'-niel, Aberdeenſhire; it is not known how he paſſed his younger days, but, after becoming a good Latin ſcholar, he went through a regular courſe of univerſity education at Aberdeen. (It is believed to have been at Mariſchal college) His firſt ſettlement was at Birs, where he was admitted parochial ſchoolmaſter, about the year 1733. He removed to Lochlee, Forfarſhire, where he continued till May, 1783, when he died. Reſiding fifty years in the centre of the Grampians, and ſecluded from the converſe of men and books, he had little opportunity to improve that poetical talent of which he was poſſeſſed. He married before he came to Lochlee, had a ſon and four daughters; three of the daughters are ſtill alive. His grandchild, Mr Alexander Thomſon (ſon of his eldeſt daughter) is miniſter of Lintrethan, Forfarſhire, who, doubtleſs, can inform as to many particulars †. Beſides the manuſcripts you mentioned, I have ſeen one which he called "The *Shaver*," a dramatic piece, the ground work of

* 29th May, 1798.

† The following is an extract of a letter (in reply to mine, dated 25th May, 1798) from the Revd. Alexander Thomſon, (dated Lintrethen, 14th June, 1798) the grandſon of Roſs. "He (Roſs) was a plain man, had the character of being a good ſchoolmaſter, was very religious, which appeared by his behaviour, as much as by his profeſſion. He was an excellent Latin ſcholar, and wrote with conſiderable accuracy, till the days of old age and infirmity, when he wrote a poem, entitled "The Orphan," and attempted to publiſh it at Aberdeen, with ſome other little performances, which, on account of their inaccuracy, of which the worthy author was not ſo ſenſible as (he) would have formerly been, he was adviſed by Dr Beatie, one of his beſt friends, not to publiſh."

which was as follows, viz. a barber boy in Montroſe, named Jamiſon, had the addreſs to perſwade his maſter and others, that his uncle, in Ayrſhire, had died poſſeſſed of conſiderable property, and left him (Jamiſon) ſole heir, and the impoſition was not diſcovered till after he had obtained the hand of a young lady, in marriage. Perhaps Mr Thomſon at Lintrethan, may have this performance in his cuſtody.

I am,

EDINBURGH, *May* 25, 1798. SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

Aleur Campbell,
at MAYFIELD. Jo. PIRIE

No country whatſoever, perhaps, has abounded more in indigent genius, than hath the northern parts of this iſland. Without enquiring into the cauſes, which are various and many, that ſeem to militate againſt talents buried in obſcurity, and unmerited neglect; I ſhall proceed to notice an intereſting example of the truth of this remark, in one of the moſt amiable and promiſing geniuſes Scotland had to boaſt, as an ornament to her annals of literature, whoſe poems appeared

In 1770, namely, MICHAEL BRUCE. His father, Alexander Bruce, was by trade a weaver. His mother, Ann Bruce, who is, ſo far as I know, ſtill alive, and if ſo, in the eighty-ninth year of her age, was the daughter of a humble peaſant; but, though poor in means, nature had bleſſed her with what conſtitutes the baſis of wealth, and the beſt ſupport of a ſtate, a numerous and induſtrious family. Our poet was the fifth born of eight children. This event, which at one time promiſed to be in no ſmall degree propitious, took place at Kenniſwood, an obſcure hamlet in Kinroſsſhire, 27th March, 1746. But, alas! a weak habit of body from infancy, was but too ſuſceptible of the effects a rigorous courſe of ſtudy neceſſarily impoſed on perſevering indigence. He attended the univerſity of Edinburgh for four years, preparatory to his entering into the church; but his views were put an end to by his death, which took place on the 6th July, 1767, in the twenty-firſt year of his age. For a farther

account of this amiable young man, I refer my reader to that ſhort account ſubjoined to the edition of his poems above mentioned, to No. 36. of the Mirror, and Anderſon's life of Bruce, ſee "prefaces, biographical and critical."

In 17 0, there appeared a ſilly performance, entitled, "The Formidable Triumvirate, or the Malignant Club, (in the Hudibraſtic manner")

In 1772. "The Sentimental Sailor, or St Preux to Eloiſa. an elegy, in two parts, with notes, dedicated to John James Rouſſeau," was printed (anonymous) at Edinburgh. The author, I am informed, of this truely claſſical poem, was ——— Merce , a writer in Edinburgh, who, for ſome illegal malverſation in his dealings, was obliged to leave his country. He has written and printed ſeveral other pieces of poetry, of conſiderable merit, a volume of which appeared in 1774.*

In 1772, "Daphnis, a paſtoral elegy, written October, 1755," was printed at Edinburgh, for John Balfour (anonymous) The following advertiſement is prefixed. "The unhappy death of a valuable friend in North America, ſeventeen years ago, gave riſe to the following elegy; the reception of which from the public, may probably determine the fate of ſome other poetical attempts." I know not whether this *weeping* bard was tempted to reveal his name, or whether he vented any more of his ſorrowful ditties to the public.

In 1773, a volume of poems appeared, under peculiar and affecting circumſtances. It bears the title of "Poems on ſeveral occaſions, by James Græme. *Carmina de domini funere rapta ſui.* Ovid †."

In ſummer 1772, in the twenty-ſecond year of his age, Graeme died. His friend, (the learned editor of the "Prefaces, Biographical and Critical," prefixed to Mundel's edition of the Britiſh poets) Robert Anderſon, M. D. performed the ſacred truſt, repoſed in him by the youthful bard, of publiſhing the

* "Poems, by the author of the Sentimental Sailor; containing Arthur's Seat, Elyſium, a dream; of poetry, an epiſtolary eſſay," 4to.

† "Edinburgh. printed for W. Somerville, bookſeller, Lanark, 1773."

volume in queſtion, with due care and fidelity; here and there, the occaſional effuſions of his own fancy appear, which add much to the intereſt one is naturally diſpoſed to take in the literary productions of mutual friendſhip, in early youth. It was my intention to have given a ſhort ſketch of the life and writings of Græme, ſelected from Anderſon's "Critical and Biographical preface," to our poet's works. But I will not violate one of the moſt pleaſing literary productions I have ever read. To it, therefore, my reader isreferred. Many of Græme's pieces were firſt introduced to the public through a very reſpectable literary publication, in whichare to be found ſeveral pieces of fugitive poetry, of great merit, the productions of Scotiſh poets, namely, Ruddiman's weekly magazine. Among the contributors to this miſcellany, none claims our particular notice ſo deſervedly, as one of the moſt ingenious poets that hath appeared north of the Tweed, in this century; who,

In 1773, publiſhed a ſmall volume of poems *, than the perſon alluded to, Robert Fergusson. Diſſatisfied with the ſlender and imperfect account prefixed to the three laſt editions of Ferguſſon's poems, I reſolved, if poſſible, to procure materials for a more circumſtantial account of the life and writings of this favourite poet; whoſe early productions are a ſplendid earneſt of a fruitful genius, which, had it pleaſed heaven, to have ſpared him to riper manhood, one day, in all probability, would have ſhone forth in the higheſt ſphere of poetical excellence. But, alas! all his gay proſpects vaniſhed in an untimely grave.

Having applied to Mrs Invererity † the eldeſt ſiſter of our poet, for materials to make a ſketch of her brother's life, ſhe, with much candour and politeneſs, made the following communication.

* Edinburgh, printed by Walter and Thomas Ruddiman, 1773. Title, "Poems by Robert Ferguſſon."

† She has been married upwards of thirty years to Mr David Invererity, cabinet-maker, Canal ſtreet, by whom ſhe has a family of children.

Robert Fergusson was the ſon of William Ferguſſon, by his wife Elizabeth Forbes, (a woman of great worth and piety.) Our poet was born at Edinburgh, September 5, 1751. His father, who, it is ſaid, was in his earlier years a poet, abandoned the wanderings of the imagination, for the more ſolid occupations of a mercantile life, and was articled to a merchant at Aberdeen. Having ſerved his time, he left that city, and came up to Edinburgh, in the year 1746, much about the time the troubles of that period had ceaſed. On the third day after his arrival, he made application to Mr Bailie, the only perſon eſtabliſhed at that time as a haberdaſher in Edinburgh, for employment. On ſecurity being found by Mr Ferguſſon for *good principles*, Mr Bailie, who was one of the magiſtrates of the city, engaged him as one of his clerks, where he remained for ſome time. The company of Upholſterers in Edinburgh requiring an experienced accountant, applied to the father of our poet to take the charge of their affairs, who accordingly agreed with this company, and proved to them moſt uſeful, in conducting their buſineſs with fidelity and correctneſs. In this ſituation he compoſed a book of rates with great accuracy and judgment, which I have looked over with much benefit and pleaſure. With this company he remained till falling in with a gentleman of his own name *, connected with the law, he became one of his clerks, and continued till the breaking out of the war before laſt, when he was appointed clerk to the priſoners of war in the caſtle of Edinburgh. In this capacity he was of the utmoſt ſervice to government, as well as to the unfortunate ſufferers. From this charge, he removed to a more permanent, and leſs urgent employment in the Britiſh Linen Company's Office, in which he was, when the ſubject of this memoir was born.

Our poet, from his cradle, was in his conſtitution, rather ſickly. This untoward circumſtance, which accompanied him to the day of his death, peculiarly endeared him to his mother. He had an only brother, Hary, who ſhall be noticed in the courſe

* Mr Walter Ferguſſon, brother of the late governor Ferguſſon of Greenwich Hoſpital.

of this narrative. He had two ſiſters, Barbara and Margaret; the former is the wife of Mr David Invererity, already noticed; the latter is married to Mr Duval, who was lately a grocer in Edinburgh, now a purſer on board a man of war.

When our poet had eſcaped the maladies that aſſail our tender years, his mother taught him his letters; by degrees, he began to read, and ſoon diſcovered a fondneſs for books, that grew daily into paſſion. So rapid was his progreſs in acquiring a knowledge of his mother tongue, that, at the age of ſeven, he was ſent to the high-ſchool of Edinburgh, where he made ſuch progreſs, as ſurpriſed even thoſe who had formed the higheſt ideas of his uncommon aptitude. From the grammar ſchool of Edinburgh, he was removed to that of Dundee, where he remained, till he came over to the univerſity of Edinburgh. Here he ſtudied the various branches of literature and philoſophy, with great diligence and ſucceſs. But, the neceſſary charges of an Univerſity courſe, bore heavy on the ſlender income of our poet's father, who was adviſed to remove him to the univerſity of St Andrews, where his merit ſoon procured him his education gratis. Meantime, his father died. On his return home, his mother, unable to ſupport her ſon, was adviſed to put him to Mr Abercromy, a writer in Edinburgh, where he might qualify himſelf in that profeſſion, ſo as to be enabled to gain a genteel livelihood, with as little mental, or bodily labour, as any ſituation he could have been placed in, except one other, which had now been totally abandoned by our poet as, in his mind, too ſacred a function for any one, ſave he who can walk according to the rules of that goſpel, he is bound in duty to maintain and propagate.

Religion had made an early impreſſion on the warm imagination of Ferguſſon. Even in infancy, it ſhewed itſelf in a variety of inſtances, which, were it to any purpoſe, might be pleaſing to relate. Among others, the following may ſuffice as an exemple. His delight was in reading the bible. He there found the richeſt fund of entertainment. It would ſeem, that the book of Solomon's proverbs had attracted his particular attention. One day he came running into his mother's chamber, all bathed in tears, calling to her, in the moſt earneſt manner imaginable, to whip him. The good woman alarmed at this unuſal behaviour of her

boy, enquired the cauſe, when he told her with all the ſimplicity of innocence, "O mother! he that ſpareth the rod, hateth his child."

His vein for poetry made its appearance at a very early period of his life. While at the univerſity of St. Andrews, his gaity of manners and the flaſhes of his wit delighted and aſtoniſhed his companions and fellow collegians. He was conſtantly engaged in ſome humour or other. My lamented friend Dr. Charles Webſter, whom I have mentioned in a former page, and he were fellow ſtudents at both univerſities. St Andrews was the ſcene of their juvenile frolicks; and many a prank have I heard him relate of our poet and himſelf, with all that glow of fancy and deſcription, for which he was ſo eminently qualified. A circumſtance of this ſort had very nearly proved of ſerious conſequences to the academic reputation of young Ferguſſon. He was conſidered the beſt ſinger at the univerſity, of conſequence, he was oftener than he inclined, requeſted to officiate as clerk at morning and evening prayers. In order to get quit of this drudgery, he meditated the following ſcheme. It is uſual, according to the Scotiſh mode of Preſbyterian worſhip, to mention the names of perſons, who are recommended in prayer; our poet, who, as uſual, was in the precentor's deſk, roſe up with great compoſure, and with an audible voice, as if reading from a paper he held in his hand, ſaid "Remember in prayer —— a young man, (who was in the hall at the very inſtant) who, from the ſudden effects of inebriety, there appears but ſmall hope of recovery." This, as might be expected, threw the whole ſtudents into a ſudded fit of laughter. The profeſſors wiſt not what to do, and the aſſembly, in no wiſe diſpoſed to prayer, broke up, and diſmiſſed in peals of convulſive merriment. This indecorous behaviour had nearly coſt young Ferguſſon his gown; and had not Dr Wilkie (the ingenious author of the *Epigoniad*) ſtept in between him and the diſpleaſure of the reſt of the profeſſors, it may eaſily be conjectured what would have been the conſequences.

Fergusson left the univerſity, without any academic diſtinction, and ſoon after was placed in the law line, as before mentioned. It was during the leiſure which thoſe in any way connected with this profeſſion enjoy, in a degree beyond any other, that he be-

came celebrated as a poet. He could now rank among his friends, the firſt characters of his time, in the metropolis of Scotland. His heart was open and ſincere; he was modeſt, but not reſerved; good natured, but not to exceſs; full of vivacity, and vigour of intellect, and in ſhort, he was the moſt joyous and covetable companion Sociality had to boaſt. Is it any wonder then, ſo rare, ſo precious a gem, whoſe luſtre was ſo brilliant, ſhould have been ſought after, and prized according to its value? But, alas! the caſquet which contained this jewel, by repeated handling, became unable to hold it any longer. The delicate frame of our youthful bard, was but ill calculated for the orgies of the midnight revel, or the joys of the overflowing bowl. His health, much about the time he made his appearance in the gay world, began viſibly to decline, and while languiſhing in this ſtate, he received the following letter from his brother, who had changed his profeſſion from that of a mercantile, to a ſea-faring life.

Tartar, in Rappahanock River,
VIRGINIA, *8th* October, 1773.

DEAR ROB,

Since the beginning of laſt month, when I was favoured with your's of the 1ſt Februrary, 1773, I have been in moſt rivers in this province and Maryland: our buſineſs was to look out after ſmugglers, and had we been as active on that duty as others on the American ſtation, I might have been enabled to make my appearance in a brilliant manner: but alas! only a ſloop of eighty tons, from the Weſt Indies, laden with coffee and ſugar, fell to our lot. I had ſixteen dollars for my ſhare, three of which I gave towards buying a tender, and every fore-maſt-man gave one.

The tender is now manned, armed, and cruiſing in Cheſapeak bay, and, I am convinced, cannot fail of taking prizes; if the officers appointed on that duty are attentive. We had the moſt ſevere winter at Halifax, even experienced in that country; the harbour, though three miles acroſs, was frozen over for three weeks; the ſhip's company walked aboard and aſhore, nay, all our proviſions were got aboard on the ice, (which in many places

was thirty-ſix feet in thickneſs) notwithſtanding the ſtrong north-weſt wind, which blew moſt of the winter. When we arrived at Boſton, we were ordered to this country, which has been as hot this ſummer, as the former was cold in winter: ſuch a change of climate could not fail to create ſickneſs in the ſhip's company, but thank God, only three have died, one a natural death, and the other two drowned.

I had a very ſevere fit of ſickneſs at our firſt coming here, but being ſo much given to ſweating, it proved an effectual cure, although I am very weak through that means. I never lived ſo badly, or aboard here in point of proviſions, every ſpecies being the worſt of their kinds, and neither butter nor flower to be had.

I deſire you will write by the parquet on receipt, for if you lay hold of any other opportunity, your letter will be too late; the ſhip being poſitively ordered home early next ſpring, to my great ſatisfaction, being quite tired of a life that my paſt follies drove me to, and to which I have ſerved too long an apprenticeſhip. If every thing does not ſucceed to expectations, on my arrival in England, I am fully bent to return and ſettle in this country; having had the faireſt offers imaginable, could my diſcharge have been procured. In Virginia and Maryland in particular, I could do beſt by acting in a double capacity, by learning (teaching) the ſmall ſword, and the exerciſe of the ſmall arms, there being no regular forces in either province, and the officers of the militia being quite ignorant themſelves of that part of their duty.

I deſire it as a favour, you would often examine your poetical pieces, before you commit them to the preſs; this advice I hope you will the more readily take, as moſt young authors are apt to be more criticiſed, than thoſe who have had a little experience. *Pope* himſelf was one of the moſt careful in this reſpect, and none yet has ever ſurpaſſed him.

When I arrive in England, I ſhall give you the neceſſary directions how to ſend your works, and make no doubt of ſelling them to advantage, when the ſhip is paid off.

I am ſorry to hear of J. Wight's death, he was a worthy young lad, and one I had a true regard for.

Thick Peter, by this time, I hope, is recovered. I ſhould be glad to hear of Robertſon's and Addiſon's * ſucceſs, the latter, if in Edinburgh, I deſire to be kindly remembered to: I ſhould alſo be happy to hear how Sandy Young and John Cummins do, having often experienced their kindneſs, and been happy in their company.

In our paſſage from Boſton to Hampton we had a very narrow eſcape for our lives, being ſurrounded with one of the largeſt water ſpouts ever ſeen, which blackened the ſky for ſome leagues, and had we not barely weathered it, would have ſunk the ſhip and every ſoul aboard.

R member me, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to my mother, Peggy, Ra a ies, father, Parker, &c. &c. If you want either to ſucceed, or gain eſteem, be very careful of what company you keep; this advice I hope you will take, as it comes from one who has loſt himſelf merely through innattention in that reſpect †. Believe me it is impoſſible to write you as I would chuſe, being environed with twenty thouſand noiſy plagues, not

* Mr John Addiſon, who is alive and aged. He is the only Scotiſh muſician that receives the benefit from the fund for decayed muſicians in London. He practiſed with much reputation in Edinburgh, in the double capacity of muſic-maſter, and fencing-maſter. He had been a pupil of the celebrated Dr Pepuch, and is, I had almoſt ſaid, the only muſical theoriſt in Scotland: with him I firſt ſtudied the elements of muſical compoſition, and I found him always a communicative, intelligent, gentlemanly teacher. He publiſhed many years ago, Duetts for violins, but in ſo dry a ſtyle as to be little reliſhed, yet, the counterpoint is maſterly and correct, the melody and modulation want variety.

† There is ſomething peculiarly affecting in this advice from one brother to another, more particularly from one, who, like our poet's brother, had ſuffered by his own negligence and inattention. "Thoſe (ſays a moral writer) who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ſhall be reminded, that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." Johſon's life of Richard Savage. Harry Ferguſon, our poet's brother, felt the truth of this remark, in his own fate. He was bound an apprentice to a merchant, but his uncommon ſkill in the manly exerciſes of defence, &c. led him into company, and ſituations, that, at laſt, rendered it neceſſary for him to enter on board a man of war. I am informed Hary was little inferior to his brother, in a knowledge of the dead and ſeveral of the living languages, and had read and ſtudied a great deal—but to what purpoſe we find pathetically lamented in the letter above tran-

to mention execrations, ſo horrid, that would make the greateſt blackguard's (in Edinburgh) hair ſtand erect.

I hope you will make it your particular care, to ſtudy ſuch branches of education, as may be conducive to your future happineſs, and appear at leaſt once every Sunday in church, (I mean the church of Scotland) for how can you ſpend your time better. I was, like many, fond of the church of England's forms, &c. &c. but having been in a Romiſh church ſince, I find theſe forms are merely the —— of lazineſs, and differ but very little from one another; this you can be convinced of, in peruſing a Romiſh maſs book in Engliſh.

I am, with the greateſt regard,

Dear Rob, your affectionate, Br.

(Signed) HARY FERGUSSON.

Here then, we behold the kind ſolicitude of one brother for the welfare of the other, not only anxious to warn him of the danger inattention to moral rectitude expoſes one to, but alſo feeling the warmeſt intereſt in his literary purſuits. Beſides, the above letter exhibits other traits of character, not unworthy of remark, ſuch as his deſire of diſtinguiſhing himſelf in arms, for which his predilection had been the cauſe of that ſituation he ſo feelingly deplores. Moreover, it ſhews the offer made him by the Virginians, to come among them as a teacher of the art of defence, at what a low ebb their knowledge in military affairs was, immediately prior to the breaking out of the laſt war in America; and what a ſpirit of freedom, rouſed from repoſe, can achieve, when ſuddenly called forth in

ſcribed. Thus, talents, that might have been uſeful to ſociety, while, at the ſame time, productive of emolument and reputation to the poſſeſſor, were at once ſunk, by inattention, to the mere prudentials. O prudence! thou counterfeit of virtue! how many bow before thee, and ſhelter the vileſt affections under thy protection. Will nothing ſupply the want of thy mimic guiſe? Yes,—ſimplicity of manners—ſincerity—kindneſs—frankneſs, and affability; theſe, the concomitants of innocence, and hilarity, will render *prudence* ridiculous, and ſhew thee to be the mere counterfeit of *virtue*.

a juſt and glorious cauſe. But to return—ſcarcely had our poet received this affectionate letter, when, the wreath of public approbation had but juſt been bound on his temples; and while he was made drink deep of the cup of pleaſure, in all the variety of voluptuous indulgence, a circumſtance occurred, that gave a new and fatal turn to his imagination.

It happened in the Autumn of 1774, while on a viſit to a friend in the neighbourhood of Haddington, that one day, as young Ferguſſon was ſauntering near the church yard of that town, that a perſon of a ſudden joined him, who accoſted him in a polite, and familiar manner. The ſolemnity of the ſcene naturally ſuggeſted a converſation, rather of a moral caſt, which, by degrees, became abſtract and gloomy. This ſtranger turned out to be a pious divine, of the ſect called Seceders from the church of Scotland; his name was Brown, author of ſeveral works in divinity, well known among the true believers of that ſect. Mortality and a judgment to come, were the topics our divine choſe to expatiate on; and bring home to Ferguſſon. Theſe topics ſeemed to ſink deep in the mind of our poet, and they parted; the one, convinced he had found a loſt ſheep, the other, that he had been led too far aſtray, to find favour in the ſight of the chief Shepherd of Iſrael. He returned to his mother's houſe in all the agonies of religious horror; and ſoon ſunk into a ſtate of complete deſpondency, which at times was contraſted with ſmiles, mixed with contempt and ſcorn: his malady had now made ſo rapid a progreſs, that confirmed derangement was but too evident; nights and days paſſed in total abſtinence and want of ſleep, all the while ſpeaking aloud, and, alas! at times ſo outrageous, as to require force to keep him from doing violence. His mother, who had protracted the period of his confinement to the laſt moment, was now obliged to give up her darling ſon to the care of a public aſſylum. About the fall of night, two or three of his moſt intimate friends came with a chair, to the door of his mother's houſe. He was quiet, and they approached him with confidence. He enquired, in his uſual way, of their welfare, and, after ſome converſation, one of them propoſed that he ſhould go with them to a friend's houſe,

to ſpend the evening, to which he readily conſented; he was placed in the chair, in which he went, very peaceably, till he entered the great hall, off which, the cell appointed to receive him, was prepared. All was ſilent—he looked in wild amazement around him—he ſet up the holloo of hopeleſs miſery—it was repeated in the inſtant from every cell in the houſe—thrilled with horror, his friends departed, and left the wretched Ferguſſon to his fate. But here he was not, as ſome ſuppoſe, neglected; on the contrary, his friends were permitted to ſee him in his lucid intervals. A few days previous to his diſſolution, his mother, and ſiſter (my informant) were admitted into his cell, where he lay on his bed of ſtraw, calm, and ſeemingly collected. The evening was chill and damp; he requeſted his mother to to gather the bed-cloaths about him, and ſit on his feet, for he complained much of their being cold, and inſenſible to the touch, ſhe did ſo, and his ſiſter ſat by his bed-ſide; he looked wiſhfully in his mother's face, and ſaid, "O mother, this is kind indeed;" then turning to his ſiſter, "Might you not frequently come, and ſit by me thus? —you cannot imagine how comfortable it would be—you might fetch your ſeam, and ſew beſide me;" to this, no anſwer was returned; an interval of ſilence was filled up with ſobs and tears, "What ails ye?—wherefore ſorrow for me, ſirs?—I am very well cared for here—I do aſſure I want for nothing—but it is cold —it is very cold—you know I told you it would come to this at laſt—yes, I told you ſo—O do not go yet—mother! I hope to be ſoon—O do not go yet—do not leave me. The keeper approaches, and whiſpers them, "It is time to depart." This was the laſt time our poet, his mother, and ſiſter ſaw each other. Mrs Ferguſſon had meditated taking her ſon home, hopeful that his recovery might be permanent. Having received a remittance from her ſon Hary, who had been promoted, and who at all times behaved in the moſt dutiful manner, ſhe was enabled to provide matters in a decent manner for Robert's reception. But, while ſhe was pleaſing herſelf with this fond idea, on the evening of the 16th of October, 1774, a meſſage was brought her, that her ſon was no more; that he had breathed his laſt without a groan.

Thus, was ROBERT FERGUSSON relieved from the miſeries attendant on what is deemed the moſt woeful of human calamities, while ſociety was deprived of one of its brighteſt ornaments, as a true poetical genius, an amiable, and affectionate young man, cut off in the bloom of youth.

I have often witneſſed the tribute of a tear, when his name has been mentioned by thoſe who knew him. I remember, in the year 1780, ſix years after his deceaſe, TENDUCCI, with whom I was then a pupil, talking of poor Fergusſon, burſt into a flood of tears, and repeated his name with the tendereſt emotion; indeed he never mentioned him but with the livelieſt regret.

Dr Anderſon informs me he firſt met Fergusſon at one Stuart's (a bookſeller's ſhop, in the Candle-maker-row) in 1771, that he frequently met him in private parties, in the apartments of ſtudents, then at the Edinburgh college; that he often accompanied him to the theatre, of which amuſement he was paſſionately fond, as appears from many of his pieces, particularly an epilogue of great merit, "ſpoken by Mr Wilſon, at the theatre-royal, in the character of an Edinburgh buck," beginning,

> Ye who oft finiſh care in Lethe's cup,
> Who love to ſwear, and roar, and *keep it up*,
> Liſt to a brother's voice, &c.

It would appear he had formed ſome reſpectable connections at the theatre of Edinburgh, among the number, Mr Woods,* whom he mentions in his laſt will and teſtament, (among his poems) in the lines following:

> To WOODS, whoſe genius can provoke
> His paſſions to the buſkin or ſock,
> For love to thee, and to the Nine,
> Be my immortal Shakeſpeare thine:
> Here may you through the alleys turn,
> Where Falſtaff laughs, where heroes mourn,
> And boldly catch the glowing fire
> That dwells in rapture on his lyre.

* It is but juſtice to ſay, that, as an *actor*, and as a *man*, the public of Edinburgh have for five-and-twenty years highly approved of Mr WOODS' abilities, and the rectitude of his conduct. He is, perhaps, a rare example, how much prejudice may be conquered by probity, ſtrict honour, and profeſſional merit; for the Scots, even yet, retain ſome of the rigid notions of ancient antipathy to the ſtage.

Others of his friends, ſome of whom are alive, are mentioned in this whimſical piece; among thoſe, poor Oliphant, who diſappeared ſome years ago, and was never heard of; he alſo was a poet. His poems, ſo far as I know, were never collected for publication.

Mrs Ferguſſon, on the death of our poet, wrote to her only ſurviving, and dutiful ſon, Hary. His anſwer, dated, "Tarter, in Halifax harbour, 6th May, 1775," lies before me; he writes,

"It is beyond the power of human invention to deſcribe how I was affected by the loſs of an only brother, who always had my intereſt at heart, and with whom I was in great hopes to have ſpent many agreeable days. But that there is no certainty on this ſide the grave, is a truth that we daily experience, and plainly prove, ſo that to repine is weakneſs to the higheſt degree. I earneſtly deſire you will take care of ſuch papers and writings as he has left, (for my perufal) for I ſhall be more pleaſed in being poſſeſſed of them than riches; as the former may ſerve to perpetuate his memory, which the latter cannot do.

"We are now actually at war with the Americans, &c.

"I am glad the money you got, came ſo opportunely: whenever a remittance is made, you ſhall not be forgot. My greateſt deſire is to get home, and ſettle for the remainder of my days, being greatly tired of this way of life. Remember me in the ſtrongeſt manner," &c.

So far as I can learn, our poet, previous to the attack of his malady, burnt every ſcrap with his own hand; and while in the act of ſo doing, he was heard to ſay, "I am ſatisfied—I feel ſome conſolation in never having written any thing againſt religion." Soon after the religious horror had ſeized him, he got hold of a bible, and kept conſtantly reading it. In this, he ſeems to have reſembled poor Collins, who, according to the writer of his life, (Johnſon) had withdrawn from ſtudy, and travelled (through France) with no other book than an Engliſh teſtament, ſuch as children carry to ſchool; when his friend took it into his hand out of curioſity, to ſee what companion a man of letters had choſen, "*I have but one book*, ſaid Collins, *but it is the beſt*." Thus

we ſee, that of all others, religious madneſs is the moſt incurable. Ferguſſon was in his perſon, rather ſlender; his countenance expreſſed the vivacity of penetrative genius, yet, modeſty was mingled in his glance. His manners were accommodated to the moment; he was gay, ſerious ſet the table in a roar, charmed with his powers of ſong, or bore with becoming dignity his part in learned, or philoſophical diſquiſition. In ſhort, he had united in him the ſprightlineſs and innocence of a child, with the knowledge of a profound and judicious thinker.

Of his poetical works, the public have long given the ampleſt teſtimony of their merit. In the Scotiſh language, his pieces are ſtamped with genius. His Engliſh poetry is certainly inferior to his Scotiſh; yet, the lines "written at the hermitage of Baird, near Edinburgh," will ever be acknowledged as inferior in beautiful deſcription, and elegant verſification, to none in any language. His "Odes to Horror, to Diſappointment, a Dirge," are in his beſt manner, and poſſeſs an uncommon glow of feeling and fancy "Ode to Pity, Ode to Hope," are alſo beautiful compoſitions, and ſhew, how chaſte, and appropriate he made his ſtudies, and arrangements, from the rich ſtorehouſe of nature, and claſſical learning.

It ought not to be paſſed over in ſilence, the luſtre it reflected on Burns, his having erected a monument to the memory of Ferguſſon, in the Canongate church-yard.

In 1774, "Poems, chiefly paſtoral, on ſeveral occaſions," were printed at Edinburgh. Theſe poems are poor in the extreme; ſome are in a kind of Scotiſh, and ſome in a ſort of Engliſh dreſs.

In 1774, "Poems, chiefly rural," 12mo, were printed at Glaſgow. This volume is the production of a lettered muſe, that of Mr Profeſſor Richardſon. In 1775, he publiſhed an Epithalamium on the marriage of the Duke of Athol, and Mrs Graham of Balgowan. He has ſince publiſhed ſeveral pieces of poetry, that have been favourably received.

In 1775, Mr William Harper, ſenior, a Scotiſh Epiſcopal clergyman, publiſhed "The Song of Solomon, with an introduction, &c. Edinburgh, ſold at Oſſian's head." The author

inſiſts on this Song being a ſymboli al repreſentation of Chriſt and his church. Dr Geddes is of a different opinion.

About this time the author of "The Man of Feeling," wrote a pleaſing rhapſody, entitled, "The Purſuits of Happineſs, a poem."

In 1775, "The CALEDONIAD, a collection of poems, written by Scotiſh authors," was printed at London, by W. Hay, and ſold at his ſhop, next to the Academy of Artiſts, near Exeter Change, Strand, 2 vols, 12mo. Moſt of the authors names are marked with their initials. Among the reſt there appears the following initials of a young lady, Miſs E—a B—ce, I ſuppoſe it reads Miſs Eliza Bruce

In 1776, Paſtorals, by J. Riddle, was printed at Glaſgow, 4to, p. p. 27. There are ſome good lines in theſe paſtorals; and, upon the whole, are ſuch, as do not, by any means, diſcredit the author. I know nothing of him.

In 1776, Mr C. Keith, then a ſtudent of the univerſity of Aberdeen, publiſhed a ſmall poem, in the broad Buchan dialect, of conſiderable merit, entitled, "The Farmer's Ha'."

In 1776, Miſs Edwards publiſhed by ſubſcription, a volume of miſcellanies, in proſe and verſe, at Edinburgh, "printed for the author, and ſold by C. Elliot." One meets ſo ſeldom with a Scotiſh female writer, that it were ungallant to be ſevere in criticiſm, therefore I ſhall paſs on to notice ſeveral pieces aſcribed to Mr John Tait, writer to the ſignet, who

In 1776, publiſhed poetical legends, &c. by the author of the "Cave of Morar." On the whole, the pieces aſcribed to this gentleman, ſhew a degree of taſte and feeling, that do him credit as a votary of the muſes.

In 1777, John Ogilvie, D. D. publiſhed his RONA, a poem, in ſeven books. This poet, though in many parts of his works incorrect, and unharmonious, is poſſeſſed of a maſculine and claſſical vein, that ſeems rich and inexhauſtable.

In 1777 "A deſcriptive poem on his grace the duke of Argyle's noble palace at Inverary was publiſhed by James Maxwell, author of the new verſion of the pſalms, &c. Glaſgow, printed for the author". The poet, on leaving Inverary, ſays,

Oft I look'd back, and loath to leave the ſight,
Until the hills depriv'd me of it quite.
Then I remeb'red *Lot's* rebellious wife,
Whoſe looking back depriv'd her of her life;
But had her looking back been no more fault,
She ne'er had been turn'd to a rock of ſalt.

This miſerable poetaſter has the following note on theſe lines, "Lot's wife's looking back, ſeems to have been with an eye of "pity, and love to a place which the Lord had curſed, and de- "voted to everlaſting deſtruction; but my looking back was to "a place the Lord had bleſſed, and I hope will bleſs."

In 1777, JAMES BEATIE, L. L. D. edited "all the verſes (he) was willing to be conſidered as the author." It requires no ordinary powers in criticiſm, to do juſtice to the talents, various as ſplendid, of the author of the "Minſtrell," the philoſopher of the human mind, who has, for near half a century, added the effuſions of true genius to our fund of uſeful and elegant knowledge. Feeling myſelf unequal to the taſk, I ſhall not by any feeble effort of mine, blight the wreath that ſhades his venerable brow, which, by public ſanction, has been juſtly awarded him. It is not to be underſtood, by what I have ſaid, that I agree with Dr Beatie, in all his phyſical, and metaphyſical notions; yet, as a poet and a philoſopher, he ranks, in my mind as high as any of the preſent day. Few imitations of Spencer come up to "The Progreſs of Genius," and, it is ever to be lamented, the Doctor's leiſure had not permitted him to go on with this elegant compoſition. The firſt book appeared in 1771, and the ſecond, as he himſelf informs us, was concluded in 1773.

In 1778, CALEDONIA, was printed (anonymous) at London," for T. Cadell, in the Strand. This poem is accompanied with notes. The whole is very poor indeed. I know nothing of the author. A gentleman told me lately it is the production of a Sir ——— Dunbar.

In 1779, "The Silver Gun, a poem, in three cantos," a ſatyrical production, made its appearance. The author is ſaid to be Mr John Mayne, now printer of the STAR. This ingenious young man is ſaid to have written ſeveral pieces, which, for ſpi-

rit and poetical merit, vie with thoſe of either Burns or Fergusſon.

In 1780, "The SEASONS, in four deſcriptive poems, with moral reflections and hymns, by William Cochran of Strathaven," was printed at Edinburgh, "for the author, and ſold by R. Jameſon, Parliament Square." Any thing under the title of "*The Seaſons*," after the poem on the ſame ſubject, by our Thomſon, muſt be coldly received, unleſs eminently diſtinguiſhed for deſcription, imagery, and ſublimity of thought. Mr Cochran, whoſe profeſſion, as I am informed, was a taylor, claims, at leaſt, our conſideration, for his modeſty and candour, in acknowledging his diſregard of praiſe or cenſure; his attempts to tune the vocal reed, being moſtly to pleaſe himſelf and a few friends, who were naturally diſpoſed to "make large conceſſions in his favour."

In 1780, The revd. Mr Cameron of Kirknewton, publiſhed (without his name) a volume of "poems on various ſubjects. Edinburgh, printed by Gordon and Murray." I have ſeen later productions aſcribed to the muſe of this gentleman, viz. "poetical dialogues on religion, in the Scotch dialect, between two gentlemen and two ploughmen, Edinburgh, printed by Peter Hill, at Thomſon's head, Parliament Square, 1788," and an "Ode on Lochiel's birth-day, 1796."

In 1780, "Thoughts, in proſe and verſe, ſtarted in his walks, by John Hope, Eſq." were "printed at Edinburgh for Charles Elliot."

In 1780, "Poems, chiefly compoſed from recent events, by Mr Niſbet, (now phyſician in Edinburgh) made their appearance. Theſe poems are merely juvenile productions, and although licked into ſome ſort of ſhape, by the "writer of the *Man of Feeling*, Dr Blacklock, Mr Profeſſor Dalzell and others, yet what are we to expect from the age of ſixteen?

In 1781 "Anna and Edgar, or Love and Ambition, a tale by Mrs Richmond Ingles, daughter of Colonel James Gardiner who fell at the battle of Preſton 1745.'' printed at Edinburgh by A. Murray, and J. Cochran for the author, and ſold by William Creech. The reviews noticed this performance very favourably. It is dedicated to the Queen.

In 1781. Appeared " Poems on various ſubjects by John Hoy Junior Edinburgh printed by Macfarquar and Elliot". Theſe poems were the production of a young man born on the banks of the Tweed who died in the 26th of his age. Several of theſe poems are far above mediocrity and are ſuch, as ſhew clearly that had he lived, the poetical world had reaſon to expect ſomething much ſuperior to the ſpecimens he has left behind him, which compoſe this ſmall volume.

In 1781, a volume of poems, the production of the revd. JOHN LOGAN, one of the miniſters of South Leith, was publiſhed at Edinburgh. This author's life is written by Dr. Anderſon, with his uſual elegance and preciſion; wherein he hints that Dr Thomas Robertſon, of Dalmneny, is preparing for the preſs the miſcellaneous works of Logan, to which is to be prefixed his life. It may be proper to ſuſpend any further remarks till the public are in full poſſeſſion of the particulars of the life and writings of one, hurried into the grave, as it were, in the flower of manhood; at one time perſecuted by peeviſh bigotry, at another ſmarting under the laſh of hypocriſy and ſlander—by turns careſſed for his talents and virtues, or—cruelly neglected, and even forſaken by thoſe, his moſt intimate friends and companions—I knew him but very ſlightly.—The laſt time I ſaw him was in 1784.—It was in a friend's houſe, among a large party at dinner.—I ſat next him but one.—He did not, ſo far as I could obſerve, utter one ſyllable, nor did any one ſeem to mind him.—He ſeemed to regard the whole company with calm indifference; nor could I bring myſelf to think he was the ſame Logan, that had melted me into tenderneſs in his poems; that warmed me by his eloquence in the pulpit; or that elevated and inſtructed all who liſtened with attention, to his hiſtorical diſquiſitions, which, for detpth of thought, ſelect, and appropriate language, arrangement, and perſpicuity, will ſtand as a laſting monument of his elegan taſte, and extenſive knowledge. He was born at Soutra, in the co un tv of Mid-Lothian, about the year 1748, and died at London after a lingering indiſpoſition, on the 28th of December, in 1788,

at a time when the literary world expected to be gratified, and enriched by the copious flow of his nervous, chaſte, and harmonious eloquence, ſpeaking to the heart and intellects, in the various departments of uſeful and ornamental ſcience.

In 1782, "Poems, by Robert Alves, Edinburgh, printed for the author, and ſold by William Creech, and T. Caddel, London," made their appearance; and a ſecond volume by the ſame author, was publiſhed "for the author," in 1789, under the title of "Edinburgh, a poem, in two parts, alſo the Weeping Bard, in ſixteen cantos." In theſe volumes, there appears evident traits of genius. And, had Fortune been propitious to his muſe, ſhe had not poured forth in "ſtrains that touch the feeling heart," the woes and diſappointments of his "wayward fate."

Robert Alves "was born at Elgin, (as he himſelf informs us) in the end of the year 1745. In 1766, he took his degrees in philoſophy, at Aberdeen." His poetical talents gained him the friendſhip of Dr Beatie, and other literary gentlemen. He had been deſigned for the church, but prefered the more humble, and not leſs uſeful ſtation of a ſchoolmaſter, and taught at Deſkford and Banff. At the latter of theſe places, he remained from 1773 to 1779, when he came to Edinburgh. What induced him chiefly to abandon his charge, is ſaid to have been a diſappointment in love. Here he remained teaching the Greek, Roman, French, and Italian claſſics to ſuch pupils as chance threw in his way, for he was not over ſolicitous of gain. In 1784, he began a work of conſiderable merit, entitled, "Sketches of a Hiſtory of Literature," which was in the preſs when he died, on the 1ſt day of January, 1794, and is ſince publiſhed by the learned and amiable Dr Alexander Chapman, at whoſe preſs it wa printed, for the intended benefit of the author. I am ſorry to obſerve what relates to Scotiſh literature, is, in many places, inaccurate, and, but too often, altogether devoid of neceſſary information. For inſtance, he ſays, "Barbour, author of the Bruce, flouriſhed in the reign of David I." ſee p. 154. and that "D. Pitcairn was phyſician to James and Charles I." ſee p. 166. Theſe cannot be errors of the preſs—notwithſtanding, "Sketches on Literature," the laſt work of our poet, diſcovers an ex-

tenſive acquaintances with ancient and modern learning, and merits a careful and judicial reviſal.

In 1783, "Hero and Leander, a poem, tranſlated from the Greek of Muſaeus." was printed at "Glaſgow, by Andrew Foulis," 4to, p. p. 28.

In 1774, "Trifles in verſe, by a young ſoldier, in two volumes," were printed at Kelſo. Other two volumes, by the ſame author, have ſince appeared; the laſt, viz. "volume fourth," is juſt publiſhed, containing his poſthumous poems, with his name preſixed, viz. John Marjoribanks, captain of a late independant company. The modeſt title this author has choſen promiſes leſs than the reader will find, in many pieces, contained in theſe volumes.

In 1784, "Poems by David Robertſon," were printed at "Edinburgh, for William Creech." Theſe poems ſhew the dawnings of a true poetical genius. They are, doubtleſs, incorrect, yet, in them are diſplayed many beauties, that recommend them to the reader of taſte and feeling. I recollect the author with much pleaſure. He went, ſoon after the publication of his poems, ſomewhere abroad, it is believed to the Weſt Indies, but whether he be dead or alive, I know not. He appeared to me, to be modeſt, and unaſſuming in his deportment, amiable in his manners, and virtuous in his conduct.

In 1786, "Poems, chiefly in the Scotiſh dialect, by Robert Burns," were printed by John Wilſon, Kilmarnock, in one volume, 8vo. When a few copies of this volume of poems made their appearance in Edinburgh, ſoon after it was publiſhed, the readers of this ſort of poetry were aſtoniſhed, and each enquired at the other, who this Robert Burns might be? and when it was known that this Eliſha of the laſt of the Scotiſh bards was a ploughman in Ayrſhire, his poetical productions were looked on as prodigies of genius. The whole literary world was taken by ſurpriſe, and even the faſhionable circles caught the contagion. From the cottage to the palace, nothing was heard but the praiſes of our "ſecond Ramſay, our ſecond Ferguſſon; nay, by ſome he was deemed greater than either of theſe poets. Critiques appeared in periodical works, and in the newſpapers of the day;

but, when novelty had ceaſed to admire, and envy had been huſhed in ſilence, the real merit of our poet were more diſpaſſionately conſidered. The conſequence was, that his works became more and more reliſhed, the oftener they were peruſed; and, it is believed, will ſtand the teſt of fair criticiſm, as long as the ſtandard of taſte is referable to nature and feeling. The life of Burns is already before the public. It is written by Mr Robert Heron, of Edinburgh. The public are anxiouſly looking forward to the time, when a more circumſtantial account of the life and writings of our favourite poet, ſhall come from the pen of the Hiſtorian Medica and his friend, ſo well known as a phyſician and philoſopher.

In 1787, "An impartial hiſtory of the rebellion in Britain, in the years 1745 and 1746, by DOUGLAS GRAHAM," (the fifth edition) was printed at Glaſgow, by J. & M. Robertſon. This hiſtory is in Hudibraſtic metre. This is a ſorry performance.

In 1787, "Scots poems, by William Taylor," were "printed for the author," at Edinburgh. Theſe poems abound in natutural deſcription, and ſtrokes of genuine humour. The author, I am informed, was late ſchoolmaſter at Currey, near Edinburgh.

In 1788, "Juvenile performances in poetry, by a ſtudent, in the univerſity of Edinburgh," were at "Edinburgh, printed for, and ſold by John and James Ainſlie, bookſellers and ſtationers, No. 4, St Andrew's Street." The author of theſe "performances" is a ſon of Mr Ker, of Auchenteul.

No ſooner had the bards in the weſt heard of the fate of Burns's works, than the Kilmarnock preſs teemed with their poetical labours; and,

In 1788, "Poems on ſeveral occaſions, by GEORGE CAMPBELL, appeared; but, alas! appeared as if calculated to ſerve the purpoſe of a foil to the productions of the immortal author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "The Mountain Daiſy." I have not the pleaſure to know Mr Campbell, he ſays in his preface, he is a tradeſman. Though his pieces are far inferior to the Ayrſhire ploughman, yet a few of them are not wholly deſtitute of merit.

In 1788, the Kilmarnock preſs was delivered of another Bantling, which was owned under the following title, "Poems on ſeveral occaſions, by JOHN LAPRAIK." It is with reluctance I beſtow general cenſure, but in Mr Lapraik's volume, I am almoſt unable to qualify ſuch with any portion of praiſe.

The poetical flame that had been kindled at Kilmarnock ſpread eaſtward, and at Paiſley,

In 1788, "Poems and Epiſtles, moſtly in the Scotiſh dialect, with a gloſſary, by EBENEZER PICKEN, was printed by John Neilſon for the author." This volume of poems is evidently the production of a ſcholar; and ſuch too, as underſtands the Scotiſh dialect. In this poet, doubtleſs, we find a rival to the Ayrſhire bard, and a canditate of the higheſt merit, for poetical diſtinction. The volume before me, is, I am informed, a juvenile production; conſidered as ſuch, it muſt not be too rigidly criticiſed: however, its merits, on the whole, entitle the author to a firſt ſeat among the poets of his country. No ſooner had the Paiſley preſs produced the poems of Mr E. Picken, than the poetical eſſays of GAVIN TURNBULL,

In 1788, iſſued from the preſs of Mr David Niven of Glaſgow. The "poetical eſſays" of Mr Turnbull, are ſuch as do him the higheſt credit. I am hopeful he will go on, for, in truth, the ſpecimens already before the public, give, ſo far as I underſtand, uncommon ſatisfaction. It was the peculiar felicity of Burns, on his firſt enterance on the literary ſtage, to be patronized and ſupported, even to a degree, rarely the lot of the moſt conſumate talents. It became, for a time, the *rage*, to uſe a faſhionable phraſe, to talk of him, recite his pieces, and boaſt of having ſpent an evening in company with the Ayrſhire bard. No wonder then, if the contemporaries of Burns were neglected by thoſe who are looked up to, as the umpires of literary reputation. But one conſolation remained; the ingenious author eſcaped the moſt poignant mortification uſually attendant on talents unaccompanied by prudence, that is, the ſupercilious ſneer, indicative of altered opinion, and its humiliating conſequences, cold indifference. Did not Burns experience all this?

Another contemporary of Burns's, JAMES MACAULAY,

In 1788, publiſhed at Edinburgh, "Poems on various ſubjects, in Scotch and Engliſh," 8vo. This volume contains a great variety indeed; no wonder then, the pieces are of various and unequal merit. Many paſſages in theſe poems, are characteriſtic of true poetic genius; others fall too low for criticiſm. Were the author to ſelect and reviſe carefully, ſuch pieces as might now pleaſe his riper judgment, the public would then prize his beſt poems, according to their juſt pretentions to regard.

In 1788, was printed at Edinburgh, "A collection of Maſonic and Entertaining Anecdotes, for the uſe of all Lodges, by GAVIN WILSON, Poet Laureat to the Lodge of St David's." I knew Gavin Wilſon, he was an honeſt merry fellow, and a good boot, leather-leg, arm, and hand maker, but as ſorry a poetaſter as ever tryed to make a couplet.

In 1788, "Poems, Epiſtles, and Songs, chiefly in the Scotiſh dialect, with a brief account of the revolution in 1688, &c. by Robert Galloway," made their appearance. The author was born at Stirling, 1 th June, 1752, and died 4th March, 1794, at Glaſgow He had been bred a ſhoemaker, but finding that profeſſion too ſedentary for a weak habit of body, he relinquiſhed it, and commenced bookſeller in Glaſgow, where he eſtabliſhed a circulating library. His brother, George, who, by profeſſion is a ſhoemaker, has publiſhed a ſmall volume of poems alſo. He lives in the ſuburbs of Edinburgh; and carries on the the double profeſſion of ſhoemaker and bookſeller, on a ſmall ſcale. In the volume of Robert's poems, are inſerted a few poetical pieces by Mr Buchanan and Mr Reid, both of Glaſgow.

In 1788, "A collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems, in two parts, by James Fordyce," in one volume, 12mo, was printed at Edinburgh.

I might have noticed, as I went along, a number of collections of ſacred poems; ſuch as Ralph Erſkine's goſpel ſonnets, hymns for the uſe of the kirk of Scotland, Barclay's pſalms, ſpiritual ſongs, &c. &c. by the way. I recollect to have ſeen a ſmall pamphlet, as an intended new verſion of the pſalms, for the uſe

of the churches, wherein many judicious remarks were made o the ſubject: this pamphlet, of which only a few copies were thrown off, and circulated privately, was aſcribed to the pen of Dr Beatie.

In 1789, "THE HARP, a legendary tale, in two parts," 4to, was printed at Edinburgh. The author of this performance is Hector M'Niel, Eſq. This ingenious poet, in 1795, when, by an act of the Britiſh legiſlature, the Scotch diſtilleries were ſtopt for a limited time, publiſhed a poem of uncommon merit, entitled, "Scotland's Skaith, or the hiſtory o' Will and Jean, owre true a tale," in the Scotch dialect. This piece was greatly patronized by thoſe who took the alarm at the much dreaded conſequences that might ariſe from the high price of whiſky; of courſe, edition after edition were ſold off, with a rapidity that was never heard of before, north of the Tweed, TEN THOUSAND copies were *diſpoſed* of, in the ſpace of five months. The benevolent intention of the author, was truely praiſe-worthy: but other motives were attributed to a ſubſequent production, which he publiſhed in 1796, entitled, "The Waes o' War, or the Upſhot o' the Hiſtory o' Will and Jean, in four parts." It is unneceſſary to add, that the diſtilleries were permitted to go on, whiſky became cheap—and—TEN THOUSAND copies of the "*Waes o' War*" have not been ſold. Mr M'Niel has written ſeveral odes, ſongs, &c. ſome of which have been printed, and others remain in M. S. Our poet has alſo written a pamphlet, entitled, "Obſervations on the treatment of the Negroes in the Iſland of Jamaica," ten thouſand copies of this pamphlet has not been ſold—at leaſt, ſo ſay the bookſellers.

In 1789, the Kilmarnock preſs became poetically pregnant again, and in due time was delivered of a chopping bantling, which ſhe fathered on DAVID SILLAR, who, according to my information, is an inn-keeper, near Irvine, in Ayrſhire. This volume is the production of an unlettered bard. Its contents are various; many of the pieces poſſeſs favourable traits of poetical merit, and others poor and low in the extreme.

In 1789, "The Pantheon Rattle, or Gold Medal Debated," the production, it is ſaid, of a ſtudent, then in the univerſity of

Edinburgh, was printed, and a few copies of it handed about. This humourous little poem, in the Scotiſh dialect, is not without its merit. It commemorates a celebrated ſquabble, that had taken place when the momentuous queſtion "Whether are the trophies of WAR or thoſe of LEARNING more glorious," had been agitated.

In 1789, a volume of "Juvenile poems, with remarks on poetry, and a diſſertation on puniſhing and preventing crimes, by JOHN ARMSTRONG, ſtudent in the univerſity of Edinburgh."

Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer,——— Hor.

This miſcellaneous collection is of very unequal merit; yet, early dawnings of genius are ſufficiently apparent, which ſoon afterwards diſplayed its vigour; but, alas? how ſoon did its poſſeſſor ceaſe to enjoy the fruits of admiration and applauſe! at the age of twenty-ſix, while life's gay proſpects beamed around, with all their allurements, he dropt into an untimely grave. He was a native of Leith—was educated for the church—went up to London—was engaged in literary concerns, that brought him (according to a ſhort, but intereſting ſketch of his life, in the Monthly Magazine) 450l. a year. When thus independence ſeemed within his reach, he fell into an ill ſtate of health, which terminated fatally on the 21ſt of June, 1797. "In the diſcharge of the "relative duties which a man owes to himſelf, to his neighbour, "and to his God, if Mr Armſtrong was at any time deficient, it "was chiefly in paying too little attention to his own health and "comfort. He was ſcrupulous, even to a fault, in the fulfilment "of every engagement he entered into; he was an accompliſhed "ſcholar, conſtant and ardent in his friendſhips, honourable and "independent in his general principles of conduct, of a liberal "and benevolent diſpoſition, the firm friend of rational freedom, "the enemy of faction and violence, an dutiful ſon, an affectionate brother, a good citizen, and a ſincere Chriſtian."

In 1791, he publiſhed "a collection of ſonnets from Shakeſpeare." This production in verſe wants many of the requiſites

* Publiſhed by Peter Hill at the croſs of Edinburgh.
† His father is a barber in Leith.

of genuine poetry. His proſe writings are far ſuperior. A ſpemen, by no means ſufficient, in point of good compoſition, and ſentiment, lies before me, viz. "Eſſay on the means of puniſhing and preventing crimes," (mentioned above) which had obtained the gold prize medal, given by the Edinburght Pantheon Society, 1789. Another candidate for poetical fame, made his appearance in the Pantheon, about that time; this was one ALEXANDER WILSON, a Scotch pedlar. I recollect one evening, while preſent at a debate in the Pantheon, of Mr Wilſon's delivering his ſentiments on the queſtion before the ſociety, in excellent Scotiſh verſe. I was much pleaſed indeed. Soon after, I met with the volume of his works that lies before me; in the peruſal of which, he did not, by any means, ſink in my eſtimation. Wilſon is a poet. It is indeed a pity, ſo rare a genius was ſuffered to toil in the humble ſphere of a travelling merchant. He appears to be no leſs a philoſopher, than a poet (and, for the proof of this, I appeal to a ſhort ſpecimen, inſerted in the volume alluded to, in proſe, entitled "Journal," dated, Edinburgh, September 7, 1789. This volume has gone, according to my information, through three editions, with conſiderable amendments and additions. He ranks high among the poets, natives of Scotland, and it is but juſtice to acknowledge, that he bids fair to rival Ramſay, Ferguſſon, and even Burns himſelf.

The following ſpecimen for characteriſtic deſcription, pathos, and appropriate phraſeology, is ſeldom to be met with in modern productions.

WATTY AND MEG;

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

A TALE *.

We dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake. POPE.

KEEN the froſty winds war blawin',
Deep the ſna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty weary'd a' day ſawin'
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryſter Jock was ſitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamſon o' the Hill,
"Come awa', (quo' Johnny) Watty!
"Haith we'ſe ha'e anither gill."

* Printed by J. Robertſon, (No. 4.) Horſe Wynd, 1796.

Watty, glad to ſee Jock Jabos,
And ſae mony neibours roun',
Kicket frae his ſhoon the ſna'ba's,
Syne ayont the fire ſat down.

Owre a board wi' bannocks heapet,
Cheeſe, and ſtoups, and glaſſes ſtood;
Some war roarin', ithers ſleepit,
Ithers quitely chew'd their cud.

Jock was ſellin' Pate ſome tallow,
A' the reſt a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow
Sat an' ſmoket by himſel'.

Mungo fill't him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
Trouth your chafts are fa'ing in!
Something's wrang—I'm vext to ſee you—
Gudeſake! but ye're deſprate thin!"

"Ay, (quo' Watty) things are alter't,
But it's paſt redemption now.
L—d! I wiſh I had been halter'd
When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
Try't wi' troubles no that ſma';
Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
Laid the cape-ſtane o' them a'.

Night and day ſhe's ever yelpin'
Wi' the weans ſhe ne'er can gree;
When ſhe's tir'd wi' perfect ſkelpin',
Then ſhe flees like fire on me.

See ye, Mungo! when ſhe'll claſh on
Wi' her everlaſting clack,
Whyles I've had my nieve, in paſſion,
Lifted up to break her back!'

"O, for gudeſake, keep frae cuffets!
(Mungo ſhook his head and ſaid,)
Weel I ken what ſort o' life it's;
Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

After Beſs and I war tippl't,
Soon ſhe grew like ony bear,
Brak' my ſhins, and, when I tippl't,
Harl't out my very hair?

For a *wee* I quietly knuckl't,
But whan naething would prevail,
Up my claes and caſh I buckl't,
Beſs! for ever fare ye weel.

Then her din grew leſs and leſs aye,
Haith I gart her change her tune;
Now a better wife than Beſſy
Never ſtept in leather ſhoon.

Try this, Watty—Whan ye ſee her
Raging like a roaring flood,
Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her;
That's the way to yeep her gude,"

Laughing, ſangs, and laſſes' ſkirls,
Echo'd now out thro' the roof,
Down! quo' Pate, and ſyne his erls
Nail't the Dryſter's wauket loof.

I' the thrang o' ſtories telling,
Shaking hauns, and ither chear,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
"Mungo! is our Watty here?

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry,
Dartet thro' him like a knife,
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's ſcawlin' wife.

"Naſty, gude for-naething being!
O ye ſnuffy, drucken ſow!
Bringan wife an' weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' ſic a crew!

Devil nor your legs war broken!
Sic a life nae fleſh endures—
Toilan like a ſlave, to ſlocken
You, ye dyvor, and your 'hores!

Riſe! ye drucken beaſt o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's deſire:
Riſe, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiſky i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt,
Pay't his groatwi' little din,
Left the houſe, while Maggy fallowt,
Flyting a' the road behin.'

Fowk frae every door cam' lamping',
Maggy curſt them ane and a',
Clappit wi' her hauns, and ſtampin',
Loſt her bauchles i' the ſna'.

Hame, at length, ſhe turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout
Raging like a very devil
Kicken ſtools and chairs about.

"Ye'll ſit wi' your limmers round you!
Hang ye Sir! I'll be your death
Little hauds my hauns, confound you!
But I cleave you to the teeth.'

Watty, wha midſt this oration
Ey'd her whyles, but durſtna' ſpeak,
Sat like patient Reſignation
Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap broſe he ſippet,
Maggy's tongue gead like a bell
Quietly to his bedhe ſlippet,
Sighin' af'en to himſel.

"Nane are free frae *ſome* vexation,
Ilk an has his ills to dree;
But thro a the hale creation
Is a mortal vext like me!

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
Sleep or reſt he cou'dna tak;
Maggy, aft wi' horor hauntet,
Mum lan, ſtartet at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet
Up raiſe Watty wagfu' cheil,
Kiſt his weanies while they ſleepet,
Waukent Meg! and ſought farweel.

"Ferewel, Meg!---And O! may Heav'n
Keep you aye within his care!
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin'
Now he'll never faſh you mair.

"Happy cou'd I been beſide you,
Happy baith at morn and e'en:
A' the ills did e'er betide you,
Watty aye turn't out your frein'.

"But ye ever lik to ſee me
Vext and ſighan late and air
Farewel, Meg I've ſworn to lea thee,
So thou'll never ſee me mair."

Meg a' ſabban fae to loſe him.
Sic a change had never wiſt,
Held his haun cloſe to her boſom,
While her heart was like to burſt.

"O my Watty, will you lea' me,
Frien'leſs, helpleſs, to deſpair!
O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
Never will I vex you mair."

"Ay! ye've aft ſaid *that*, and broken
A' your vows ten times a week,
No, no, Meg! ſee there's a token
Glittering on my bonnet cheek.

"Our the ſeas I march this morning,
Liſtet, teſtet, ſworn an' a',
Forc'd by your confounded girning;
Farewel, Meg! for I'm awa',"

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Guſht afreſh and louder grew,
While the weans wi' mournfu' yammer,
Round their ſabban mother flew.

"Thro' the yirth I'll waunner wi' you—
Stay, O Watty! ſtay at hame;
Here, upo' my knees I'll gi'e you
Ony vow ye like to name.

" See your poor young lammies pleadin',
Will ye gang and break our heart?
No a *houſe* to put our head in!
No a *frien'* to take our part."

Ilka word came like a bullet:
Watty's heart begoud to ſhake;
On a kiſt he laid his wallet,
Dighted baith his een and ſpake.

" If ance mair I cou'd I by writing,
Lea' the ſogers and ſtay ſtill,
Wad you ſwear to drap your flyting?
Yes, O Watty! yes, I will."

" Then (quo') Watty mind, be honeſt:
Aye to keep your temper ſtrive;
Gin ye break this dreadfu' promiſe,
Never mair expect to thrive.

" Margate Howe! this hour you ſolemn
Swear by every thing that's gude,
Ne'er again your ſpouſ to ſcal' him,
While life warms your heart and blood.

"That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's ſeek me,—
Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—
Never out at ev'ning ſteek me—
Never gloom when I come hame.

That ye'll ne'er, like Beſſy Miller,
Kick my ſhins, or rug my hair—
Laſtly, *I'm to keep the ſiller.*
This upo' your ſaul ye ſwear."

" O-h! (quo Meg) " Aweel (quo Watty)
Farewell! faith I'll try the ſeas."
" O ſtan' ſtill, (quo Meg, and grat aye;
Ony, ony way ye pleaſe."

Maggy ſyne, becauſe he preſt her,
Swore to a' thing owr again;
Watty lap, and danc't and kiſt her;
Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his ſtaff victorious;
Aff gaed bonnet, clais, and ſhoon;
Syne below the blankets, glorious,
Held anither *Hinney Moon*,

The ingenious author of the above piece, (Mr Alex. Wilſon) I am told is gone to America; where, it is hoped, his merits, either in literature, or mercantile ſpeculations, will be rewarded with independence and diſtinction.

In 1790, "Poems, conſiſting of miſcellaneous pieces, and two tragedies, by JAMES MYLNE, at Lochill," were printed at Edinburgh, 8vo. I have ſeen a copy of this book, but I have formed no opinion of its contents. According to a note given me by my informant, the author of this volume was born on the 4th of June, 1737, at Suttie Bains, in the neighbourhood of Haddington, Eaſt Lothian. He was educated at the univerſity of Edinburgh, but, inſtead of entering into any of the learned profeſſions, he followed the more grateful purſuits of agriculture, and rented the farm of Lochill, (near Haddington) which formerly was in the poſſeſſion of his great-grand-father, and is now occupied by his ſon, who ſucceeded to the leaſe on the death of

our poet, which happened ſometime before the publication the volume alluded to. He has left behind him four ſons and ſix daughters.

In 1790, another poſthumous volume of poetry made its appearance, which was printed at Edinburgh, with the following title, "Poems, by the late Revd. ANDREW GREENFIELD, M. A. Rector of Moira, in Ireland," 8vo. I have hardly dipped into this volume; of conſequence, can ſay nothing of its contents. Mr Greenfield, I am told, was a brother of Mr Profeſſor Greenfield, of the univerſity of Edinburgh.

In 1790, "Poems, chiefly in the Scotiſh dialect, by David Moriſon," were "printed at Montroſe, by David Buchan," 8vo. The pieces of this author are, in general, pretty tolerable. A dramatic piece, in imitation, but far inferior to Ramſay's Gentle Shepherd, occupies nearly one half of the volume.

In 1790, "Poems, chiefly in the Scotiſh dialect, by ANDREW SHIRREFS, M A." were printed for the author at Edinburgh, by D. Wilſon, 8vo. In this volume, we find another attempt to rival the "Patie and Roger" of Allan Ramſay. It ſeems to me, that every attempt hitherto, that has appeared in print, or, at leaſt, that has come within my knowledge, but ſerve as foils to the beautiful original. The "Jamie and Beſs" of Mr Shirrefs' is, doubtleſs, in point of dialect, I mean what may be deemed more ſtrictly idiomatic Scotiſh, than the "Patie and Roger" of Ramſay; but in other reſpects, it falls far ſhort indeed. The volume alluded to, contains ſome of the earlier productions of the author; ſome ſo far back are mentioned to have been written about the eleventh year of his age: it is unneceſſary to add the marks of peurility are but too apparent. Mr Shirrefs has certainly written too much to have written well. Here and there one meets with very pretty paſſages; while, on the other hand, a poverty of thought and expreſſion appear ſo manifeſt, as to tire and blunt the deſire one feels to peruſe the productions of this ingenious poet. Mr Shirrefs has the misfortune of being lame from his infancy. He has received a liberal education. He ſtudied in the univerſity of Aberdeen; and deeming a trade,

ſuch as required little bodily exertions, a leſs precarious mode of gaining a livelihood, than that of the learned profeſſion, he ſerved an apprenticeſhip to the humble calling of a book-binder: after which, he became one of the editors of "The Aberdeen Chronicle. and the Caledonian Magazine." In 1792, I recollect him in buſineſs as a printer; afterwards as a bookſeller; but was rather unfortunate in his affairs. His paſtoral comedy was brough forward on the Edinburgh ſtage in 1797, for his benefit, and had a very ſucceſsful run. The characters were performed by the town's people. Mr Shirrefs is at preſent in London, where, it is hoped, he will meet with ſuch encouragement as his talents and induſtry entitle him to.

In 1790, "were" printed for the author, and ſold by Peter Hill, (Edinburgh) "Poems, by Miss CARMICHAEL," 8vo. p. p. 92. When this poeteſs publiſhed the volume before me, ſhe was very young; notwithſtanding, ſhe diſcovers a high degree of feeling, ſentiment, and no ſmall ſhare of ſprightlineſs of imagination, and not unfrequently wit. The following may ſerve as a ſpecimen of her epigramatic turn. "On a late diſturbance in the theatre."

When villian was utter'd by Fennel, around
The lawyers appear, with their eyes on the ground;
Each knew his own heart, and in anger did cry,
I will be aveng'd, for, by God, it is I.
Then to ſettle the matter, they met on a call,
And, convicted, agreed that it muſt be them all!

In 1791, were printed at London, for J. Murray, No. 32, Fleet Street, "The miſcellaneous works of A. M'DONALD; including the tragedy of Vimonda, and other productions, which have appeared under the ſignature of Matthew Bramble, Eſq. with various other compoſitions by the ſame author," 8vo. This volume, of which the title is the preceding, contains all that I have ſeen of the poetical labours of a departed friend. Little did I expect, that one day, it ſhould fall to my lot, to give ſome account of the life and writings of Andrew M'Donald. But ſuch is the uncertainty of human exiſtence.

Of the life and writings of Mr M'Donald, little, hitherto, has been communicated to the world; and what I have been able to procure reſpecting him, more properly belongs to the earlier part of his life, than that in which he was known to the public, as a literary character, and which certainly more immediately relates to the ſubject to which theſe pages are devoted: however, as the mournful taſk has devolved on me, of recording ſome paſſages in the life of this ingenious, and accompliſhed poet, I ſhall, in ſo doing, trace back ſome of the former part of my own remembrance with a melancholy pleaſure.

ANDREW DONALD, for the Mac was added afterwards to his name, was the ſon of George Donald, by profeſſion a gardener, and lived near Leith, in much credit and reputation, in that uſeful, though humble ſtation, when our poet was born; the preciſe time I have not been able, with certainty, to learn, but it is ſuppoſed, ſome time in 1755.

At an early age, he diſcovered a quickneſs of apprehenſion, that indicated his future celebrity, as a man of genius. From his very infancy, he diſcovered an uncommon liking to muſic. His mother, whom he ſurvived but a few months only, was wont to mention an inſtance of the delight, while a boy of eight years only, he took in running over the keys of an old ſpinet, (the firſt he had ever ſeen) at random, and, in a very ſhort time, he taught himſelf to play by ear, a great many tunes, with remarkable eaſe and fluency. His paſſion for muſic only expired with his life. In this ſcientific art, he was no mean proficient, both as a theoriſt, as well as a very tolerable practitioner. It is not unlikely, his own inclination might have led him to adopt muſic as a profeſſion, had not his turn to literary purſuits pointed out to his friends, the proſpect of his one day appearing, as a bright ornament, in the republic of letters.

He was inſtructed in the elements of the Latin tongue, in the grammar ſchool of Leith, his native place: after the uſual courſe at that reſpectable ſeminary, he was entered a ſtudent in the univerſity of Edinburgh, where he remained till he was put in

deacon's orders, by the late worthy Biſhop Forbes*, (our poet's chief patron) in 1775; and on this occaſion the Mac was added to his name, by the pious prelate, and our poet ever after retained the diſtinction, and ſpelled his name *Macdonald*.

As yet, there was no vacant living for young Macdonald; but, under the patronage of Biſhop Forbes procured him a temporary eſtabliſhment, as preceptor, in the family of the late Mr Oliphant, of Gaſk. In this capacity he remained but twelve months, when, on the ſudden departure of Mr Wood, paſtor of the Epiſcopal congregation at Glaſgow, for St Peter's, Mr Macdonald was appointed to that charge, and went thither in 1777. About this time, his worthy patron died; and he was put in prieſt's orders by the late Biſhop Falconer, a man of great piety, and ſimplicity of manners.

Macdonald being now in a ſituation congenial to his wiſhes: and though the emoluments of his living were ſmall, yet, with economy, they were ſuch as afforded ſufficient independence to a contented and chearful diſpoſition, ſuch as he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree. Beſides, what he prized above all, he was placed in a great and commercial city, where every one ſeems attentive to the great concerns of life, and every moment is filled up with buſineſs, or convivality. Moreover, his paſſion for literary purſuits were amply gratified in the ſociety of men of letters and philoſophers, ſuch as the univerſity of Glaſgow had the felicity to boaſt. Muſic, his favourite ſtudy, was aſſidouſly cultivated. A muſic club, of which he was one of the directors, was eſtabliſhed in Glaſgow, and to this purſuit he devoted much of his time, and to very good purpoſe.

But, although he became an enthuſiaſt in muſic, her ſiſter art was not altogether neglected. Poeſy formed always part of his devotion, at the ſhrine of the Muſes, even from his earlier years: and when his imagination became illumined, by the reflection of more refined criticiſm, it was not to be expected, that

* This gentleman was a Scotch Epiſcopal biſhop, and officiated as ſuch in the dioceſe of Edinburgh.

he would loſe any opportunity in cultivating with paſſion, an art in which he ſo much delighted. In very early youth, as he himſelf informs us, he had projected a poetical work, of which, in 1782, he preſented to the world a part, entitled "VELINA, a poetical fragment *," which eſtabliſhed his reputation as a poet.

His next eſſay was, as a noveliſt. But, here he entered the liſts againſt formidable odds. Glaſgow, though rich in commerce, was but poor in point of incident and character, our noveliſt, having comparatively ſpeaking, but a ſcanty ſupply of materials in theſe reſpects, and not having had an opportunity of ſurveying the great theatre of the world; it was not to be much wondered at, that he fell ſhort in his pictures of living manners of ſufficient variety and intereſt. It cannot be denied that his novels, are by no means the beſt of his writings.

As a dramatiſt, he was more fortunate. His "VIMONDA a Tragedy" was brought out for the benefit of Mr Woods on the Edinburgh theatre and afterwards at the little theatre, Hay market where it met with ſucceſs and merited applauſe.

The ſcanty income, of a clergyman of the almoſt annihilated Epiſcopal Church of Scotland entirely depends on the ſeat rents, and occaſional liberality of the remaining adherents to the good old cauſe viz. Church and King. Glaſgow, a place noticed for its attachment to civil and religious liberty on the broadeſt baſis, was not the moſt likely place for a young man, even of ſuperior talents, as Macdonald's unqueſtionably were, to keep alive a predilection, in favour of Jacobite-epiſcopacy. His congregration decreaſed daily, while the young ſmiled in their ſleeve at the vain obſtinacy of the aged and ſtaunch members, who now were dropping one by one into the grave; they neglected their paſtor, who at laſt was obliged to bid adieu to his thinned and ſcattered flock, and ſoon after he relinquiſhed his eccleſiaſtical functions for ever.

* Edinburgh, printed for C. Elliot. Parliament Square, and T. Longman, Paternoſter-row, London.

On this event he came to reſide in Edinburgh. But, he now felt himſelf, inſulted, and neglected. What led to this change in his intercourſe with his former friends, is, in a great meaſure, to be attributed to an event which had taken place, previous to his final departure from Glaſgow.

A young woman, who lived in the ſame houſe in which he lodged, in a menial capacity, of the name of Macgregor, had found means to render herſelf eſſential to his happineſs. He had too high notions of moral rectitude, to live with her on any queſtionable terms; of conſequence, he honourably placed her by his ſide, as his lawful wife.

No ſooner had he publicly acknowledged this ſtep, than many turned their backs upon him. Had he kept her as his miſtreſs, the world would have perhaps winked at it; but to marry a faſcinating young girl, was a miſdemeanor of ſuch magnitude, as to merit degradation and marked contempt. Such are the ſentiments of our preſent ſtate of civilization!

To an ingenuous diſpoſition, ſuch cruel conduct ſeems the moſt unaccountable in nature. Is the ſtate of ſociety yet ſo low, as to condemn an act of juſtice, in obedience to the laws of eſtabliſhed order, at the ſame time, it holds in deriſion the individual, for having juſtified his honourable intentions, by an open and manly avowal to ſupport, and preſerve inviolable, ſo ancient and ſacred a rite as marriage? Yet ſo it happened, Macdonald, inſtead of being careſſed, for ſo magnanimous and diſintereſted an act, of what is rational, moral, and even decorous; the tongue of ſcandal was let looſe upon him, and he pined in ſecret, while his big ſwelling heart roſe indignant at the vain conceits of ſilly pride, and the peurile ſarcaſms of petulence and folly. On his coming to Edinburgh, he laid aſide his clerical habit, and became completely ſecularized in his dreſs. This, among the ſanctified, gives additional cauſe of offence. At laſt, tired of waging war with opinion, and inveterate prejudice, he gave up his literary connections in Edinburgh, and reſolved at once to appear in the capital. Having left his mother, to whom he had at all times paid the moſt affectionate and dutiful attention, in

he would loſe any opportunity in cultivating with paſſion, an art in which he ſo much delighted. In very early youth, as he himſelf informs us, he had projected a poetical work, of which, in 1782, he preſented to the world a part, entitled "VELINA, a poetical fragment *," which eſtabliſhed his reputation as a poet.

His next eſſay was, as a noveliſt. But, here he entered the liſts againſt formidable odds. Glaſgow, though rich in commerce, was but poor in point of incident and character, our noveliſt, having comparatively ſpeaking, but a ſcanty ſupply of materials in theſe reſpects, and not having had an opportunity of ſurveying the great theatre of the world; it was not to be much wondered at, that he fell ſhort in his pictures of living manners of ſufficient variety and intereſt. It cannot be denied that his novels, are by no means the beſt of his writings.

As a dramatiſt, he was more fortunate. His "VIMONDA a Tragedy" was brought out for the benefit of Mr Woods on the Edinburgh theatre and afterwards at the little theatre, Hay market where it met with ſucceſs and merited applauſe.

The ſcanty income, of a clergyman of the almoſt annihilated Epiſcopal Church of Scotland entirely depends on the ſeat rents, and occaſional liberality of the remaining adherents to the good old cauſe viz. Church and King. Glaſgow, a place noticed for its attachment to civil and religious liberty on the broadeſt baſis, was not the moſt likely place for a young man, even of ſuperior talents, as Macdonald's unqueſtionably were, to keep alive a predilection, in favour of Jacobite-epiſcopacy. His congregration decreaſed daily, while the young ſmiled in their ſleeve at the vain obſtinacy of the aged and ſtaunch members, who now were dropping one by one into the grave; they neglected their paſtor, who at laſt was obliged to bid adieu to his thinned and ſcattered flock, and ſoon after he relinquiſhed his eccleſiaſtical functions for ever.

* Edinburgh, printed for C. Elliot. Parliament Square, and T. Longman, Paternoſter-row, London.

On this event he came to reſide in Edinburgh. But, he now felt himſelf, inſulted, and neglected. What led to this change in his intercourſe with his former friends, is, in a great meaſure, to be attributed to an event which had taken place, previous to his final departure from Glaſgow.

A young woman, who lived in the ſame houſe in which he lodged, in a menial capacity, of the name of Macgregor, had found means to render herſelf eſſential to his happineſs. He had too high notions of moral rectitude, to live with her on any queſtionable terms; of conſequence, he honourably placed her by his ſide, as his lawful wife.

No ſooner had he publicly acknowledged this ſtep, than many turned their backs upon him. Had he kept her as his miſtreſs, the world would have perhaps winked at it; but to marry a faſcinating young girl, was a miſdemeanor of ſuch magnitude, as to merit degradation and marked contempt. Such are the ſentiments of our preſent ſtate of civilization!

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poſſeſſion of his houſe and furniture: he ſet off for London, where, on his arrival, he met many friends, who received him with open arms. Here, for a time, he forgot the narrow prejudices, and low ſcandal of Edinburgh.

Letters were now his ſole profeſſion, and to form reſpectable and eligable connections, was his firſt and great object. On the firſt bluſh of his ſucceſs, his expectations were raiſed to a very high pitch. An unpleaſant occurance had taken place ſoon after his departure from Edinburgh that hurt him exceſſively. This was the diſtreſs his aged mother was plunged into, on account of the embarraſſed ſtate of her ſon's affairs. The law in Scotland is very ſtrict in favour of the landlord. Mr Macdonald, who had been but a few months in the houſe he had furniſhed for his reſidence in Edinburgh *, before he changed his plan, and went to London, was not aware of this. "I never dreamed (ſays he in a letter that "lies before me to a friend †) that arreſtments could be made "for rent, before the rent was due. And, as I have given up all "thoughts of returning to Scotland, I thought it as well to have "ſome things, which, by my abſence, became uſeleſs, diſpoſed "of, and others, which might be uſeful to me, ſent here. You "are acquainted with lawyers—will enquire whether half-year's "rents can be *lawfully* demanded. I know they are ſometimes "paid by *cuſtom;* but if payment cannot be enforced by *law*, "'Squire Horn ſhall not have one penny till Whitſunday. He "has choſen to be rigorous, and therefore cannot expect fa-"vour." We ſee here an inſtance of the ſimplicity and ignorance of literary men, in the common concerns of life; it is little wonder then, that at every turn, they meet with croſſes and vexations, which others know how to eſcape. He proceeds—"you will do me infinite pleaſure, by frequently viſiting my mo-"ther, and frequently writing to me. I ſhall ſoon be acquaint-"ed with the great muſicians here, SHIELD has already under-"taken to ſet an opera for me, of which you may perhaps hear, "before the Winter Campaing be finiſhed‡.

* 1787. † Mr M. Stewart, muſic ſeller, Edinburgh.
‡ This letter is dated, London, October 18, 1787.

While Mr Macdonald was engaged in his dramatic ſpeculations, his mother died. The following is a copy of a letter on this event, to the ſame friend.

"DEAR SIR, LONDON, *January* 11, 1783.

"I was greatly ſurpriſed and ſhocked by a letter from Dr Webſter, informing me of my mother's death. From the declining ſtate of her health, indeed, I thought ſhe would not outlive this Winter; but I did not expect the mournful event ſo ſoon. I owe you infinite obligations for the attention you have paid to her, and the very friendly manner in which you took charge of the funeral.

"Your kind concerns there, my friends, are now at an end. I wiſh the large cheſt could be ſent me by the firſt ſhip. It contains all my linens, and all my muſic, two articles which I want much. If you find any looſe papers about the houſe, of whatever kind, burn them. What few cloaths my mother left, (and they could be but few) Mrs Henderſon, the old woman who waited on her, muſt have. I wiſh much to know if ſhe is to remain in the houſe to the term*, and if ſhe is able to do any thing for herſelf. Do not refuſe her a few ſhillings on my account. I am ſo confuſed, I know not what I write. Write to me particularly, I beg. My mind will ſoon, I hope, be more compoſed, and I ſhall be able to mention every thing in order.

Direct for me in future, at Mr MURRAY's, *Bookſeller*, No. 32, Fleet Street.

Your's, moſt ſincerely,

A. M'DONALD."

The following copy of his next letter to the ſame friend, will ſhew into his hiſtory better than any comment whatever.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was extremely mortified at failing to ſend you money for the purpoſes I had intended. But occaſions of

* Whitſunday, 1788.

unavoidable neceſſity demanded all the caſh I was able to compaſs. Thank Heaven, my greateſt difficulties are now over! and the approaching opening of the Summer-theatre, will ſoon render me independent, and perfectly at eaſe. In three weeks, as you will ſee by the public prints, I ſhall be flouriſhing at the Haymarket, in ſplendor ſuperior to laſt ſeaſon.

" With great reluctance I trouble you once more. I beg of you as the laſt favour you can do me, to ſee my furniture diſpoſed of, and matters ſettled with Horn; or if your engagements and attentions to buſineſs render this inconvenient, that you will employ ſome perſon on whom you can depend, whoſe trouble I will chearfully pay for. I know the kind diſpoſition of your heart; I have no friend ſo well qualified for the tranſaction.

" I will not deceive you—the dining-room furniture was got from Meſſrs. Young and Trotter, and is not yet paid for. Will you have the goodneſs to call on theſe gentlemen, and aſſure them they may depend upon payment at the expiration of the year's credit, which they generouſly allowed me, (which will happen, I believe, in July) and they may, if they pleaſe, for ſecurity, take the things into their poſſeſſion. They were very little uſed, and many of the chairs never ſat upon; and the great table never once employed.

" The great cheſt, which I exceedingly want for my linens and muſic, muſt be ſent by the firſt veſſel, of which you will be kind enough to adviſe me, that I may receive it at the proper wharf.

" A ſtatement of our money matters will naturally accompany that advice, and ſhall be ſettled without delay.

" Tell me if you know any thing about the old woman who attended my mother—as ſoon as I am fully in train, I mean to give her a ſmall allowance.

" For all this trouble, dear ſchool-fellow, I am not without hopes of being one day able to make you a return in kind. In conſequence of my operatical affairs at the theatre, I ſhall ſoon be deeply connected with the muſical world, and have it in my power to give you early, and perfect accounts of every novel-

ty. Do me the juſtice to believe, that no opportunity of that, or any other kind, ſhall ever be neglected by me, to do you ſervice.

Do viſit Mrs Longman this ſeaſon? If ſhe afford you a city lodging, make your country ſeat with me. I am fixt for the Summer in a ſweet retirement, at Bromton, where, having a large bed, and lying alone, I can accommodate you tolerably, and give you a ſhare of a poet's ſupper, ſallads, and delicious fruits, (even Corri eats no better) from my own garden.

"If you ſee Dr Webſter, give him my beſt compliments, and tell I mean to write to him ſoon. God bleſs you.

LONDON, *May* 12, 1788. A M'DONALD.

But little did Macdonald foreſee how near all his ſchemes to inſure independence, and comfort in this world, were to a cloſe. "——— having no powerful friends (ſays the author of an ad-"vertiſement prefixed to our authors ſermons †) to patronize his "abilities, and ſuffering under the infirmities of a weak conſti-"tution, he fell a victim, at the age of three and thirty, to ſick-"neſs, diſappointment, and misfortune." This event took place in 1788. He left behind him an infant ſon, who, I much fear, has now a chance, from his mother having formed another connection, of feeling the loſs he has ſuſtained. But rather let me hope, duty, above all humanity, and a tender regard for the offspring of one who ſacrificed much to the comforts and good name of the mother, will weigh full in the ballance, and ſo find in this new connection, a fond father, a ſteady, and diſintereſted friend.

My acquaintance with Macdonald commenced in the year 1780. I was his junior by nine years; a lad of ſixteen, was hardly a companion for a man of five-and-twenty; and having but interviews of ſhort duration, we were, of conſequence, but ſlightly acquainted.

* Alluding to that gentleman's practice, while in Edinburgh, of frequenting the fruit-ſhops.

† Printed by John Murray, No. 32, Fleet Street, 1780.

In 1785, we became more intimate. About this period I had prepared for publication, an original work in muſic, which I was anxious he ſhould look over, which he did, with much attention: and it is but juſtice to acknowledge, that his remarks were ſo judicious, as to let me underſtand he was no mean proficient in the theory, as well as in the practice of muſic *.

In 1786, while on a viſit to Edinburgh, he was invited to dinner at Dr Webſter's †, where he was to be introduced to the late celebrated John Brown, painter ‡. I was alſo of the party.

* I am told he has left behind a good deal of his muſical compoſitions; but I have never ſeen any.

† Our mutual friend. See an account of him, p.—

‡ John Brown, the ſon of Samuel Brown, watchmaker in Edinburgh. He addreſſed a ſeries of letters "upon the poetry and muſic of the Italian opera," to Lord Monboddo, the learned author of "The origin and progreſs of language," which were publiſhed by his Lordſhip, after Brown's death. His Lordſhip ſpeaks of him in the following terms, in an advertiſement prefixed to the work, which was printed at Edinburgh for Bell and Bradefute, 1789. "This little piece (ſays the learned editor) is the "compoſition of one of the greateſt artiſts "that ever was in Scotland; who, beſides "his ſuperior excellence in his profeſſion, "which was *drawing*, the principal part of "painting, was very learned in all the Italian arts; and particularly in their poetry and muſic,"—his Lordſhip adds, "Mr "Brown has ſhown in this work, that he "knew very well what beauty was in writing, as well as in other arts; for there "is in his ſtyle, a copiouſneſs and elegance, "and withal, an accuracy of expreſſion, "which are ſeldom to be met with, in the "compoſitions of this age:" were it neceſſary, to this honourable teſtimony of the talents, varied as ſplendid, of Brown, recorded with ſo much candour and liberality, by the pen of Monboddo, I might add mine own, who, in no ſmall degree, ſtands indebted to his extenſive knowledge, in almoſt every branch of ſcience, and polite literature, for his kind communications; particularly in the ſiſter arts, muſic, poetry, and painting. His poetry was compoſed chiefly in the Italian language. He ſpent in Italy, near eleven years of the earlieſt part of his life, in purſuit of the fine arts, and a knowledge in antiquities. After returning to his native city (Edinburgh) he practiſed in his profeſſion with little regard to emolument; and being of a weakly conſtitution, his declining health depreſſed ſo much his ſpirits, that every caſual circumſtance that fell ſhort of gratification, became inſupportable. Having married an amiable woman, Miſs Elpin, to whom he had been long attached, he was adviſed to go to London, and ſettle there, ſo that his two profeſſional abilities might have every chance of diſtinction and reward. But, about the time his talents began to attract notice, he was ſeized with his laſt illneſs. His medical friends having preſcribed a ſea voyage, he ſet ſail from London, and arrived at Leith, thence was removed to an ap-

The interview was intereſting. At this diſtance of time, it comes to my remembrance, in tender emotions of regret; for, alas! the friends of my youth have dropt for ever from my ſight! an early grave has already been allotted to each, and few remain that are more dear to my heart.

I came ſoon, in order to witneſs the introduction. Brown, who had arrived but a few minutes before, was all expectation. The door opens—Brown ſtarts up—it is not Macdonald—it was Webſter. He rallied Brown on his ſeeming embaraſſment—we all laughed, and talked of ſomething indifferent. Webſter left us. Brown took out his pencil, and made a haſty ſketch of my face. The door bell is heard.—The pencil drops from Brown's fingers.—The parlor door opens, and Webſter announces Macdonald. Brown turns round, and looks ſtedfaſtly in our poet's face, who ſeemed arreſted in his advance; they rivet their eyes on each other with reſpect and admiration. After the uſual compliment had paſſed, each attempted to ſpeak to the other, but they only interrupted one another with commonplace remarks; and it was not till after we had dined, and a few glaſſes had circulated, that Brown and Macdonald opened a converſation, the moſt cordial, ſprightly, and entertaining I had ever witneſſed. From this day they became intimate friends.

Macdonald, like almoſt every man of genius, was peculiar in many reſpects, as to certain excentricities of character. His averſion to hypocriſy and clerical grimace, exhibited to ſome, a degree of ſeeming levity, unuſual among men of his profeſſion. He was by no means ſtudious to command reſpect, by a ſanctimonious regard to decorum: on the contrary, he ſeized every op-

partment in the ſuburbs of Edinburgh, where he ſoon afterwards expired, at the early age of five and thirty; leaving behind him a widow, and an only child, a boy. Brown drew, for the moſt part, in black-lead. His ſmaller pieces, which were, in general, portraits, thrown into picturеſque attitudes, are invaluable. The exquiſite touch of his pencil, was beyond any powers of language to deſcribe. His taſte was what ſeemed to all, the true ſtandard of excellence. His knowledge was deep and extenſive. His genius original, excurſive, and verſatile. His manners bland, affectionate, and manly. In ſhort, Brown was ſuch as rarely appears in any age or country.

portunity, to expoſe the empiriciſm of falſe religion, and hold up to ridicule the pragmatical nothingneſs of godly vanity. For theſe things he became an object of perſecution.

His conduct, at times, was by no means the moſt correct: and it is no wonder, when a man ſteps, unheedingly into by-paths, in his journey through life, that he finds himſelf entangled among briars and thorns, that impede, and gall him in his progreſs. Notwithſtanding, Macdonald was a good man. His heart was warm, and ſincere; full of candour and openneſs. His mental qualities are beſt diſplayed in his works. A few, and but a few remarks on ſome of his writings will ſuffice.

"No ſubject (ſays a late ingenious author) requires to be treated more delicately than praiſe,"—it is impoſſible to pay too much regard to the truth of this remark, as indiſcriminate praiſe is oblique cenſure. That portion of praiſe, due to the poetical labours of Macdonald ought not to be conveyed in a vague indeterminate manner. And I much fear my limited plan will admit of none other.

Few imitations of Spencer's ſtyle and meaſure, have met with a more favourable reception, than Macdonald's "Velina, a fragment." There is much fancy, rich imagery, pathos, and delicacy of ſentiment; together with a fine flow of ſmooth and harmonious verſification, that ſtamps it a firſt rate production. The following ſtanzas may ſerve as a ſpecimen.

XVIII.

If e'er thy heart has felt Love's ſubtle flame,
Thou mayeſt imagine, for I cannot tell,
How o'er my ſoul the mingled rapture came
Of ſweet ſenſation, which I could not quell;
How through my trembling veins a powerful ſwell
Of life ruſh'd forth, and bore me quite away.
Down on my knees before the nymph I fell,
Aſk'd in what ſtar of heav'n her manſion lay,
That in fit terms I might my adoration pay.

XIX.

Riſe, ſimple youth, the bluſhing virgin ſaid,
No goddeſs I of planet or of ſtar;
A weak, poor, friendleſs, perſecuted maid,
Whoſe hateful priſon lies not diſtant far;

Where chiefs, whoſe ſole delight is barb'rous war,
Bray'd from the claſhing ſhield, and rattling car:
But ſounds before I never heard ſo clear,
So ſoft, as thoſe which drew me wand'ring heedleſs here.

* * *

XXII.

Oft have I gaz'd upon the riſing ſun,
Survey'd the noon-tide vault of aether blue;
And when the glorious orb his courſe had run
Down to the weſt, where ſcenry ever new
Floats on, I have peruſ'd with careful view
The clouds, and fancied beauties in the air:
Oft have I wander'd through the nightly dew,
While ſlow the moon rode on her cloudy chair,
And all the eyes of heav'n look'd out with ſparkling glare.

XXIII.

Oft, too, the pow'r that ſounds harmonic have,
My raptur'd ſoul has left in pure delight, &c.

Thoſe productions which appeared under the ſignature of Matthew Bramble, Eſq. are not inferior to the ephemeral effuſions of Peter Pindar's muſe, of whom he ſpeaks in the following lines.

———GIARDINI, dry and ſapleſs as a cindar,
Ne'er to the heart of feeling gave ſuch pleaſure
As playful and pathetic PETER PINDAR.

Macdonald's "Probationary Odes for the Laureatſhip," poſſeſs a ſtrain of excellent humour, and poignant ſatyr. "Number VII. by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas," is in the Scotiſh dialect, to which is ſubjoined a tranſlation, by John Pinkerton, Eſq. It begins thus,

The pawky loon TAM WARTON's gane
And on his wymb they'ye laid a ſtane,
Ance mair, &c. See *p. p.* 91, 92, MACDONALD's *Miſc. Works*

The favourable impreſſion the firſt dramatic production of our author made on the public, inſured ſucceſs to his ſubſequent attemps. But, it muſt be confeſſed, that his tragedy of VIMONDA is, by far, the beſt of his dramatic works. It abounds in pathos and ſentiment; breathes the fervour of true genius, tempered with taſte, elegance, and purity of diction.

As a preacher, he was diſtinguiſhed for neat, claſſical, and elegant compoſition. Maſſilon and Bourdeleau were his models. He delivered his diſcourſes with a manly, and becoming modeſty, that failed not to intereſt and command attention.

In his perſon he was above the middle ſize, but rather ſlender. His countenance was prepoſſeſſing, and full of expreſſion. He had an air of independence bordering on haughtineſs; yet, withal, he was affable and polite, free from ſupercilious pedantry, or unmeaning pride.

In 1791, "Poems on ſeveral occaſions, to which is added, the hiſtory of Mr William Wallace, a novel, by R. CUMMING," were printed for the author, by Grant and Moir. This volume is the production of an ingenious and amiable man, by profeſſion a ſtaymaker, whoſe leiſure has enabled him to pay his devotions to the muſes, in no common ſtrain.

In 1791, "Were printed for the author, by Alexander Chapman and company, Edinburgh, "Poems, paſtoral, ſatyrical, tragic, and comic, by JOHN LEARMONT, carefully corrected by the author;" who, according to my information, is, or was a gardener near Dalkieth. To theſe poems is ſubjoined a dramatic performance, intitled, "The Unequal Rivals, a paſtoral," The beſt account I can give of this volume, is what its author has choſen as a motto.

My Muſe is a queer wayward wight,
And cramm'd with many a quirky flight,
She ſoaring whiles mounts out of ſight,
Beyond the moon;
Next dizzy 'mong the ſhades of night
Comes donart down.

Is this a ſpecimen of the Bathos?

In 1792, "The poetical works of JANET LITTLE, the Scotch milk-maid," were "printed at AIR, by John and Peter Wilſon,"—8vo.

The ſpecimens of this young woman's poetry, though by no means equal to the productions of the milk-maid of Briſtol, now laid before the public, are ſuch, as might do credit to many more learned and faſhionable modern poets.

In 1792, "Poems on various ſubjects, by JAMES FISHER, ſecond edition, improved and enlarged," were "printed at Dumfries, by Robert Jackſon, for the author." His motto is the following.

Whae'er thou critic be
That reads my harmleſs glee,
And will my faults there ſee,
See thou of ſuch be free;
It not in ſome degree
Speak favourably of me,
An' this'll be thy fee—
Some ſhall ſpeak well of thee.

—here criticiſm is ſet at defiance—indeed, when it is conſidered, as he tells his reader in his preface, that he was deprived of his ſight by means of the ſmall-pox, when about two years of age; and that his ſituation in life rendered a liberal education beyond his reach, we are not much inclined to call in queſtion the merits of his poetry.

In 1792, volume the firſt of the "Tranſactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland," was printed at Edinburgh, in which appeared "Three Scotiſh Poems, with a previous diſſertation on the Scoto-Saxon dialect, by the Revd. ALEXANDER GEDDES, L. L. D. So precious a morſel from the tranſlator of the Bible, muſt be deemed by every philologiſt, a happy acquiſition to Scotiſh literature. While all muſt admire the Doctor's diſſertation, it is not neceſſary to pay implicit reſpect to his ingenious conjectures. He will admit this remark. At the ſame time, I acknowledge, in many points, I am inclined to place the topics he has touched on with ſo much judgment and candour, in the ſame point of view he has done. Notwithſtanding, I have my doubts. With regard to his "three poems," there can be but one opinion. They are compoſed in the true claſſic Scotiſh dialect, and poſſeſs the genuine characteriſtics of poetry, and philological knowledge. The "epiſtles," no doubt, are rather adulatory; yet, conſidering on what occaſion they were written, the partiality diſplayed throughout, to the departed geniuſes of his native country, may be pardoned, or overlooked by every good-natured critic. "The firſt Eklog of Virgil, tranſlatit into Skottis vers," is not inferior to any part of the Biſhop of Dunkeld's "ENEADOS." The following paſſage is particularly beautiful.

MELIBEUS.

Happi ald man! An' ſe thy feld reman
Thyn a'n poſſeſhon? ilke thing a'n!
Enukh, y wat, for thy contentit mynd:
For tho' but bar and barran, in its kynd;
Tho' ſtens invad the hikhts, an ſegs the plan,
Yet ſtill, O pleſant thokht! 'tis a' thyn a'n.
Thy pregnant ieus ne fremit girs ſal rot,
Ne murrin tout them fre a fremit kot.
Happi ald man! hea, mid thy nati' burns
An' funtins bublan fre thur ſakred urns,
Anion the ſhad of odor-brethan tres
Thir ſitſt an' katchiſt the refreſhan brez:
Hugh, aft ghon oſier-heaj (whe's arli flurs
The human' Be with egernis devurs)
Sal with its gentil ſuzuraſhons ſtep
Thy kloſand ên in bliſt an' bami ſlep
On 't'u thir ſyd, the pruner's ruſtick ſang
The bami ſlep ſal pleſantli prolang:
Nor ſal the turtil nor the kuſhi-du
(Ghur kar) refus their lu-lorn notes to ghu.

In 1792, was printed for Charles Dilly, London, and Peter Hill, Edinburgh, "Addreſs to Loch Lomond, a poem." This production is aſcribed to the claſſical pen of Mr Crerie, one of the maſters of the High School, Edinburgh. The magnificent ſcenery of Loch Lomond, together with the hiſtorical incidents connected with it, are admirably calculated for poetical deſcription. In one word, Mr Crerie has acquited himſelf like a ſcholar and a poet.

In 1792, "Miſcellanies in proſe and verſe, by the Honourable LORD GARDENSTONE, (the ſecond edition, corrected and enlarged) were "printed by James Robertſon, South Bridge Street" This volume has been noticed already in a former part of this ſketch*

It is not eaſy to conjecture, what motive could have induced the ingenious author of the life of our learned grammarian Ruddiman, to ſuffer the following paſſage to eſcape into the world, without ſo much as the ſlighteſt mention on what authority he has ventured to commit himſelf in this manner. In ſpeaking of that intereſting part of Lord Gardenſtone's miſcellanies, which is entitled "Memoirs of the life and writings of George Buchanan," our author ſays, "It was one Callender, who has ſince "been outlawed for ſeditious practices, that wrote the memoirs "of Buchanan, as the vehicle of his attack on Ruddiman. It "was Lord Gardenſtone, who publiſhed theſe memoirs, in his "book of miſcellanies, Callender, then, filled the morter with "thoſe detractions, which were to blaſt the fame of Ruddiman,

* See page 77 and 78.

"and Gardenſtone ſet the match to the murderous artillery*." To let the above paſs, unchallenged, were a ſtain on the faireſt character the Scotiſh college of juſtice had lately to boaſt, in the perſon of Lord Gardenſtone. I have made diligent ſearch, and the ſtricteſt enquiry, in order to aſcertain what ſhare Callender had in the miſcellanies in queſtion; and the reſult is as follows. Thomſon Callender was a meſſenger at Arms (which in Scotland, anſwers to a bailiff in England) Lord Gardenſtone was in the habit of employing him as his amanuenſis. But that he is the author of the article entitled, "Memoirs of the life and writings of George Buchanan," is altogether an abſurd falſhood. For an obvious reaſon I ſhall reſt this aſſertion on the internal evidence, alone, of the authenticity of the article alluded to. Let any judicious and candid reader compare the ſtile, and ſubject matter throughout the miſcellanies of Lord Gardenſtone; and let him pronounce, if he ſees not an uniformity in all reſpects, that ſtamps them, the production of one author, and that author, none other, than he whoſe name is prefixed to the miſcellanies in queſtion.

In 1792 ALEXANDER THOMSON, Eſq. publiſhed, "Whiſt, a poem." This intereſting piece has run through ſeveral editions. He has ſince publiſhed, "Eſſay on Novels, a poem," and "The Paradiſe of Taſte, a poem." This latter production, had he written nothing elſe, were ſufficient to eſtabliſh his reputation as a poet.

In 1793, were printed at Paiſley, by John Nielſon, for the author, "Poems, with Edwin and Catherine, or the diſtreſſed lovers, a tragedy, by THOMAS SCOTT," 8vo The contents of this volume are the performance of "a ſimple youth,"—with pleaſure I can venture to prophecy, he, in the event he gives the reins of his fancy to refined taſte, and mature judgment, will one day appear in the true character of a poet. I am informed Mr Scott is, or was a ſchoolmaſter near Langholme, in the ſouth of Scotland.

In 1794, "Poems, in Engliſh, Scotch, and Latin," were

* Vid. Chalmer's life of Ruddiman, p. 293.

printed for the author, by J. Neilſon, Paiſley. Of what the regular reviews have ſaid of the contents of this volume, I am utterly ignorant. I judge on the preſent occaſion, as I have done all along, for myſelf. Without the ſmalleſt heſitation, I own, I have received much real pleaſure, in the peruſal of theſe truely claſſical, and in general, witty performances. In the Latin pieces, it muſt be confeſſed, there appear ſome alluſions to characters, that, unleſs, notes of reference be in a future edition ſubjoined, they muſt eventually become obſolete. Perhaps, the ingenious author's intention, is, to ſuffer them to remain as they are.

There is a noble ſpirit of candour and independence, that characteriſes, in no ſmall degree, the ingenious author, diſplayed in his preface; and a manly degree of modeſty, that challenges regard.

In 1794. "The Har'st Rig, wrote in Autumn, 1786, by a farmer, in the vicinity of Edinburgh," was "publiſhed by W. Berry, bookſeller, No. 39, South Bridge Street.

In 1794, "Poems on ſeveral occaſions, by William Farquhar," were printed at Edinburgh; and were dedicated to the Loyal Edinburgh Volunteers.

In 1794, "The Anti-Jacobin, a poem, in twenty-one cantos," was printed; and dedicated to the Edinburgh Volunteers.

In 1794, a ſmall pamphlet, containing "Poems, by GAVIN TURNBULL, Comedian," was printed at Dumfries, for the author. This poet has already been noticed.

In 1794, at Dundee was printed by C. Colvill, for the author, "The Piper of Peebles, a tale, by the Lambleader." This poem is in the broadeſt dialect of the north. It poſſeſſes uncommon merit. In an advertiſement ſubjoined to this little piece, the author announces his having ſeveral eſſays and poems, already prepared for the preſs, by him. I ſincerely wiſh he may meet with ſuch encouragement as the ſpecimen before me induces me to think he deſerves. I know nothing of this author. He dates his poem from Kirrymuir, (Shire of Angus) 26th November, 1793.

In 1794, were printed at Edinburgh, but never publiſhed, "Eſſays and Fragments, in proſe and verſe, by JAMES HAY,

BEATIE," one volume, 8vo*. There is ſomething peculiarly affecting, in muſing on the ſacred taſk, which contrary to the uſual courſe of human nature, has devolved as editor on the afflicted father of this young philoſopher, whoſe premature genius, and acquirements, were the ſubject of admiration and panegyric among the virtuous and learned, wherever his name was mentioned.

Dr BEATIE has performed this mournful duty, in a manner that awakens the finer feelings of humanity, to ſympathize in his ſorrow, for the loſs of ſo promiſing a ſon. He has ſhown, in a ſhort ſketch "of the author's life and character," prefixed to this miſcellany, that his ſon, his companion, and boſom friend, was a man of genius, and a ſincere Chriſtian.

This highly accompliſhed young gentleman was, in 1787, before he had accompliſhed the ninteenth year of his age, appointed aſſiſtant profeſſor of moral philoſophy and logic, in the univerſity of Aberdeen. But alas! at ſeven in the morning of the 19th of November, 1790, he breathed his laſt. Thus, every gay proſpect vaniſhed, ere he had reached the uſual time the generality of young men launch into the buſy world.

In 1795, Mr Macniel's "Scotland's Skaith," was publiſhed, which has already been noticed. Several other ſmall pieces on the ſame ſubject made their appearance †.

In 1795, "The Heroic Deeds of the Scots, a poem, in four volumes; from Fergus I. down to the preſent time. To which are added, Poems on ſeveral occaſions, at the end of each volume, by JOHN CARRUTHERS, volume 1." was printed at Dumfries by Robert Jackſon. This volume is dedicated to the Right Hon. George James Hay, Earl of Errol. To give an opinion on a work, one fourth of which hath only appeared, were

* By J. Moir, Paterſon's Court.

† "Whiſky, a poem," "The Complaint, a poem, on the propoſed tax on powdered heads," and ſeveral others, of no value.

unfair; therefore, it is unneceſſary to make any comment whatever on the preſent performance.

In 1796, "The twa Cuckolds, and the Tint Quey. Two tales in the Scotiſh dialect,' were printed at Edinburgh, and "ſold by the bookſellers." In theſe little humorous pieces, the Scotiſh idiom is very well obſerved throughout, particularly in the tale of the "Tint Quey." The tale of "The Twa Cuckolds" is the production of Mr STEEL, author of a ſmall dramatic piece of one act, entieled "The Shepherd's Wedding," publiſhed in 1789; and "New Year's Morning in Edinburgh;" and "Auld Hanſel Monday in the Country," publiſhed in 1792. The two laſt poems are truely characteriſtic of the preſent manners of the people in Scotland, on the days the author has choſen to celebrate in his native dialect, which is done with much pleaſantry and addreſs.

The "Tint Quey," is the production of Mr RICHARD GALL, a very promiſing young gentleman, to whoſe kindneſs I am indebted for many uſeful hints and notices for the preſent work. He has written a great many verſes in the Scotiſh dialect; ſome of which are excellent. Though he dedicates his leiſure to the Scotiſh muſe, yet his diligence in his profeſſion, which is that of a printer, is in no wiſe interrupted. Uſeful and pleaſant muſt that life be, where elegant amuſements and buſineſs are ſo happily blended, that neither the one nor the other occupy more than their due proportion of time; which arrangement, while it regulates our actions, conſtitutes the true baſis of human enjoyment.

In 1796, was publiſhed at Edinburgh, "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel, a tragic poem, founded on fact, by STEWART LEWIS, private ſoldier in the Southern fencibles." The following notice is prefixed. "The following poem, as founded upon a note "annexed to the account of the pariſh of Kirkpatrick—Fleeming, "by the reverend Mr Moniaw's in his Statiſtical Account of "Scotland." This well known ſtory, is told by Mr Lewis in ſome very pathetic verſes; looſe, and incorrect lines, here and there, may by the faſtidious critic be pointed out; but, a muſe,

unlearned in the more refined departments of criticiſm, can hardly be expected to reach the utmoſt limits of correctneſs in compoſition.

It ſeems the unhappy lot of genius to be the ſport of Fortune. Mr Lewis has ſeen better days. I am favoured with a ſketch of his hiſtory, by the laſt mentioned poet (who is much intereſted in his behalf) which is narrated as follows.

STEWART LEWIS is a native of Dumfriesſhire, and was born in 1762. His father rented a conſiderable farm from the Duke of Queenſberry; ſo that he was enabled to educate his children well, and bring them up in a reſpectable manner. But, while the ſubject of this ſlight memoir was in infancy, his father died; leaving behind him a widow and ſix children to deplore his loſs. An evil train of circumſtances led to poverty and wretchedneſs; and a cottage became the refuge of our poet's reduced family. "As for myſelf (ſays he in a letter that lies before me) as ſoon as I "became capable of employment, I went and tended the flocks "of ſome of the neighbouring farmers, in the ſummer ſeaſon; "and when my mother could afford it, I was ſent to ſchool in "the winter. I ſoon became enamoured of books, and read "with avidity every trifling performance that chance threw in my "way, particularly poetical productions, which I peruſed with "a degree of pleaſure, bordering on enthuſiaſm; and even at-"tempted ſome doggerel pieces myſelf, before I had learned to "write."

He was ſent for to Mancheſter, at the age of thirteen, by his brother, who had been ſettled there for ſome time in an elegible line of buſineſs. Here he continued for ſeveral years; and had it certainly in his power to make a ſmall fortune: "But," alas! "(ſays he) the art of acquiring riches was what I never ſtudied." After an abſence of ten years, having gone through a vaſt variety of adventures, he returned to his native village, "not much "richer (ſays he) but exceedingly more hackened in the ways of "the world than I was when I left it."

After having viſited his mother and other friends, he had formed the reſolution of purſuing his fortune in the Weſt Indies; where, in one of the iſlands, a couſin, in affluent circumſtances

had been ſettled for ſome time, in whoſe friendſhip he truſted. But, inſtead of croſſing the Atlantic, he paid his addreſs to his preſent wife, who was born in the ſame village with himſelf, and who had been his ſchool fellow. "As long as my ſlender finances "(continues he) would permit, I endeavoured to ſupport the cha- "racter I had been accuſtomed to, for a few preceeding years; "but, alas! it at laſt vaniſhed, and with it all my numerous "train of pretended friends." He was now put to various ſhifts to procure a ſcanty ſubſiſtence for his family. At the commencment of the preſent war, he was driven to the extreme of want. On the one hand, poverty and wretchedneſs in all its horrors, ſtared him in the face; on the other, the precarious life of a private ſoldier, with all its inconveniences, ſeemed to him, while his wife, who was lying in of her ſeventh child, was at the point of periſhing for want, that to ſell his liberty, was the only alternative for avoiding inſtant and total ruin. Accordingly he touched the ſordid metal that was to ſolder him to the living machine, invented for human deſtruction. In this ſituation he remains, till the bleſſings of peace be reſtored to bleeding Europe.

In 1796, was printed at Stirling for C. Randall, "Elcho Caſtle, or Edmund and Velina, a tale," ſmall 8vo, p. p. 12.

In 1796, "A Collection of poems, chiefly in the Scotiſh dialect; by JOHN LAUTHERDALE," was "printed at Edinburgh, for the author, by J. Robertſon, No. 4. Horſe Wynd."

In 1796, "Donald Bane, an heroic poem, in three books." By GEORGE SKENE, Eſq. was printed at London, "for G. G. and J. Robinſon, Paternoſter Row."

The author of this poem has made a bold attempt to clothe common incidents, and familiar names, in highly figurative language. *Bane*, in the Gælic tongue, ſignifies *fair*. Perhaps, DONALD THE FAIR would have ſuited an heroic title better than *Donald Bane*, a name familiar in Scotland. Let us ſuppoſe a hero, of the ſame name with the author of the piece alluded to, to have been the principal perſonage. *Scian*, or, as the author ſpells it (ſee his preface *) *Skene*, is, in the Engliſh lan-

* "The weapon with which his anceſtor (Mr Skene of Skene) ſlew a wild boar, and ſaved the life of the Scotch king."

guage called *Knife; George Knife* would, I apprehend, ſound rather ſomewhat ludicrous. It is, perhaps, for a ſimiliar reaſon Mr Skene hath choſen to retain the Gælic original, inſtead of a tranſlation, ſuch as Donald the Fair, alias, *Fair Donald*. Did not ſome beautiful paſſages, interſperſed throughout this heroic poem, arreſt the reader's attention, one would be tempted to think its author meant a burleſque on Homer's Iliad. For inſtance:

A rebel! Die! the furious Donald roar'd,
A meſſenger like thee whoever comes
Shall ſwiftly to the loweſt hell be hurled!
He roar'd ſo loud that the firm founded rock
Shook to its baſe, and through the Gothic dom
Loud echo rung.

The opening of "Book II." ſeems very obſcure, particularly in the apoſtrophe—

Hail juſtice! thy pure ſtream, &c. *See P.* 38.

Exuberent, irregular, and wild in many parts, as this poem may appear to many; it is evidently the production of an original genius, and a ſcholar.

In 1796, "Proſpects from Hills in Fife. By GEORGE WALLACE, Eſq. were printed at "Edinburgh for Bell and Bradfute." This ſeries of poetical reveries, is replete with deſcription, ſentiment, hiſtorical alluſions, and moral reflections. Few modern compoſitions breathe a firmer tone of independence and manly freedom. Witneſs the following lines.

PROSPECT VIII.

Accurs'd ambition!—multitude abus'd!
O injur'd many, inſolently term'd
The Mob, or Vulgar, by the worthleſs few!
Your lot how hard! From Niphon to the Bog
Deceit, oppreſſion, robb'ry, ſtripes and want,
By luckleſs Fortune doom'd to bear from thoſe,
The guardians choſen, and the ſervants paid
To ſhield your perſons, property, and rights—
Unfaithful—by your tameneſs erſt transform'd,
Preſumptuouſly, in evil hour, to lords

And tyrants of your reaſon, actions, will,
Opinions, pencils, pens, eſtates, and words.
Man ought, for ſolid happineſs alone,
And real weal (majeſtic Liberty,
The frowns of Wealth, the fangs of Power that ſcorns
Secure, and equal unoppreſſive laws,
Not ſpecious, nominal, impoſtors mere,
Which robe audacious, and inſatiate ſlay
Mankind, but frugal, certain, juſt, and clear)
With boldneſs ought, perſiſtive, to contend;
But oft, by frenzy-formed views miſled
And phantoms vain in baſeleſs viſion ſeen,
Or hideous cries inflam'd, is, ſhameleſs, brought,
Inſtead of uninjurious freedom, full
And fair ſecurity, ſubſtantial goods,
To waſte his treaſure, and his blood to ſpill,
For that the nation's GLORY named—or worſe.

PROSPECT IX.

———FAR juſter motives, WALLACE, wak'd thy ſoul,
Kindling within thy breaſt the gen'rous flame,
A foreign foe had raviſh'd all the land:
Thy injur'd country bled from ſea to ſea;
Her crimſon'd plains had loſt their chearful hue;
And ſilent glades. to fabled OSSIAN's tales *
Vocal no more or ſweet MALVINA's ſong,
Sadneſs re-echoed and the voice of woe.
* * * *
'Twas then, great WILLIAM, patriot hero, then,
That thou, fond Caledonia's ſplendent pride,
Dauntleſs, alone, amidſt oppreſſion bold
Indigent, greatly daredſt to aſſert
Thy country's cauſe, and rouſe the land to arms.

Many eminent practitioners at the Scotiſh Bar, whoſe poetical productions, are juſtly admired, might be mentioned, in the liſt of Scotiſh poets of the preſent day; among the number, the Hon. HENRY ERSKINE the ingenious author of the "EMIGRANT a poem," written on the occaſion of the frequent emigrations from the Highlands of Scotland is not the leaſt deſerving our notice. I have ſeen a ſmall volume of Mr. Erſkine's fugitive pieces in M. S. which I have peruſed with much pleaſure.

* Gray.

In 1796, "Odes and Miſcellaneous Poems. By a Student of Medicine in the Univerſity of Edinburgh," were printed at Edinburgh, "for G. Mudie and Son, South Bridge, and for J. Johnſon, London," 4to, p. p. 61. The contents of this volume are with juſtice aſcribed to me; which I have now publickly acknowledged, in the title page of this work.

In 1796, "A Collection of Engliſh Songs, with an Appendix of Original Pieces," was printed at "London, by William Bennett;" which appears to be edited with much care, taſte, and diſcrimination. The learned editor, A. DALRYMPLE, Eſq. is well known in the literary world. The appendix contains poetical extracts, the productions of his "lamented brother, Leut. Col. James Dalrymple," written at different times, and on ſeveral occaſions, from the 1756 to the 1789.

In 1797, "A Peep into the Convent of Clutha, a poetical epiſtle," was printed at Edinburgh "for C. Elliot, Parliament Square," 4to, p. p. 30.

In 1797, "Poems on ſeveral occaſions. By Robert Buchanan," were printed for the author, by John Moir, Paterſon's Court," 12mo.

In 1797, "Poetry, Miſcellaneous and Dramatic. By an Artiſt," were printed at Edinburgh, by Geo. Reid and Company, for Peter Hill, Edinburgh, and Cadel and Davis, London, 8vo. p. p. 140. The author of this volume is a native of Edinburgh, where he has chiefly reſided; and is well known as an engraver. Among the beſt ſpecimens of his talents as an artiſt, is his portrait (after Rheburn) of Dr Nathaniel Spens, in the habit of a Scotch archer.

The contents of this volume of his poetry, which have been ſubmitted to the public, is various, in point of merit. Some paſſages breathe all the ſpirit of genuine compoſition; while others, ſink beneath criticiſm. He miſtakes too often a ſmooth mellifluent flow of words, for harmony of verſification. In blank verſe he ſeems moſt at a loſs. Aiming to be ſimple, chaſte, and clear in his diction, he falls into inſipid monotony. Theſe are his faults. His excellencies far exceed in number their appoſites. His imagination, is, that of a poet. His knowledge and

Juſt diſcrimination, in point of ſelection and arrangement, do not appear ſo manifeſt. His deſcriptive and allegorical pieces are not his beſt. His lyric performances are truely beautiful. "The Home-bred Linnet, The Proſtitute, The Dutiful Wife," and "A Song for Seventy," are ſecond to very few modern productions in poetry.

In 1797, "Edmund and Velina, a legendary tale; and Albert and Helen, a Daniſh ballad," were printed by Archibald Conſtable, at the Croſs, Edinburgh. Theſe pretty twins of fancy, are the productions of a young gentleman of Stirling; who has entered the liſts, to diſpute the laurel, with many other youthful Scotiſh bards, at this eventful æra of poetical compoſition.

In 1797, "A trip to Portſmouth and the Iſle of Wight from London, in rambling verſe," was printed by W. Dickſon, Edinburgh.

In 1797, Extracts from a poem, entitled "Proſpects from Stirling Caſtle," by DAVID DOEG, L. L. D. were printed at Stirling by C. Randall.

In 1798, was printed at Edinburgh for Mundel and Son, and publiſhed at London by Cadel and Davis. "Epiſtle from Lady Grange to Edward D—, Eſq. written during her confinement in the Iſland of St Kilda." This poem is aſcribed to a young gentleman of Edinburgh. It is the production of a poet. Few modern pieces in the path this young bard has choſen to try his firſt excurſion, for ſuch, I am told it is, will bear a compariſon with the "Epiſtle from Lady Grange."

In 1798, "The Genius of Caledonia, a poem on the Threatened Invaſion," was printed at Edinburgh, "for J Symington, bookſeller, Parliment Square." The author of this poem is ſaid to be Mr A. Balfour of Arbroath, whoſe pieces have appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine. This young gentleman's "Elegy to the memory of Robert Burns, (ſee Edin. Mag. for Oct. 1796,) is by far the beſt that has appeared on the ſubject.

In 1798 "The works of the late JOHN M'LAURIN, Eſq. of Dreghorn: one of the Senators of the college of Juſtice, and

F. R. S. Edinburgh, in two volumes" were printed " for the editor by J. Ruthven and Sons, and ſold by Bell and Bradfute, and E. Balfour."

The firſt of theſe volume contains the greater part of the learned author's poetical productions. As he is noticed in a former page of this work; to add any thing to what has already been ſaid were unneceſſary.

In 1798 " Poems chiefly in the Scotiſh dialect on various ſubjects by David Crawford were printed at " Edinburgh for the author " by J. Pillans and ſons"

In 1798, a volume of poſthumous pieces in verſe, the production of the late Captain Marjoribanks, was printed at Edinburgh.

This gentleman was the author of " Trifles in verſe, by a Young Soldier, in two volumes, which were printed at the Union Preſs, by P. Palmer, at Kelſo, in 1784.

The Edinburgh Magazine has been occaſionally ſupplied with the productions of our riſing Scotiſh poets, for ſeveral years back. Mr Leyden, (to whom I have, in a former part of this ſketch, acknowledged an obligation) ſtands forward as a principal contributor to this Miſcellany, which he has, from time to time, enriched with the happy effuſions of fancy. I am informed the initials prefixed to a pretty ſet of verſes, in ſaid Magazine for May laſt, T. C. is a young gentleman of my name, a native of Glaſgow. I have ſeen in manuſcript ſeveral of this poet's fugitive performances, that impreſs me with a high opinion of his poetic talents.

In the Monthly Magazine for ——— laſt, are ſome verſes of great merit, to which is prefixed the ſignature of " AUGUSTA," who is ſaid to be a young Lady of ſuperior talents, a native of Edinburgh.

The banks of the Tweed, is ſtill the favourite haunt of the Scotiſh Muſe; though ſhe has now changed her Doric reed for " the golden lyre of claſſic lore," yet, " wood notes wild," are warbled by her votaries, in ſo melodious a ſtrain, as to merit the higheſt commendation. Mr Robert Lundie of Kelſo, a young gentleman, no leſs diſtinguiſhed for the good qualities of the heart, than for mental acquirements, may be mentioned, as a contribu-

tor to ſaid Miſcellany; and one, whoſe poetical pieces do him much credit.

"Poetry, original and ſelected," printed for, and ſold by Braſh and Reid, Glaſgow, is ſtill going on. This elegant publication has met with great ſucceſs, both at home and abroad. It is noticed in this place, as containing ſeveral fugitive pieces of living Scotiſh poets. Among others, Mr Reid himſelf appears none of the leaſt conſpicuous. His pieces are, in general, very intereſting, and impreſſive; characteriſed by an originality and genuine feeling, that ſhew him evidently capable of better things.

Dr Tytler's (of Brichen) tranſlation from Scevole de St Mar. the's Pœdotrophia, ought not to be overlooked, although it be not an original work.

Mr C. Smith is eminently ſkilled in the fine arts, muſic, painting and poetry; in which ſeveral departments of elegant knowledge, he has given manifeſt proofs of his talents. He is at preſent in London, where he is in practice as a painter.

Having now brought to a cloſe, what can be deemed little more than a mere ſynopſis of an extenſive and elaborate untertaking, I take my leave of the ſeveral topics to which I have called my reader's attention; hopeful that what I have laid before him, may have afforded ſome degree of pleaſure and inſtruction.

In order to render this ſketch as intereſting as pſſioble, ſubjoined, is the following

LIST OF DRAMATIC WRITERS, &c.

A LIST OF DRAMATIC WRITERS,

NATIVES OF SCOTLAND;

WITH A CATALOGUE OF THEIR DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

GEORGE BUCHANAN

1543 *Medea* Euripidis poetæ tragici.

1554 *Jephthes* ſive votum, tragœdia.

1556 *Alceſtis* Euripidis poetæ tragici.

1578 *Baptiſtis* ſive Calumnia.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY

1602 *Play* or *Satyr* of *The Three Eſtates*, in ſeven interludes.

An account of the firſt repreſentation of this play "At Lithguoe before the Kinge and Queene, and the hoole Counſaile, ſpiritual and temporale, in the feaſt of the Epiphane of our Lorde, January 1539," is mentioned in a curious original letter, preſerved in a M. S. of the Royal Society, in the Britiſh Muſeum, and now inſerted in Pinkerton's appendix to his hiſtory of the Stuarts. It was afterwards acted "at Cupar, in the Playfield, on the Caſtlehill," and acted "in the Greneſyd, beſyd, Edinburgh," as mentioned at the beginning of a copy of the play, in the M. S. in the the Lawyer's library, p. 168. No copy of the play appeared in print earlier than that printed by R. Charteris in 1602, one of which (wanting a few leaves) is in the poſſeſſion of Mr George Paton of Edinburgh. It has already been mentioned the early fate of Lindſay's works. Pitſcottie mentions that at a Council of the Clergy, held in the Blackfriars of Edinburgh, in the month of March 1558-9. "They made an act that Sir David Lindſay's book ſhould be aboliſhed and burned." (See p. 315. of 3d edition.

The Cardinal's tragedy

1603 *Philotus*, a comedy, anonymous.

In Birrill's Diary, "1568, January 17th, a play, made by

Robert Semple, was played before the Lord Regent (Murray) and divers others of the nobility of Edinburgh." Perhaps this may have been the play of Philotus. A copy of this play is in the poſſeſſion of Mr George Paton, already mentioned.

ROBERT SEMPLE.

1570 *The Regent's Tragedy*, ſeventeen nine-line ſtanzas.

Ames's hiſtory of printing. The Regent Murray was killed at Linlithgow the 23d January, 1569-70.

1571 *The Biſhopis Life and Teſtament.*

1572 My Lord Methvine's tragedy, twenty-four nine-line ſtanzas

Lord Methven was killed at Broughton, by a cannon-ſhot from the caſtle of Edinburgh, April, 1572. See Crawford's memoirs, 3d edition, p. 217.

1573 *The Seige of the Caſtle of Edinburgh*, ſeven leaves in nine-line ſtanzas, 4to, Edinburgh Royal Muſeum.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER of Menſtrie, (Earl of Stirling.)

1603 *Darius*, a tragedy.

16 4 *Cræſus*, a tragedy.

16 4 *Julius Cæſar*, a tragedy

160 *The Valiant Scot*, (Sir William Wallace) dedicated to the Marquis of Hamilton.

The initials T. W. Gent. is prefixed to this piece. Capell, in his Biog. Dram. ſays it is entitled a hiſtory, not a tragedy, A. P.

SIR THOMAS SYDSERF.

1668 *Tarrugo's Wiles, or the Coffee Houſe*, a comedy, dedicated to the Marquis of Huntly.

Performed at the Duke of York's (James II.) theatre, ſaid to have been the hall of the Tennis Court, (which was burnt down in 1774) in the Abby, without the Watergate.

ARCHIBALD PITCAIRN, M. D.

1691 *The Aſſembly or Scots Reformation*, a comedy

THOMAS SCOTT.

1696 *The Mock Marriage*, a comedy, 4to.

1697 *Unhappy Kindneſs*, a tragedy, 4to.

Scott is ſaid to have been ſecretary to the Earl of Roxburgh, but there is no ſufficient evidence of his country—he was bred at Weſtminſter and Cambridge, A. P.

Mrs CATHERINE TROTTER, (afterwards COCKBURN.)

1696 *Agnes de Caſtro*, a tragedy.

1698 *Fatal Friendſhip*, a tragedy.

1701 *The Unhappy Penitent*, a tragedy.

1750 *Love at a Loſs, or moſt Votes carries it*, a comedy.

1706 *The Revolution of Sweden*, a tragedy.

Mrs Cockburn died 11th May, 1749.

DAVID CRAWFORD of Drumsoy.

1700 *Courtship-a-la-Mode*, a comedy.

1704 *Love at First Sight*, a comedy.

ALEXANDER FYFFE*.

1709 *The Royal Martyr*, (King Charles I) a tragedy.

NEWBURGH HAMILTON*.

1715 *The Doating Lover, or the Libertine Reclaimed*, a comedy.

1720 *The Petticoat Ploters*, a farce.

1743 *Samson*, an Oratorio.

ALEXANDER PENNECUIK.

1723 *Corydon and Cochrania*, a pastoral on the nuptials of James, Duke of Hamilton.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1723 *The Nuptials*, a masque (on the preceeding occasion).

1725 *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral comedy†.

The two first scenes of this admirable production, were first printed, under the title of PATIE AND ROGER, in the first volume of Ramsay's works, 1721.

JOSEPH MITCHELL.

1726 *The Fatal Extravagance*, a tragedy.

Dr Anderson says, "Aaron Hill wrote this tragedy, and got it up (in one act only) for the benefit of Mitchel, who at that time was in pecunary distress; and that afterwards Hill enlarged it into five acts." See Anderson's life of A. Hill, British Poets, Vol.—

JAMES THOMSON.

1730 *Sophonisba*, a tragedy.

1734 *Agamemnon*, a tragedy.

1736 *Edward and Elenora*, a tragedy.

1740 *Alfred*, a masque.

1744 *Tancred and Sigismunda*, a tragedy.

1748 *Coriolanus*, a tragedy.

DAVID MALLET.

1731 *Eurydice*, a tragedy.

1739 *Mustapha*, a tragedy.

1751 *The Masque of Alfred* (new modeled, with songs, &c.

1755 *Britannia*, a masque.

1763 *Elvira*, a tragedy.

WILLIAM GORDON*.

1731 *Lupone, or the Inquisitor*, a comedy.

G. NISBET*.

1733 *Caledon's Tears* (subject, Sir W. Wallace) a tragedy.

† A splendid edition of *The Gentle Shepherd* is in the press, and speedily will be published.

It is not certain that these dramatists marked thus (*) were natives of Scotland.

ADAM THOMSON.

1738 *The Diſappointed Gallant, or Buckram in Amour*, a ballad opera.

WILLIAM PATERSON.

1740 *Arminius*, a tragedy.

The author of this tragedy was the friend of Thomſon, author of the Seaſons.

TOBIAS SMOLLET, M. D.

1749 *The Regicide*, (or King James I. of Scotland, a tragedy.

1757 *The Repriſals, or the Tars of Old England*, a farce.

17— *The Iſraelites, or the Pampered Nabob*, a farce.

ANDREW HENDERSON.

1752 *Arſinoe, or the Inceſtuous Marriage*, a tragedy.

The author of the above tragedy was a Bookſeller in Weſtminſter Hall.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

1654 *The Forced Marriage*, a tragedy.

CHARLES HART.

1754 *Hermes and Eſpaſia*, a tragedy.

JOHN MONCRIEFF.

1755 *Appius*, a tragedy.

JOHN BROWN, D. D.

1755 *Barbaroſſa*, a tragedy.

1756 *Athelſtan*, a tragedy.

1763 *The Cure of Saul*, an oratorio.

JOHN HOME.

1756 *Douglas*, a tragedy.

1758 *Agis*, a tragedy.

1768 *The Seige of Aquileia*, a tragedy.

176 *The Fatal Diſcovery*, a tragedy.

1773 *Alonzo*, a tragedy.

1778 *Alfred*, a tragedy.

JOHN DELAP, D. D.

1761 *Hecuba*, a tragedy

1781 *The Royal Suppliants*, a tragedy.

1786 *The Captives*, a tragedy

SAMUEL M'ARTHUR.

1764 *The Duke of Rothſey*, a tragedy.

The above tragedy was printed after the author's death, by J. Wood, 1780.

THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE.

1764 *She's not Him, and He's not Her*, a farce, in 3 acts.

ALEXANDER DOW.

1769 *Zingis*, a tragedy.

1774 *Sethona*, a tragedy.

The ingenious and accompliſhed author of the two preceeding tragedies, was a native of Perthſhire. A letter that lies before me from his ſiſter, (dated Eyemouth, 25th May, 1798) mentions that "he was educated at Crief, and gave early proofs of his turn for the languages, painting, and poet-

ry. He was bred a merchant —this was unpleaſant to him —a ſoldier was his wiſh—but, what money was left him by his father, was then on the Perth eſtate, and not recovered till after he was in India." In India, his talents were diſplayed, and rewarded with riches and honour. He died with the rank of colonel in the Eaſt India's ſervice.

HENRY M'KENZIE

1773 *The Prince of Tunus*, a tragedy.

1784 *The Shipwreck*, a tragedy.

The above author has written ſeveral other unſucceſsful dramatic pieces. "The White Hypocrite," a comedy, is among the number.

THOMAS STEWART.

1773 *Valentia, or the Fatal Birth Day*, a tragedy.

JAMES STEWART.

1774 *The two Engliſh Gentlemen, or Sham Funeral*, a comedy.

CHARLES STEWART.

1779 *The Cobler of Caſtlebery*, a comedy.

1781 *Ripe Fruit, or the Marriage Act*, a comic opera.

1781 *Damnation, or Hiſſing Hot*, an interlude.

1781 *Gretna Green*, a comic opera.

1787 *The Diſtreſſed Baronet*, a farce.

1779 *The experiment*, a farce.

1787 *The Box-loby Loungers.*

In Mr Herd's liſt, the author of the above pieces is named C. Murray.

—— PATON.

1788 *William and Lucy*, an opera.

ARCHIBALD M'LAREN.

1781 *The Conjurer, or the Scotsman in London*, a farce.

1790 *Greenock Fair*, a muſical interlude.

JAMES BROWN.

1783 *The Frolic*, a dramatic piece, in 3 acts.

JOHN LOGAN.

1784 *Runnamede*, a tragedy.

ANDREW MACDONALD.

1785 *Vimonda*, a tragedy.

1787 *The Fair Apoſtate*, a tragedy.

1787 *The Prince of Tarento*, a comedy .

1588 *Love and Loyalty*, an opera.

LADY WALLACE.

1788 *The Ton, or the Follies of Faſhion*, a comedy.

ANDREW SHIRREFFS.

1788 *Jamie and Beſs, or the Laird in Diſguiſe*, a paſtoral comedy.

ARCHIBALD STEELE.

1789 *The Shepherd's Wedding*, a paſtoral comedy.

DAVID MORISON.

1790 *The Fortunate Sailor*, an opera.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

1790 *The Indians*, a tragedy.

JAMES MYLNE.

1790 *The Britiſh Kings*, a tragedy

1790 *Darthula*, a tragedy.

JOHN LEARMONT.

1791 *The Unequal Rivals*, a paſtoral comedy.

THOMAS SCOTT.

1793 *Edwin and Catherine*, a tragedy.

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW.

1795 *The death of Louis*, a tragedy.

ROBERT HERON.

1798 *St Kilda in Edinburgh, or News from Camperdown*, a comic drama, in 2 acts.

—— SMITH.

1798 *Sir John Butt.*

The above is as correct a liſt of dramatic writers, natives of Scotland, and their productions, as I have been able to obtain. And it is but juſtice to acknowledge, that by the favour of the intelligent and communicative Mr D. Herd, whoſe "Liſt of plays by Scotiſh authors," is here, with ſlight variations and additions adopted, this valuable article has been furniſhed.

CATALOGUE OF PLAYS BY ENGLISH AUTHORS, ON SCOTISH SUBJECTS.

1599 *The Scottiſhe ſtorie of James the Fourth ſlain at Floddon*, intermixed with a pleaſant comedie, of Oboron, king of the Fairies, by Robert Green.

1604 *Gourey*, a tragedy, anonymous.

1606 *Macbeth*, a hiſtorical tragedy, by Shakeſpeare.

1647 *Scotiſh Polite Preſbyter*, ſlain by an independent, a tragi-comedy, anonymous.

1652 *Scots Vagaries*, or a knot off knaves, a comedy, by Mr Tatham.

1678 *Sawney the Scot*, or the taming of the ſhrew, a comedy by John Lacy.

1684 *The Iſland Queens*, or the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, a tragedy, by Mr John Banks.

1716 *The Earl of Mar*, marr'd ale, with the humours of Jockey the Highlander, by J. Philips, a farce.

1753 *Macbeth*, altered from

Shakeſpeare, by John Lee, comedian.

1763 *The Muſe of Oſſian*, by David Erſkine, Baker.

1779 *Malcom III.* by Miſs Roberts.

1780 *Sir William Wallace*, a tragedy, by Wm. Jackſon.

1790 *Mary Queen of Scots*, by the Hon. John St John.

1730 *Patie and Peggy*, or the Fair Foundling, a Scotiſh ballad opera, by Theophilus Cibber, Drury Lane.

1777 *The Gentle Shepherd*, altered by Cornelius Vanderſtrop.

1781 *The Gentle Shepherd*, altered by Richard Tickell.

1785 *The Gentle Shepherd*, tranſlated by William Ward.

1791 *The Gentle Shepherd*, tranſlated by Margaret Turner.

Since the preceeding pages were printed off, a few dramatic productions in maunſcript have come to hand; one of which is intitled "THE ANTIQUARIAN." As I do not take upon myſelf the office of a *dramatic cenſor*, any comment whatever, were out of place, therefore, what claim the author of this curious performance hath to a place amongſt the dramatic poets of Scotland the reader may judge by the ſpecimen hereto ſubjoined.

ACT I. SCENE 6.

Enter SIR JOSHUA *and* VELLUM.

Sir Joſh. So Mr Vellum the dance of death is a very ſcarce book.

Vel Very ſcarce indeed, Sir Joſhua.

Sir Joſh. Pray, Mr Vellum, how many copies of this work might be thrown off.

Vel. Only fifty. Only fifty.

Sir Joſh. That is the way this copy is ſo dear.

Vel. The very reaſon—The very reaſon—It is a great ſecret that I have it—Ten guineas is juſt the price.

Sir Joſh. It is rather dear. But are you ſure there was only fifty copies thrown off.

Vel. Perfectly ſure—perfectly ſure—I could take my oath there were no more.

Sir Joſh. Oh man, that's a pity. But you'll take no leſs than ten guineas.

Vel. Not a farthing.

Sir Joſh. Have you any more ſcarce books?

Vel. None at preſent.

Sir Joſh. Pray, Mr Vellum, how would you like to become a member of the Antiquarian ſociety.

Vel. O Sir Joſhua, that is an honour I never did look for.

Sir Joſh. Not at all, Mr Vellum, I know none who is better qualified than you, to become a member. Your knowledge in antiquity——

Vel. You compliment, Sir Joſhua.

Sir Joſh. Your great collection of ſcarce books.—I tell you, Vellum, you ſhall be made bookſeller to the ſociety, and you ſhall be made member immediately.

Vel. I am quite overpowered, it is really too good.

Sir Joſh. I have got ſome very fine engravings that I wiſh to part with—all proofs—all proofs. Not their match for fine finiſhing.—Do you need any juſt now?

Vel. Pray let me ſee them, Sir Joſhua—(aſide) I'll under-rate them.

Sir Joſh. Thomas, bring here the portfolio that is in the library. (aſide) I'll take him in for his dance of death.

Enter THOMAS *with portfolio and ſome prints in it.*

Sir Joſh. A ſea piece.—A real proof from an original in my own poſſeſſion.

Vel. A mere ſtamp.

Sir Joſh. A mere ſtamp!—How! Mr Vellum, you do not pretend to call my judgment in queſtion.

Vel. oh, not at all, Sir Joſhua. But I think I have ſeen great numbers of ſuch proofs.

Sir Joſh. Not another proof of it, by Jupiter—Come, what ſhall you give me for the whole portfolio! Twenty guineas?

Vel. Oh that is too much, Sir Joſhua—abſolutely too much by the one half.

Sir Joſh. Twenty guineas is the loweſt. The marriage of St Catharine, an engraving from one of Titian's beſt pictures. Here is an engraving of the witch of Endor, from Roſa—The beſt of the kind I ever ſaw—Here is one by Bartolozzi, worth five guineas itſelf. Take the whole at twenty gnineas.

Vel. Fifteen, Sir Joſhua, is all I will give.

Sir Joſh. (Aſide) I have him for his dance of death.

Vel. (Aſide) The witch of Endor is worth twenty guineas itſelf. I bought the dance of death for half a guinea. I will make fifty of the engravings.

Sir Joſh. What are you thinking of Vellum. (Aſide) How I have taken him in. The whole collection never coſt twenty ſhillings.—Well Vellum, I will give you the whole for eighteen guineas.

Vel. Done, and I will give you the dance of death for ten guineas.

Sir Joſh. Well, I accept, on condition that you keep the next ſcarce book for me.

Exeunt.

Notices Reſpecting the Drama in Scotland.

Lord Hales's remarks, "During the 16th century ſome traces of of theatrical compoſitions may be diſcovered in Scotland." See note on "Ane littill interlude of the Droichis," p. 301. Anc. Scot. poems.

At the nuptials of James IV. with Princeſs Margaret of England, A. D. 1503, one John Engliſh and his company played a moraliſie before the king and queen. "Perhaps John Younge, (Somerſet Herald) who wrote the account of theſe nuptials, miſtook the name, Sir James Ingles, celebrated by Sir David Lindſay in the words following.

> Quho can ſay more than Schir JAMES INGLIS ſayis
> In ballatis, farſis, and in pleaſand playis? LINDSAY'S PAPINGO.

For an account of the nuptials of King James IV. and his conſor-

Margaret of England, ſee Leland's Collectanea, edit. 1770, Vol. IV. p. 258.

In 1548, when Mary of Lorain came to Scotland, to eſpouſe James V. "there were at Edinburgh great triumphs, farces, and plays, made unto the Queen's grace." See Pitſcottie's hiſt. p. 251, 3d edition.

Sir David Lindſay and his immediate ſucceſſors furniſhed the dramatic entertainments in Scotland, as hath already been remarked*.

King James VI. licenced a company of Engliſh comedians to play within Edinburgh, which gave great umbrage to the clergy. (See Spottiſwood's church hiſtory, p. 456) But his majeſty ſeeing no cauſe of offence in the buſineſs, by his ordinance, dated 8th November, 1599, annuled an act of church ſeſſion, (prohibiting the people, under pain of church cenſure, to reſort to ſuch profane exhibitions,) and dramatic performances went on.

The Goury conſpiracy, ſo celebrated in Scotch hiſtory, was wrought into a play; but as no copy of it is now to be met with, we are unable to judge of its merits as a compoſition†.

In 1633, upon the 23d of June, Charles I. made his public entry into Edinburgh‡. He was received at the weſt gate of the city with marks of conſummate loyalty; and a pageant, pompous and o-

* Towards the latter end of the ſixteenth century, the clergy, it ſeems, had relaxed ſomewhat their rigid oppoſition to profane dramatic exhibitions. An inſtance is mentioned in Vol. XVIII. p. 522. of the Statiſtical Account of Scotland, in an extract from an old record of the church of Perth, by which it appears, that in 1589, a company of players applied to the conſiſtory of Perth for a licence to exhibit a play. The words of the record are, "Perth, June 3d, 1589. The miniſters and elders give licence to plai the plai, with conditions that no ſwearing, banning, nor onie ſcurrility ſal be ſpoken, which would be a ſcandal to our religion, which we profeſs, and for an evil example unto others. Alſwa that nathing ſal be added to what is in the regiſter of the plai itſelf. If any one who plais ſal do in the contrarie, he ſal be *wardit*, and mak his public repentance." (i. e.) He was to be impriſoned, and afterwards to appear in the church, to be rebuked in the public place of repentance.) Thus, it appears, the clergy of this period, under certain reſtrictions, licenced theatrical entertainments.

† Extract of a letter from Mr Chamberlyne to Mr Winwood, December 18, 1604. "The tragedy of Goury, with all action and actors, hath been twice repreſented by the king's players, with exceeding great concourſe of all ſorts of people, but whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes ſhould be played on the ſtage in their life time. I hear that ſome great counſellors are much diſpleaſed with it. And ſo 'tis thought it ſhall be forbidden." Biographia Dramatica, Vol. XI. p. 140.

‡ "The intentions of the King's journey to Scotland at that time, was to hold a parliament there, and go through the ceremony of his coronation.

ſtentatious, in no ſmall degree, was provided by the magiſtrates. The whole was conducted in a manner worthy of ſo magnificent a ſpectacle. Every aid that the muſic, poetry, and painting of the times could furniſh, were called forth, as well as oratory and geſture. Stages, for the actors, were erected at the ſeveral places where the king was to liſten to the adulation that was offered. And the univerſity of Edinburgh,† feeling the importance of the occaſion, had prepared "acclamatory and congratulatory ſpeeches, with pathetic ſentences," to greet the raviſh'd ears of the Britiſh ſovereign*.

On St John's night, 1663, a play called "Marciano, or the Diſcovery," was acted before the High Commiſſioner (Earl of Rothes) and others of the nobility, at the Palace of Holy-Rood-Houſe. See Theat. Rememb. p. 92.

In the years 1679, 80, and 81, when the Duke and Ducheſs of York, and the Princeſs Ann reſided at Holy-Rood-Houſe, a company of comedians were in the royal ſuit, but for private entertainment only.

In the year 1714, when a number of the Scotiſh nobility and gentry were conveened at Edinburgh, at the time of a grand proceſſion of the Royal Company of Archers, the play of Macbeth was performed in the Tennis Hall, (formely mentioned) by one Howel and his company. National airs, at that time, were as much in vogue, as at preſent; the favourite, "*May the King Enjoy his Ain*," was, by a part of the audience loudly demanded; while another part as firmly rejected the propoſal; a diſturbance took place, that had nearly ended in very bad conſequences*.

† "All the ſpeeches, with the pageants, were deviſed and compoſed by Mr John Adamſon, primar of the college, Mr William Drummond of Hawthornden, and the maſter of the high-ſchool, joined to a committee of the graveſt and moſt undreſtanding citizens and clerks."

* "In the morning, when the ſpeakers were conveened in the lower public hall of the colledge, to receive their particular directions, the Primar, and the reſt who were to put them to that which they were to act, being out of the room, the firſt and laſt ſpeaker falling by the ears, did ſo tear and deform one another's farces, that neither of them could be diſcerned; which was like, in all probability, to have marred the whole buſineſs, every act being linked to another. However, the primar having a balm of ſoveraign virtue, did ſo anoint their noſes therewith, and keep them cloſe bound up, that the king's entry, falling much later than was expected (i. e. about half paſt five, afternoon) no deformity, in the time of acting their parts, appeared in their faces." See extract from a M. S. in the library of the Univerſity of Edinburgh, inſerted in the Edin. Mag. for 1774, p. 573.

† This anecdote was often repeated by the

In 1727, it appears, the players were expelled the city and ſubburbs, by the united zeal and authority of the magiſtrates and miniſters. See H. Arnot's Hiſt. of Edin.

In 1728, a new company, protected by ſeveral of the nobility, in the character of their ſervants, opened the theatre again, in the Tennis Hall, in the Abbey. See prologue in Alexander Penneuick's poems, ſpoken on the occaſion, when the Beggar's Opera was performed *.

The Tennis Court, and the Taylor's Hall, (in the Cowgate) were the uſual places for exhibiting plays, till

In 1746, the little theatre in the Canongate, (already mentioned p. 61.) was erected by Mr Lacy Ryan, and was protected by public authority.

In 1769, the preſent Theatre Royal was opened; from this time forward, the drama continued, and ſtill continues to form the chief part of the rational amuſement of North Britain.

late Trumpeter Marine who was preſent. Marine whom I recollect, was the ſon of Trumpeter Marine, celebrated in the ſong intitled "Sherriff-Muir." In 1782, Marine told the preſent Earl of Haddington (then Lord Binning) that the firſt circuit he ever attended, as one of his Majeſty's houſhold trumpeters, was the north, in the year 1716, along with old Lord Minto. (grandfather to the preſent Sir Gilbert Elliot) That the reaſon of his going, was, that the circuit immediately preceding, his father had been ſo harraſſed in every town he went to, by the people ſinging his verſe, "And Trumpet Marine whoſe breeks," &c. of the ſong above alluded to, that he ſwore he would never go again, and gave it up in favour of his ſon, A. P.

A ſimiliar diſturbance occured in 1749 at the little theatre in the Canongate. See Arnot's Hiſtory of Edinburgh, p. 374.

* PROLOGUE *to the* BEGGAR'S OPERA, *Performed in the Tennis Hall*, 1728.

So bright an audience we behold this day,
Moves us to ſpeak a preface to our play,
Dramatic wit to your protection flies,
Which none but ſour and ſullen ſouls deſpiſe.
Your country is a fertle ſoil of ſenſe,
Good nature reigns with native innocence;
And we, the humble ſervants of the fair,
Will entertain you with the utmoſt care.
The high poetic dignity maintain,
Till Holy-Rood Houſe vie with Drury Lane:
No TONY * trick the gentry need to fear,
But wit and mirth ſhall bleſs the circling year.
A juſt decorum rulers ſhall engage
To be the nurſing fathers of the ſtage.
Warm'd with the benign influence of your rays,
Scots bards ſhall write, and darken Engliſh plays.
Till ſenſe be ſtaple goods thro' all the land,
And ignorance, a cargo contraband.
We, medicants, a lowly living pray,
And introduce it with the BEGGAR'S PLAY.

See Streams from Helicon,
and Flowers from Parnaſſus.

* Tony Aſton.

LIST OF MANUSCRIPTS

IN THE ADVOCATE's LIBRARY,

RELATING TO

POETRY IN SCOTLAND*.

Library mark on the M. S.		Dates, or supposed dates.
A. 7. 1.	Copy of Wynton's chronicles of Scotland, Scots.	A. D. 1450
A. 1. 23.	Barbour's Bruce. Henry the Minstril's Wallace, Scots.	1489

* To the kindness of Mr William Anderson I am indebted for this communication. The treatment Mr John Pinkerton has been pleased to shew this gentleman, in return, for the pains he had bestowed on procuring such extracts as Mr Pinkerton required for his history, is now before the public.

How far Mr Pinkerton was qualified to understand, nay, even read ancient records, or poetical manuscripts of the sixteenth century at the time he edited "The Bruce" in 1790, will appear by the following.

Colophon of Barbours Bruce as in Ramsay's copy 1439. and in Mr Pinkerton's fac simile which is very badly executed.

"Finitur codicellus de virtutibus et actibus bellicosis viz. domini Roberti Breys quondam Scottorum regis illustrissime raptim scriptus per me Johannem Ramsey ex jussu venerabilis et circumspecti viri viz. magistri Symonis Lochmaleny de Ouchternunsye vicarii benedigni anno domini millesimo quadringentesimo octuagesimo nono."

Mr Pinkerton gives the following blundering copy.

"Finitur codicellus de virtutibus et actibus *bellicosissimi viri* domini Roberti Breys quondam Scottorum Regis illustrissimi raptim scriptus per me Johannem Ramsay ex jussu venerabilis et circumspecti viri *vere* magistri Symonis Lochmaleny de *Ouchternunnse* vicarii benedigni anno Domini Millesimo Quadringentesimo Octuagesimo Nono"

Mr Pinkerton gives the following translation of the above.

"Here ends the book of the virtues, and acts, of the *most warlike* man, the lord Robert Bruce, sometime King of Scotland, written *at different times* by me John Ramsay, at the command of a venerable and prudent man, and *real master*, Simon, Lochmaleny, most worthy vicar of *Ouchternunnse* in the year of our Lord one thousand four hundred and eighty nine."

Mr Pinkerton comments upon this—"The name *Lochmaleny* is so uncommon that it seems unknown in any other Scotish record; and *Ouchternunnse* the editor cannot find." With regard to the first the name is not uncommon. There are lands so called in Fife shire at least Lochymalony which is the true reading. And in the same shire are the lands of "Ouchternunsye" not "Ouchternunnse" as erroneusly read by Mr Pinkerton.

W. 4. 4.	John Ireland's works, partly in verſe, Scots.	A. D. 1490
A. 1. 13.	Copy of Wynton's chronology of Scotland, Scots.	1550
W. 3. 10.	Bannatyne's poems, Scots.	1568
Fr. 5. 35.	Lamentationum Jeremiæ paraphraſis poetica auctore Thoma Moravio Scoto, Latin.	1580
W 3. 19.	An account of a battle fought "apud Avenum." Scots and Latin	1494
A. 6. 42.	The poems of John Johnſton, profeſſor of theology, Latin.	1600
A. 6. 45.	Michael Wallace's poems, Latin.	1600
W. 6. 3.	Roberti Aytoni poemata, Latin.	1610
A. 2. 2.	Sir Thos. Hope's tranſlation of the pſalms of David and the ſong of Solomon, Latin.	1617
A. 5. 10.	Al. Garden's theatre of the Scotiſh kings, Scots.	1625
W. 6. 34.	An account of the origin, lives, and writings of Scots authors, by D. Buchanan, Latin.	1627
W. 5. 25.	Dr George Sibbald's poems, Latin.	1638
W. 4. 23.	A poem, in heroic verſe, reſpecting the creation of the world, Latin.	1650
W. 5. 9.	Dionyſii Alexandrini Periegeſis, &c. per anonymum Scotum, (ut creditur D. Jo. Niſbeti de Dirltoun opus, Latin.	1690
A. 5. 19.	Roſs's hiſtorico poetica narratio Danorum, &c. Loncarty, Latin.	1690
A. 6. 22.	Panurgi Philo Caballi Scoti poemata, Latin.	1691
A. 7. 40.	Colvil's poems, Scots.	1699
W. 7. 21.	Hippocrates aphoriſmi, &c. per Jacobum Macartneum Scotum, Latin.	1700
W. 6. 36.	Phillis and Riddles, Scots.	1720

IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

RELATING TO

POETRY IN SCOTLAND*.

A, C, c. 4. Virgil's Eneid, by Gavin Douglas, Scots. 1527
A, C, d. 5. Copy of ditto.

* I must here expreſs my thanks to Mr Profeſſor Dalzell for his permiſſion to examine the manuſcripts in the Univerſity's Library; at the ſame time I thus publickly acknowledge the Profeſſor's kindneſs, I ſhall not omit mentioning the many obligations I owe Mr Gordon, ſub Libratian, eſpecially, while engaged in the preſent work, for his attention, ready and correct information on whatever ſubject I had occaſion to apply to him, for books or manuſcripts.

* By the following extract from "Auctarium Bibliothecae Edinburgenae, ſive Catalogus Librorum quos Guilielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden Bibliothecae. D. D. Q. anno 1627," it would appear that ſeveral of the above manuſcripts had been gifted by Drummond to the library of the Univerſity of Edinburgh.

"The eſſays of a Printiſe in the divine arte of poetrie. Edin. 1584.
David Murray (by) Sophoniſba. Lond. 1611.
A paraphraſe of the civ pſalme. Edin. 1615.
Newe's from Parnaſſus, printed at Helicon. 1622.
A New Years gift to King James (vi) M. S.
Sir David Lindſay's "Satyr on the thee eſtates M. S."
By "Mary Queen of Scotland. Tetraſticha, ou quatrians a ſon fils. M. S.
The declaration of her will, with her prayers and exhortations. The copie of a letter to Queen Elizabeth of England. 1582. M. S,
Ard. Melvinus. Ad Herculem Rollicum reſpoſio. autog. Epitaph. M. S. autog.
Sir Rich. Metellan of Lydington. ſelected poems M. S.
Alex. Mongomorie's Works M. S.
By John Murray. containe Sonnets. M. S.
Nuntius Scoto—Britannus, or a paire of ſpectacles for W. Camden, to looke upon North Britain. M. S.
Aſtrophell and Stella by "Sir Philip Sydney."
The Triumphs of Petrarch done into Engliſh verſe, dedicated to the Ladie Thirlſtane. M, S." This production ſeems to have been a favourite in the eſtimation of James vi. as appears from the Sonnet following, which his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to adreſs to the author Mr W. Fouler P. of Hawick, ſubjoined to the M. S.

A, C. a. 27. Buchananus (Georg.) comment. in bucolica. Georgica et Libros vii. Æneados Virgilii. 1597

A, B, b. 30. The ſelected poems of Sir Richard Metellan of Lethington, given to the College by W. D. 1627

A, C, c, 18. Alexander's (Sir William) Doomſday, a poem, Engliſh. No date.

A, C, d. 13. Petrarke's (Franc.) triumphs tranſlation from the Italian, by William Fowler, Engliſh. No date.

A, C, a. 18. Fergusonus (David) Epithalamium regium Salomonis regis ſive analyſis critico-practica cantici Cant-autograph Kiraldiæ, Latin. 1673

A, C, a. 25. Danyriſt's (Samuel) Hymen's triumph on the nuptials of Lady Roxburgh, given to the college of King James, by William Drummond of Hawthornden, Engliſh. No date.

A, C, a. 26. Colvil's (Samuel) Whig's ſupplication, Engliſh. No date.

A, C, a. 29. Sidney's (Sir Philip) Aſtrophel and Stella, Engliſh. No date.

A, C, a. 28. Wood's (J.) pſalms and hymns ſet to muſic, Engliſh 1672

A, C, b. 11. Muſic for the church of Dunkeld, 5 vols, 4to.

SONNET *to the* AUTHORE.

We find by pruif that into everie aige
In phoebus art ſum gliſtring ſtar did ſhyne
Who worthye ſcollarie to the muſes ſaige
Fulfil'd thair countries with thair workes devyne
So Homer was a ſounding trumpet fine
Amangſt the Greikis into the learnded dayes
So Virgil was amangſt the Roman ſyne
A ſpreit ſublimed a pillar of thair prayſe
To lofty Petrark his renown did blayſe
In tounge Italiane in a ſugred ſtyle
And to the circled ſkyes his name did rayſe
For he by poems that he did compyle
Led in triumphe Love, Chaiſtneſs, Death and Fame
But thoſe triumphe over Petrarchs proper name

J. REW.

ADDITIONAL

NOTES, OMISSIONS, &c.

1. *So taking it for granted, that the language of the Lowland,* &c. *p.* 51. *l.* 6. We cannot, at this diſtance of time, with any poſitive certainty, affirm, when it is conſidered, the arbitrary changes a living language is liable to, what dialect of the Scotiſh Lowland language was faſhionable at court, prior to the thirteenth century; and continued to the acceſſion of our ſixth James to the throne of England. The only criterion by which we ſhall be enabled to judge, or, at leaſt, form any tolerable notion of this intereſting ſubject, is, that which is furniſhed in our early tranſlation from the Latin into Scotiſh, of Boetheus' acts of parliament, now known by the name of the Black Acts. Regiam majeſtatem, the metrical compoſitions of Winton, Barbour, Douglas, Lindſay, and others of our early poets. I have had it long in contemplation to examine this very intereſting and eſſential branch of our Scotiſh antiquities. The manner in which I mean to conduct my inquiry, is as follows. Firſt, to examine our records in our public libraries and courts of juſtice, as far back as any may be found. Secondly, to take a comparative view of the works in manuſcript, of our earlier poets, with thoſe of later date. Thirdly, to make a literary tour throughout the Lowland diſtricts of Scotland; ſetting down, as I go along, ſuch words and phraſes as are to be met with, and may appear peculiar or uncommon: to arrange, and claſs theſe in order, and compare ſuch collections with our written dialects; hence, we ſhall be furniſhed with materials for A DICTIONARY OF THE SCOTISH LANGUAGE. In this undertaking, I muſt look up for aſſiſtance to the learned body of the Scotiſh clergy; as alſo to the no leſs uſeful, and ingenious claſs, the parochial ſchool maſters of Scotland. My model ſhall be Ruddiman's Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil, a work of great merit indeed. I am informed ſeveral eſſays in this way already exiſt; and I doubt not, the candour and liberality of thoſe who have beſtowed ſo much pains on preſerving an expiring language from its impending fate, will give every aſſiſtance in their power towards erecting a monument that ſhall record, the copiouſneſs, elegance, and harmony of the language of the Lowlands of Scotland. The language of the Highlands, is, long ago on the decline. But, happily, a Dictionary is now preparing, by men eminently ſkilled in the antiquities of Scotland, and various dialects of the Iriſh, or Gaelic language; which will, doubtleſs, be a valuable acquiſition to Scotiſh literature.

2. *Prior of the monaſtry,* &c. ſee *p.* 53. *l.* 20. The iſland on which the caſtle (now in ruins) ſtands, "is not (ſays Groſe) the Iſland in which St Servanus's monaſtery ſtood, and it does not appear he was protector of any other." See Groſe's antiquities of Scotand. ſee alſo Sibbald's hiſtory of Kinroſsſhire.

3 *The ſixteenth century ſeems to have been the Auguſtan age of poetry in Scotland,* p. 57. That this remark is true, will readily be allowed, when it is conſidered, that the Biſhop of Dunkeld, and Sir David Lindſay, were in the firſt rank of poets who flouriſhed at this æra. We find in their works the true characteriſtics of genuine poetry; together with a purity, ſimplicity, and elegance of ſtyle, as ſeems not to have been equalled, before, or ſince that period. The appropriate phraſeology is ſo highly poliſhed, as admits not of a doubt that the Lowland Scotiſh dialect, which ſeems ſo free of vulgar and uncouth expreſſions, adopted in

the works of the above mentioned authors, was the ſtandard of the times; hence the propriety of conſidering the ſixteenth century the Auguſtan age of Scotiſh literature, ſtrictly ſo called. Among our early writers, Scott of Balwirie, Scott of Duns, Fordoun, Dempſter, Blair, Boethius, or Boece, Major, Elphinſtone, Laing, Turner, Scrimaeor, Mackenaje of Aberdeen, Leſly, Biſhop of Roſs, and others, the immediate predeceſſors and contemporaries of Buchanan were eminently diſtinguiſhed as men of letters. The ſucceſſors of theſe writers, have reflected ſufficient luſtre on the page that records their literary labours; and their fame hath proved ſtimulative, in no ſmall degree, to that mental excitability, ſo happily diſplayed in the maſterly productions of our later Scotiſh writers.

4. *Philotus, the production of an author unknown*, &c. *p.* 61. There is ſome reaſon to believe that Robert Semple may be conſidered as the author of this drama. He was the contemporary of Buchanan. Several of this name appearas poets, *viz.* Sir James Semple of Belltrees, ambaſſador from the Scotiſh court to Queen Elizabeth, 1599. He wrote "The Packman and the Prieſt, a ſatyr." His ſon, Robert Semple, wrote "The Epitaph on Habbie Simſon, the Piper of Kilbarchan," firſt printed in Watſon's collection, 1707. Francis Semple, the ſon of Robert, wrote "The Baniſhment of Poverty," and "She raiſe and loot me in," and other pieces. A Mrs Campbell, the daughter of Robert, who is ſtill alive, and lives in Paiſley, is in poſſeſſion of ſeveral poetical manuſcripts, the compoſition of Francis, among which "She raiſe and loot me in," appears. Vide Statiſtical account, alſo Mr D. Herd's M. S. notes, frequently quoted in the courſe of this work. Phillips ſays, John Haywood (not the epigrammatiſt) was the author of two comedies, *viz.* Pinner of Wakefield, and Philotas Scotch. See the ſupplement to Theat. Poet. p. 228.

5. *Dr Beatie is of opinion*, "*The Viſion*," &c. *ſee p.* 76. *l.* 4. I have ſaid this on the authority of Mr Pinkerton merely. See his notes p. 179, Vol. II. Scot. Bal. The Doctor, in a note ſubjoined to his addreſs to Roſs of Lochlee, (ſee p. 271 of the preſent work) conſidered then (1ſt June 1768) Alexander Scott, the author of "The Viſion."

6. *James VI.* &c. *ſee p.* 67. In 1584, "The eſſayes of a printiſe in the divine arte of Poeſie," and in 1591, "His majeſtie's poetical exercifes, at vacant houres, were printed at Edinburgh in 4to.

7. *I have never ſeen his* "*Heroes Scoti*," &c. *ſee p.* 100. Since the preceeding ſheets were wrought off at preſs, the *firſt* volume of the "*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*," in which the "Heroes Scoti," as well as the "Reges Scoti," are inſerted, was politely put into my hands, by Mr William Laing of Edinburgh, who has ſince ſold both volumes to the Univerſity's Library. Specimen.

Gulielmus Wallas, cuſtos regni poſt Alexandrum 3, occidit Londini a ſuis proditus 1305.

Robore, mente, animus ingens, ingentior enſis,
Quem tibi, quem dederint ſaecula priſca parem?
Romani arma gerant, ſubnixi viribus orbes:
Viris, arma, orbis, dextera ſola tua.
Nil non pro patria geris, et pro te haec nihil unqua;
Illi cuncta ſibi pro patria in patriam
Fata ferunt ſecum: fatis tu fervidus inſtas;
Imperium his, libi ſors deſtinat invidiam
Viribus ille ſuis fraudibus iſte ſuis
Quod neque Mars unquam potuit, neque eſus lidus hoſtis,
At ſcelus O! potuit gens hoc malefida tuorum.
Sic vixti, et fatis immoreries patriae.

Vid. J. Johſtoni Heroes Scoti.

8. *In* 1683, *Geddes's Saints Recreation*, &c. ſee *p.* 129. *note.* This ſcarce and curious performance appeared in Mr Archibald Conſtable's ſale catalogue for 1796. Its title is the follow-

ing, "The Saint's Recreation, third part, upon the eſtate of grace. Containing, and methodically delineating a Chriſtian's progreſs, privileges, comforts and duties; beginning at converſion: deſcribing alſo the bleſſed Redeemer JESUS, both abſolutely and comparatively: and all theſe in ſpiritual hymns and ſongs, ſuited to grave, ſweet melodious tunes; together with a plain paraphraſe upon the margin, confirming all by ſcriptures, explaning difficulties, and methodizing the ſongs. Compiled by Mr William Geddes, miniſter of the goſpel, firſt at Wick, in Caithneſs, and after at Urquhart, in Murray. (*Col.* iii. 16. Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly, in all wiſdom: teaching and admoniſhing one another in pſalms and hymns and ſpiritual ſongs, &c.) Edinburgh, printed by David Lindſay, Mr James Kniblo, Joſua Van Solingen, and John Colmar, Anno Dom. 1683. This ſacred-ſong-writer, as appears by "*The Privilege*," prefixed to the above performance, was a voluminous author. At the ſame time his "*Saint's Recreation*" was in the preſs, it appears he was engaged in another work entitled, "*Memoriale Hiſtoricum*," beſides "Geographical and Arithmetical memorials, memoriale Hebraicum, Vocabularium Latino-Hebraicum in *Hexameter verſe*, and Familiæ Famigeratæ," which he was preparing for the preſs. "THE SAINT'S RECREATION" is dedicated, according to the faſhion of the times, to five patroneſſes, each of which he hath honoured with a ſeparate dedication, expreſſive of his notions of their piety, pretenſions to nobility, &c. &c. The firſt is to "Dame Lilias Drummond, Lady of the Earl of Perth;" the ſecond to "Dame Margaret Leſley, Counteſs Dowager of Weems;" and the third is to "The moſt excellent, eminent, pious, and virtuous ladies, Dame Jean Roſs of Innes, and Dame Mary Forbes of Kilrack, and Mrs Elizabeth Sutherland of Clova." What renders this pious ſong-book worthy of notice, is, the light it ſeems to throw on the ſtate of national ſong at that period; by the mention made of ſome of our Scotiſh melodies, ſtrictly ſo called; which, ſo far as I have hitherto met with, is the firſt written authority on which we can depend. The author in his preface ſays, "I cannot omit here, to obviate an objection which may be raiſed by ſome inconſiderate perſons, which is this; O, ſay they, we remember ſome of theſe ayres or tunes were ſung heretofore with amorous ſonnets. Wherein were (may be) ſome bawdy-like or obſcene-like expreſſions. To this, I anſwer, firſt that in this practice, I have the precedent of ſome of the moſt pious, grave, and zealous divines in the kingdom, who to very good purpoſe have compoſed godly ſongs to the tunes of ſuch old ſongs as theſe, *The Bonny Breom*, *I'le never leave thee*, *We'll all go pull the hadder*, and ſuch like, and yet without any challenge or diſparagement. Secondly, it is alledged

by ſome, and that not without ſome colour of reaſon, that many of our ayres or tunes, are made by good angels, but the letter or lines of our ſongs by devils. We chooſe the part angelical, and leave the diabolical. Thirdly, it is as poſſible and probable, that theſe vain, profane men, who compoſed thoſe amorous, naughty ſonnets, have ſurreptitiouſly borrowed thoſe grave, ſweet tunes from former ſpiritual hymns and ſongs, and why may not we again challenge our own, plead for reſtitution, and bring back to the right owner; applying thoſe grave ayres again to a divine and ſpiritual ſubject. And laſtly, we find *Paul* the great apoſtle of the gentiles, ſanctified ſome ſentences and verſes of Greek poets converting them into ſcriptural maxims, ſuch as, that *Cretenſes omnes ſunt mendaces;* The Cretians are always liars, &c. *Tit.* i. 12. and that in *Acts* xvii. 28. *For in him we live, and move, and have our being, &c* And why may not we (finding the meaſures of a melodious tune or ayre, indifferent in themſelves) conſecrate and apply them to a ſacred poem;" we find in the latter part of the above extract, the fanciful notion of our Scotiſh melodies having been originally ſacred muſic. The idea is too ludicrous to merit ſerious refutation. It is ſaid that about the middle of the thirteenth century, (the golden age of the church of Scotland) that one Simon Taylor, a Scotiſh dominician friar brought church muſic in Scotland to high perfection. But church muſic and Scotch melodies are eſſentially different. To return—Mr Geddes hath availed himſelf of the good opinion of his friends in having prefixed too letters, the one in Latin, from Mr Gul. Rait, and the other in Engliſh, from Mr Wil. Colvill, primar to the college of Edinburgh, (both letters dated Auguſt 1673) together with two copies of recommendatory verſes, by Mr Will. Annaud, dean of Edinburgh, and a third ſet of verſes by Mr Ninian Paterſon, formerly noticed, all of which pieces are high in the praiſe of the work before us. I am ſorry to obſerve our poet's merits, at leaſt in this performance, are greatly over-rated. For example, "Upon the Eſtate of Grace." The firſt ſong, containing two parts. Firſt, Chriſt's expoſtulation with a ſtraying ſinner. Secondly, The ſinner's converſion and recovery.

What is the cauſe, poor ſoul, thou doſt ſo ſtray
From me thy LORD, and why from righteous way?
Was this thy oath when thou with me cov'nanted?
Where are thy vows which thou ſo freely granted?

Part ſecond begins,

What thundering voice is this I hear? who calls?
Is this the voice of CHRIST, &c.

"Song II. The door of hope, or a cordial for a fainting ſoul. Song III. The pilgrim's panacea, or balm of Gilead. Song IV. The holy triplicity, or a deſcription of Chriſt's three offices, &c.

To the tune of the New Black-bird." I know nothing of this tune. The following is a ſpecimen of the meaſure of this ſong.

I'm not an *aſtrologire* to gaze on the ſkie,
To talk much of *Trigons (a)* and *Trip'icities;*
Nor with *Pythagore (b)* with ſome ſuperſtition,
Aſcribing much virtue to number's condition:
Yet clearly I ſee
Without any lye.
A myſtery wraped *(c)* in ſeven and three.

" Song V. The bleſſed Bethlemite," is devided into twelve ſections, in alphabetical order, containing the types, titles, attributes, &c. of Chriſt; to which is prefixed a table, exhibiting at one view theſe myſterical names. This ſong is to be ſung to the tune of " I will go ſeek my Saviour, the New Jeruſalem, the Bleſſed Bird," or any other grave tune, ſuited to ſuch verſes as have eight ſyllables in one line, and ſix in the other." Of theſe tunes I know nothing. Perhaps they are common pſalm tunes. " The Bleſſed Bird, or Dove, means the emblem of the third perſon of the TRINITY.

" Song VI. The ſaint's delight, or the pearl of price," to be ſung to the tune of " You minor beauties," &c. which ſeems to be a parody on the well known ſong, "You minor beauties of the night;" inſerted in Forbes's collection, printed at Aberdeen, 1682, which collection, Mr Pinkerton " wiſhes much to ſee," ſee prelimenaries to Scotch poems, London, 1792. He calls this collection " Scotiſh ſongs with muſic—this is a miſtake. Three copies of this book are in my poſſeſſion, beſides two manuſcripts, ſame date, wherein the moſt of the pieces appear.

" Song VII. Honey-drops, or cryſtal-ſtreams, containing a bundle of precious promiſes, full of ſoul-raviſhing comforts, &c." is divided into four ſections. No tune mentioned.

" Song VIII. The path-way to Paradiſe, or the pourtrature of piety, by patterns and precepts, containing a Chriſtian directory how to come to Chriſt, &c, to be ſung to the tune of that which is called *Cromlicks*." This ſong is divided into two parts. I have made diligent ſearch after this tune, and at laſt, if I miſtake not, we may conſider it as the ſame in Oſwald's " Caledonian companion," p. 25. entitled " *Cromlit's*

(*a*) The aſtrologers talk of the fiery, airy, earthy and watery trigons.

(*b*) Pythagoras aſcribed much virtue to ſome numbers.

(*c*) Some things natural run by ſeven, as ſeven planets, ſeven metals, &c. ſome things political, as ſeven principal nations, who have had the greateſt ſway of government in the world, as Chaldeans, Perſians, Grecians, Romans, Saracens, Goths, Turks, &c. Seven mountains whereupon Rome was built. Seven governments in Rome, &c. Something eccleſiaſtic or theological, as the ſeventh day a ſabbath, the ſeventh year a ſabbatical; ſeven ſabbatiſms make a jubilee. Seven bullocks oft in ſacrifices, ſeven angels, ſeven ſeals, ſeven trumpets, ſeven vials in the Revelations, &c.

Lilt. The meaſure correſponds pretty exactly to this air.

Since richeſt treaſures all
In Chriſt are found,
And I'm by Adam's fall
Wretched and bound;

To theſe pious ſongs are prefixed "Chriſtian Mementos, Memorandums, or meditations, to be affixed to ſeveral parts of the houſe, as a help to mortification, watchfulneſs, and a continual communion with GOD. Specimen. A memento, or meditation for the chimney.

If thou would'ſt ſhun the fire of hell:
Then ſeek the godly fire of * zeal.

9. —*Did Allan Ramſay breath his laſt at Edinburgh the*) eight day of January 1758, as appears from the following xtract, inſerted in the EDINBURGH COURANT of Tueſday, January 10th, 1758. "Saturday laſt, died at an advanced age, Mr Allan Ramſay, formerly bookſeller in Edinburgh; a gentleman, whoſe name will ever be famous as the author of that noble and elegant paſtoral, "The Gentle Shepherd." His merits as a collector, as well as a poet, cannot be denied; having, in the collection of poems and ſongs, publiſhed under his name, purged theſe ancient pieces from the corruption that had crept into them, and thereby handed down faithful copies of the old Scots poetry to poſterity. He is ſucceeded by his ſon, Allan Ramſay, Eſq. portrait painter in London."

10. In 1176, *John Harvey publiſhed the life of Robert Bruce*, &c. *p.* 249.) The edition here mentioned is a later one than that which I find was publiſhed in quarto, at Edinburgh, 1729.

11. *His mother, Ann Bruce*, &c. *p.* 286.) She died 3d Auguſt, 1798, in the 88th year of herage, as appears from a notice in the Edinburgh news papers, 24. of the ſame month: two of her children, (a brother and ſiſter of the poet) out of ſeven, ſurvive her, and are left in indigent circumſtances.

12. "*The anſwer of Robert III, &c.* ſee p. 158 this piece ſeems the ſame, ſomewhat modernized aſcribed to Dean David Steel mentioned by Mackenzie in his lives as author of "Into the ring of roy Robert" ſee the Maitland Collection. It ſeems alſo to have been printed and is preſerved "in a volume in the Phyſician's Library bound up with Blind Harry's Wallace. Edinburgh 1673 12mo. and the battle of Glenlivet printed 1681." An edition (Edinburgh printed 1700.) of the ſame poem is bound up with a curious piece in verſe that lies before me, intitled "The complaint of the Poor, being deprived of their former way of living, by the uncharitable act, lately made againſt begging. The firſt cry printed for the godly to conſider the poor's caſe 1700. In

* But let your zeal be attended with knowledge, prudence and moderation. Vid. p. 4.

the ſame volume 12mo. is another poetical trifle viz. " A ſhort account of the Nobility and repreſentatives of the ancient realm of the Kingdom of SCOTLAND, their actions &c. at the deſire of the godly and loyal party, written by an impartial pen collected and drawn up by ROBERT KER, in 1705. At the time of my Lord Balhaven's worthy ſpeech (or propheſie) to the parliament of Scotland. printed in the year 1712.

13. *Mr Gordon &c.* (ſee p. 2. 41.) In looking into Anderſon's life of Blacklock, Mr Gilbert Gordon is ſaid to be the reputed author of " An Epiſtle to a young Lady on the culture of Taſte." He edited the ſecond edition of Blacklock's poems, to which he prefixed an account of the life and writings of the author, dated Dumfries 15th December 1753.

a. In the Lawyer's library, Edinburgh, a collection of pamphlets in the Scotiſh dialect chiefly, are preſerved, printed at Edinburgh 1508. (ſaid to be the earlieſt ſpecimen of printing in Scotland) in which are to be found ſeveral pieces of poetry of the fifteenth century; among others Cawan and Gologras a metrical romance reprinted in Pinkertons collection 1792; as alſo, Dunbar's lament for the death of the Makkaris. In the latter of theſe pieces, mention is made of ſeveral poets, whoſe works are either loſt, or but imperfectly handed down to us; among the number Robert Hendryſon Shcolmaiſter of Dunfermling is the moſt worthy of notice; he is author of the " *Bludy Serk a pious tale*," and other pieces to be found in the Bannatyne M. S. See alſo Lord Hailis's and Mr Pinkerton's collections printed from ancient collections, and ſcarce editions.

b. I lately met with a curious performance in the Scotiſh dialect of the ſixteenth century, intituled " The Diſputation concerning the controverſit headis of religion, haldin in the realme of Scotland, the zeir of God ane thouſand, fyue hundreth, fourſcoir yeiris. Betuix *the praetendit Miniſters of the deformed* KIRK OF SCOTLAND. And, Nicol Burne Profeſſor of Philoſophie in S. Leonardis college, in the city of Sanctandrois, broght up from his tendere age in the peruerſit ſect of the Caluiniſts, and nou be the ſpecial grace of God, ane membre of the halie Catholick Kirk. Dedicat to his Souerane the kingis M. of Scotland, king James the ſaxt. Imprinted at Pariſe the firſt day of October 1581." This tract marks ſtrongly the ſpirit of the times. Beſides containing much invective againſt Calvin, Knox, and other reformers of that period, Theodore Beza (the friend of Buchanan) comes in for his ſhare of this pious writers malice, in aſcribing to him an Epigram (in latin which is tranſlated into Scotiſh verſe,) the ſubject of which, is of ſuch a nature as to preclude the poſſibility of an extract into this work.

c. Wilſon, or Florence Wilſon, as he is ſometimes called, author *de Animi tranquilitate Dialogus* was a native of Elgin in Murray-ſhire; he was educated at An-

berdeen and Paris. He was celebrated for his ſkill in the Latin and Greek language, which gained him the friendſhip of many of the eminent men of his day, among others, the Cardinals Wolſey and Sadolet, whoſe friendſhip and patronage raiſed him into notice. His poems were printed at London in 1619. I have never ſeen a copy of them. He died at Vienne in Dauphiny on his way to Scotland in 1547. He is better known as a metaphyſician than as a poet. His dialogue on the *Tranquility of the mind* is deſervedly eſteemed an elegant piece of compoſition —it was printed at Edinburgh in 1571. Our grammarian Ruddiman edited a reprint of this tract, to which is ſubjoined a ſketch of the authors life (*Voluſeni Ortus, Vita, et Mors*) in 1707. John Ward of Greſham College, edited another which was publiſhed at Edinburgh in 1751. See Chalmers' life of Ruddiman p. p. 41. 42.

d. To A curious performance big with ſchemes for ſupporting declining deſpotiſm, and retriving national credit entituled "*An advertiſement to the ſubjects of Scotland &c.*" Printed at Aberdeen by Edward Raban in 1627, is prefixed "An HEROIC SONG in praiſe of the light moſt fitting for the night's meditation, by the ſame author" i. e. PETER HAY of Naighton, in North Britain"—Specimen,

Now downe is gone the ſtatelie GLOBE OF LIGHT
Which thou, great GOD, created for the day;
And we are wrapt into the clouds of night,
When *ſprites* of Darkneſs come abroad, to prey.

I am at a loſs to gueſs the author's meaning in calling this rhapſody "An HEROIC SONG," for, altho' it conſiſts of three hundred and twenty two lines, there is not the leaſt alluſion to any heroic deeds that I can diſcover. There ſeems a continued play on words, without much meaning; and poor in the extreme in point of verſification. The tract that precedes this poem is dedicated, "*To the moſt Royal, and mighty Monarch* CHARLES (I.). It abounds in ſtriking traits of the times; beſides, it contains a deal of very curious matter, intereſting to the politician, and hiſtorian.

e. In 1644, Sebaſtian Cramoiſy publiſhed the writings of ADAM BLACKWOOD, in which appear ſeveral pieces of poetry. This author was a retainer of of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. His ſword having failed, he drew his pen in her cauſe; and in a ſtrain, breathing enthuſiaſtic loyalty, he addreſſed all the Princes of Europe to avenge her death. See Granger's ſupplement to the Biographical Hiſtory of England.

f. The atchievements of BRUCE ſeem to have engaged the metrical hiſtorian at a very early period. A "*Book of virgin parchment*" (written by PETER FENTON a monk of Melroſe in 1369; ſix years farther back than BARBOUR is ſaid to have written his celebrated poem on the ſame ſubject,) was, in all probability, a work of much ingenuity, but ſo far as known, is now loſt to the literary world. In the following extract, it ſhould ſeem, Gordon had made free uſe of it, in compoſing

his poetical life of Bruce." Altho' the old printed book " (perhaps he means an older edition of *Barbour's Bruce* than that of 1616 4to. the earlieſt yet diſcovered) " beſides the outworn barbarous ſpeeches were ſo ill compoſed that I could bring it to no good method, till my loving friend DONALD FARQUHARSON (a worthy gentleman whoſe name I am not aſhamed to expreſs, for that he was a reſtleſs ſuiter to me to take this work in hand) brought me a *book of virgin parchment*, which he had found among the reſt of his books; it was old and torn, almoſt illegible, in many places wanting leaves, yet had the beginning; and had been ſet down by a monk in the Abby of Melroſs, called *Peter Fenton* in the year of God 1369, which was a year before the death of King DAVID BRUCE." See Gordon's hiſtory of Bruce printed at Dort 1615.

g. The following are mentioned on Mr Pinkerton's authority. See his Preliminaries prefixed to his Scotiſh Poems 1792 " Ane treatiſe callit the *Court of Venus* dividet into four buikis. Newly compylit be Johne Rolland in Dalkeith. Imprinted at Edinburgh be Johne Ros 1575. 4to.

" The Hiſtory of Judith, &c. tranſlated from the French of Du Bartas, by Thomas Hudſon. Edinburgh Vautrolier, 1584" 12mo. elegantly printed "

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" Niſbet in his heraldry vol. 1. p. 235. mentions a book of curious poems by Patrick Hannay a Scotiſh gentleman, printed in 1622. with his portrait and arms.

" Sir Thomas Urquhart in his Jewell mentions Drummond, *Wiſhart* (author of the life of Montroſe?) and Ogilby, the tranſlator of Virgil and Eſop, as good Scotiſh Poets."

h. In a M. S. collection (in the poſſeſſion of Mr Archibald Conſtable, Bookſeller, Edinburgh) are ſeveral curious ſpecimens of poetry of the age of Charles II. (1652, 1664) among others, a ſatyrical piece intituled " Ane Proclamation ſett out by younge Donald Prince of the Yles, and Chieftane of all the Highlanders in Scotland"—it begins thus,

Brave ſhentillmen wee a hoyes,
An-nent a twa, na tree, na foure noyes,
Me charge you in younge Donald's name,
All betwixt ſixtie and ſixteene,
The ſhentillmen in every ſhyre,
In Sky, in Lew's &c.

In ſaid collection, are, Sonnets to the number of forty, ſome of which are beautiful; others, but indifferent. They are ſuch as were in vogue at that time; and many of them may be met with in books of madrigals &c, which were very common about this period in Scotland as well as England. A poem of conſiderable length follows theſe ſonnets intituled " Orcadium

ffigies or the Iſles of Orknay delineated in their moſt eſpecial outſide, being more particularlie the picture of Pomonia (vulgarly called the mainland) one of the ſaid Iſlands." This piece is of a ſatyrical caſt and of very little value. " Upon the diſſolving of the parliament April 1653, is in the ſame ſtile of dull irony. A number of political pieces fill up the volume, of little or no merit. Some addreſſed to Cromwell, Monk, the Duke of York and other heroes of the day, excepted. A ſong intituled " a true relation of the laſt Sea fight between the Engliſh and the Hollanders on June the 3d. 1665. what happened, and how beaten. The tune Wie'le pull the pride of Jocky downe" is the only piece remaining worthy of notice.

i. In 1698 " A Pick-tooth for ſwearers, or a looking-glaſs for Atheiſts and profane perſons &c," was " printed for J. Reid, at his printing-houſe in *Bells-wynd*"

This performance is the production of a well meaning man, by name *James Donaldſon*, it is a ſilly piece of pious nonſenſe in miſerable rhymes. The ſame author wrote " *Husbandry anatomized*" a ſmall tract printed in 12mo. which ſhews him to have been, however, an induſtrious, and ingenious agriculturiſt.

j. In 1727. " Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcairnii Med. Doctoris, Gulielmi Scoti Thrilſtane Equitis, Thomas Kincaidii, civis Edinburgenſis, et aliorum" were publiſhed by Robert Freebairn, who has prefixed a preface, in which Ruddiman is ſaid to have had ſome ſhare. It muſt be confeſſed, this ſaid preface, breathes more a ſpirit of vanity and national prejudice, than is to be found in any of the writings of the modeſt Ruddiman; who ſeems to have embraced this occaſion of expreſſing in an elegant ſet of latin verſes, his reſpect for the memory of his earlieſt friend and patron the learned and ingenious Pitcairne, beginning thus,

Quid fruſtra erepte ſatis quaeramus, amici,
Pitcarni meritis carmina digna dare?

k. In 1728 Poems by the Chevalier Ramsay, were printed by John Moncur.

l. In 1734. " Gibbie and Watie, a paſtoral on the death of Alexander Maben organ maker in Edinburgh, by Thomas Blair" was printed at Edinburgh, and ſold by the author. 4to. p. p. 12. This paſtoral is in imitation of Ramſay's " *Richy and Sandy* a paſtoral on the death of Joſeph Addiſon Eſq." and not inferior to it by any means.

m. In 1737. " the Euchariſt a poem" was printed at Edinburgh by T. and W. Ruddiman 8vo. p. p. 32.

n. In 1738, " The Letters of the critical club, containing miſcellaneous obſertions on men, and manners, and writing" " begun in the month of January, 1738, and publiſhed monthly at Edinburgh, volume 1ſt. from the month of January to the month of June incluſive" was " printed at Edinburgh by W. Cheyne, and ſold by A. Martin and other Bookſellers in town" in which periodical publication, appear ſeveral poetical pieces of great merit

his poetical life of Bruce." Altho' the old printed book " (perhaps he means an older edition of *Barbour's Bruce* than that of 1616 4to. the earlieſt yet diſcovered) " beſides the outworn barbarous ſpeeches were ſo ill compoſed that I could bring it to no good method, till my loving friend DONALD FARQUHARSON (a worthy gentleman whoſe name I am not aſhamed to expreſs, for that he was a reſtleſs ſuiter to me to take this work in hand) brought me a *book of virgin parchment*, which he had found among the reſt of his books; it was old and torn, almoſt illegible, in many places wanting leaves, yet had the beginning; and had been ſet down by a monk in the Abby of Melroſs, called *Peter Fenton* in the year of God 1369, which was a year before the death of King DAVID BRUCE." See Gordon's hiſtory of Bruce printed at Dort 1615.

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h. In a M. S. collection (in the poſſeſſion of Mr Archibald Conſtable, Bookſeller, Edinburgh) are ſeveral curious ſpecimens of poetry of the age of Charles II. (1652, 1664) among others, a ſatyrical piece intituled " Ane Proclamation ſett out by younge Donald Prince of the Yles, and Chieftane of all the Highlanders in Scotland"—it begins thus,

Brave ſhentillmen wee a hoyes,
An-nent a twa, na tree, na foure noyes,
Me charge you in younge Donald's name,
All betwixt ſixtie and ſixteene,
The ſhentillmen in every ſhyre,
In Sky, in Lew's &c.

In ſaid collection, are, Sonnets to the number of forty, ſome of which are beautiful; others, but indifferent. They are ſuch as were in vogue at that time; and many of them may be met with in books of madrigals &c, which were very common about this period in Scotland as well as England. A poem of conſiderable length follows theſe ſonnets intituled " Orcadium

ffigies. or the Iſles of Orknay delineated in their moſt eſpecial outſide, being more particularlie the picture of Pomonia (vulgarly called the mainland) one of the ſaid Iſlands." This piece is of a ſatyrical caſt and of very little value. " Upon the diſſolving of the parliament April 1653, is in the ſame ſtile of dull irony. A number of political pieces fill up the volume, of little or no merit. Some addreſſed to Cromwell, Monk, the Duke of York and other heroes of the day, excepted. A ſong intituled " a true relation of the laſt Sea fight between the Engliſh and the Hollanders on June the 3d. 1665. what happened, and how beaten. The tune Wie'le pull the pride of Jocky downe" is the only piece remaining worthy of notice.

i. In 1698 " A Pick-tooth for ſwearers, or a looking-glaſs for Atheiſts and profane perſons &c," was "printed for J. Reid, at his printing-houſe in *Bells-wynd*"

This performance is the production of a well meaning man, by name *James Donaldſon*, it is a ſilly piece of pious nonſenſe in miſerable rhymes. The ſame author wrote " *Husbandry anatomized*" a ſmall tract printed in 12mo. which ſhews him to have been, however, an induſtrious, and ingenious agriculturiſt.

j. In 1727. " Selecta Poemata ARCHIBALDI PITCAIRNII Med. Doctoris, Gulielmi Scoti Thrilſtane Equitis, Thomas Kincaidii, civis Edinburgenſis, et aliorum" were publiſhed by Robert Freebairn, who has prefixed a preface, in which Ruddiman is ſaid to have had ſome ſhare. It muſt be confeſſed, this ſaid preface, breathes more a ſpirit of vanity and national prejudice, than is to be found in any of the writings of the modeſt Ruddiman ; who ſeems to have embraced this occaſion of expreſſing in an elegant ſet of latin verſes, his reſpect for the memory of his earlieſt friend and patron the learned and ingenious Pitcairne, beginning thus,

Quid fruſtra erepte ſatis quaeramus, amici,
PITCAERNI meritis, carmina digna dare ?

k. In 1728 Poems by the CHEVALIER RAMSAY, were printed by John Moncur.

l. In 1734. "GIBBIE AND WATIE, a paſtoral on the death of ALEXANDER MABEN organ maker in Edinburgh, by Thomas Blair" was printed at Edinburgh, and ſold by the author. 4to. p. p. 12. This paſtoral is in imitation of Ramſay's " *Richy and Sandy* a paſtoral on the death of Joſeph Addiſon Eſq." and not inferior to it by any means.

m. In 1737. " the Euchariſt a poem" was printed at Edinburgh by T. and W. Ruddiman 8vo. p. p. 32.

n. In 1738, " The Letters of the critical club, containing miſcellaneous obſervations on men, and manners, and writing" " begun in the month of January, 1738, and publiſhed monthly at Edinburgh, volume 1ſt. from the month of January to the month of June incluſive" was " printed at Edinburgh by W. Cheyne, and ſold by A. Martin and other Bookſellers in town" in which periodical publication, appear ſeveral poetical pieces of great merit

indeed. I have ſeen but one volume of this work.—I know not if any more were publiſhed.

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lish) in praiſe of the Highland dreſs, which at that time was newly reſtored, after an ignominious interdiction of nearly forty years ſtanding. Our bard fails not to celebrate the great men who wore tartan, from Joſeph, chief governor of Egypt, to Mr Secretary Dundas, member of Parliament, &c. &c.

e. In 1786. A collection of ancient and modern Gaelic poems and ſongs, was printed at Perth, for John Gillies, under the title of "Shean Dain agus Orain Ghaidhealich," &c In this collection are ſeveral valuable pieces; but, I am ſorry to obſerve, very incorrectly printed, owing perhaps, to ignorance or inattention in thoſe who ſuperintended the preſs.

f. In 1787, Dr Smith publiſhed "*Sean Dana*," being the originals of the tranſlations that accompanied his Gaelic antiquities above mentioned. Theſe fragments are of great value, and merit the particular attention of the lovers of Gaelic poetry, as ſpecimens of Offianic ſong, gleaned from the dying remains of oral tradition. I lately heard recited "DARGO," in the original, at great length, by a man of the name of Sinclair, from Braidalbane, who is at preſent ſerving with Hugh M Pharlane, Eſq. of Coilechra, at the head of Lochkaitrin. I never heard any one recite with leſs heſitation. The ſurrounding ſcenery was quite in harmony with his ſong. The party in which I was, were in a boat on that lake, ſo celebrated for picturesque beauty—the oars were ſuſpended—while, leaning his head on the palm of his hand, he poured forth "the tale of other times." A ſituation ſuch as this was, may be conceived, but cannot be deſcribed.

g. In 1792, Kenneth M'Kenzie publiſhed a volume of original ſongs, in Gaelic, together with a few Scotiſh ſongs tranſlated into Gaelic.

h In 1798, Allan M'Dougal at Inverlochah, near Fort William, publiſhed a volume of ſongs; ſome of which poſſeſs very conſiderable merit. The following is a ſpecimen.

Marbh-Rann do Mhac 'ic Raonuill na Ceapaiche. *Elegy on the Death of Keppoch†.*

ORIGINAL.

I.

THA mi 'm shineadh air 'm uilinn;
'S mor mo mhulad is mi 'ain cheist
Mu'n naidheachd so fhuair me
Nach bu shuarrach ri sheanchas:

TRANSLATION.

I.

Tears, reclining on my arm, loſt in ſorrow at the heavy tidings which overwhelm me to relate. Though I belong not to thy people, neither do I riſe under thy banner, thou high

† The late Major Ranald M'Donell. He died in September, 1785, univerſally lamented. He, in an eminent degree, merited the endearing title of FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE. The patriarchal ſyſtem hath long ſince been annihilated in the Highlands of Scotland; and it remains to be tried, how far a different mode of ſociety, may ſuit the wilds of the North.

Ga d nach eir'ghinn ad' bhratuich,
A Chuirteir aigeannaich, mheamnaich!
Cha bheag mo chuis mhi-ghean
U 'bhi 'dhith do luchd leanmhainn.

II.

Sann tha 'n sgeul ata craiteach
An drasta 's tir Abraich,
Nach maithreann fear t' aogais-g,
A Mhic-le Raonuil o 'n Cheapuich!
O na dh'f halaich an uir u
Ann ciste dhluth nan cord breaca,
Tha do chairdean gun sugradh;
Is beag an t' iongnadh e thachairt.

III.

Tha do thalla gun mhannran,
Gun f huaim clarsaich' na pioba,
Gun iomairt air thai'eg,
Na gun lamh 'theirt air dhisnean;
O 'n chaidh Ceannard a Bhraigh
An Leabaidh Lair san Uaigh iosail;
'Slionmhor neach a tha craiteach,
O na timinig a chrioch ort.

minded hero, yet I mourn not the leſs at thy children being left fatherleſs.

II.

The mournful tidings fill Lochaber with wailing—ſince thou Keappoch haſt departed. Where is there to be found thy equal?—th duſt covers thee in thy narrow cheſt. Th friends are loſt in ſorrow—ſo well they may.

III.

The ſong is heard no more in thy hall—the pipe and harp are ſilent—all paſt me hath ceaſed ſince the Chieftain of Braelochaber is in his lowly bed in the duſt. Many bemoan thy early fate.

The End of Additional Notes, Omiſſions, &c.

DIAGRAMS.

FIG. 1.

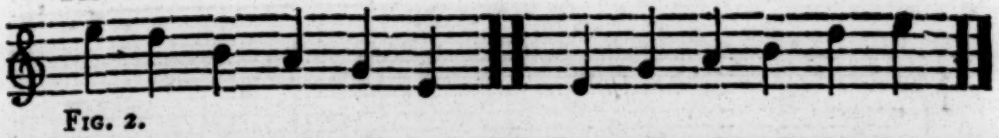
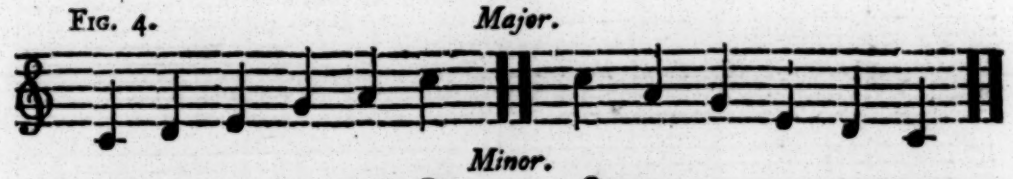


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

PRIMARY SCALE OF MUSIC,

FIG. 4. *Major.*



Minor.

FIG. 5. *The ſame tranſpoſed to G and its relative E minor.*

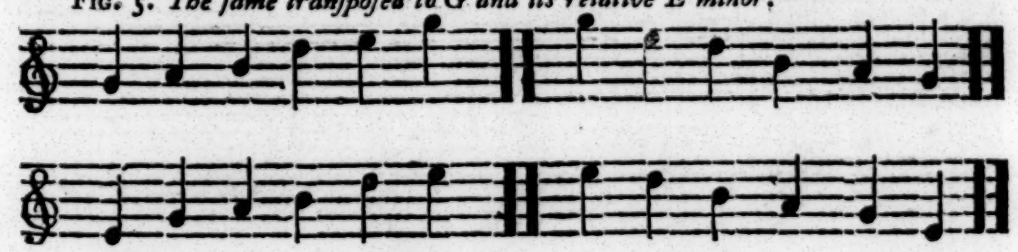
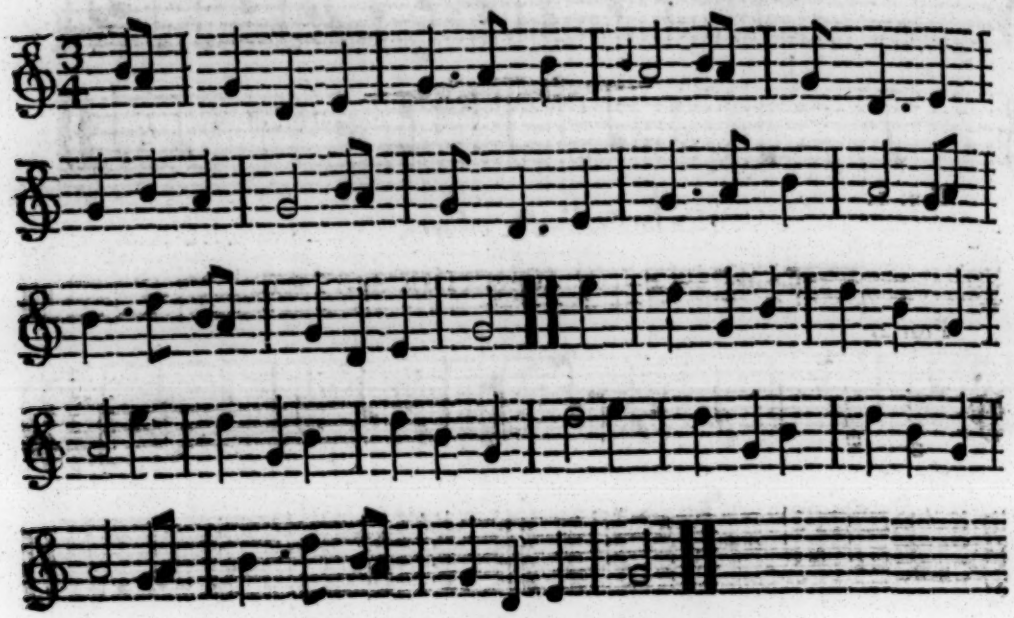


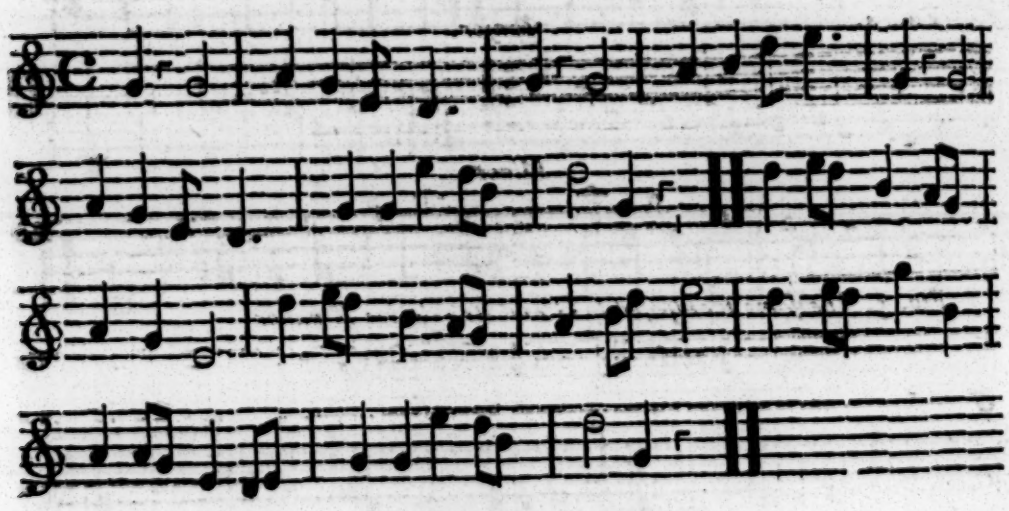
FIG. 6

For the compaſs and arrangement of a Chineſe inſtrument, ſee Burney's Hiſt. of muſic, vol. 1. p. 38.

WHEN MAQGY AND I WAS ACQUAINT.



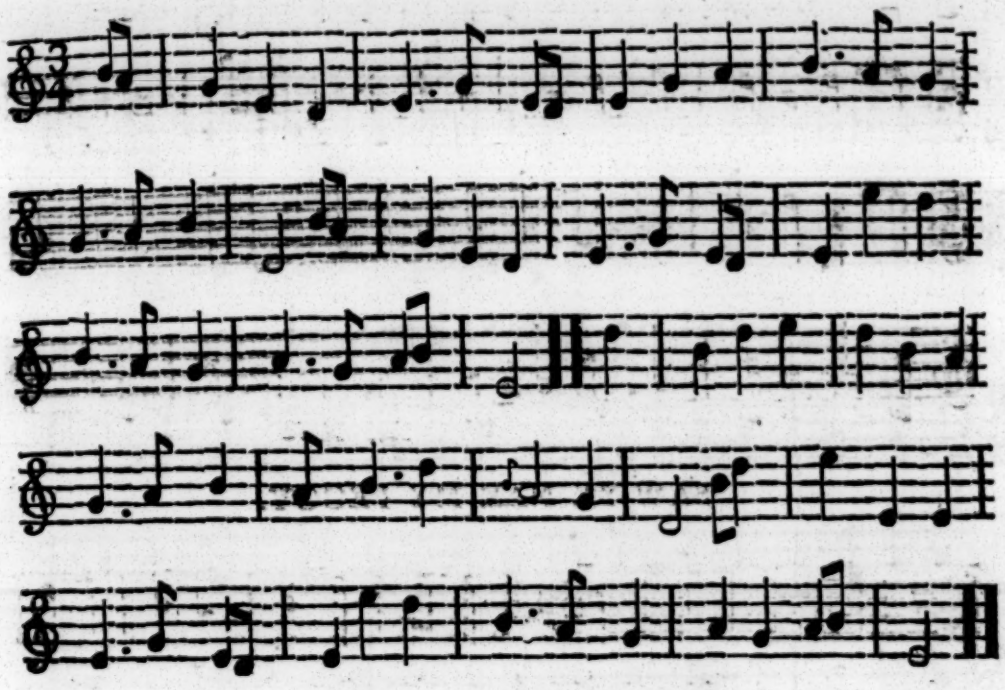
AH! HA ROBIN QUHO SHE.



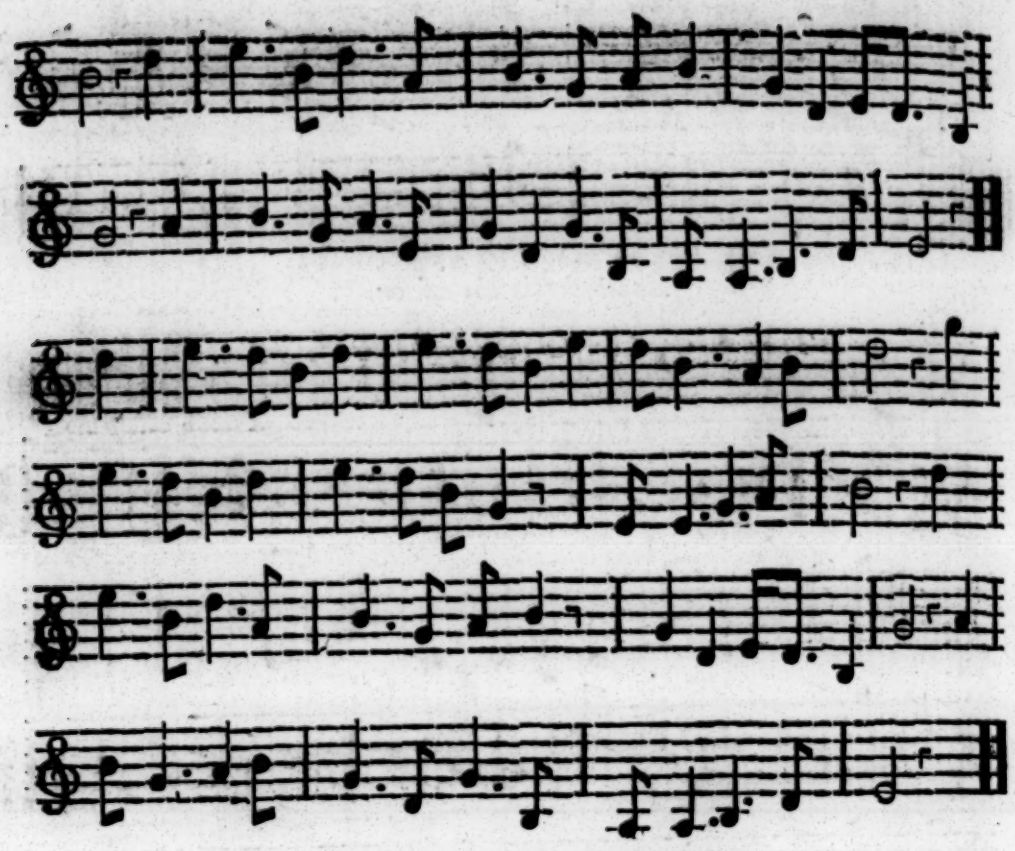
THE LEE RIGS.

Examples in the minor.

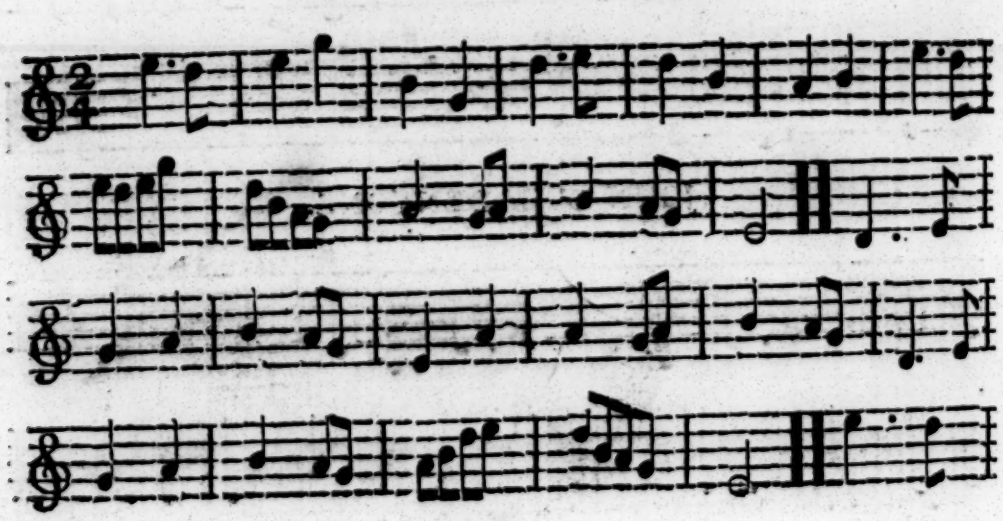
THE MUCKIN O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

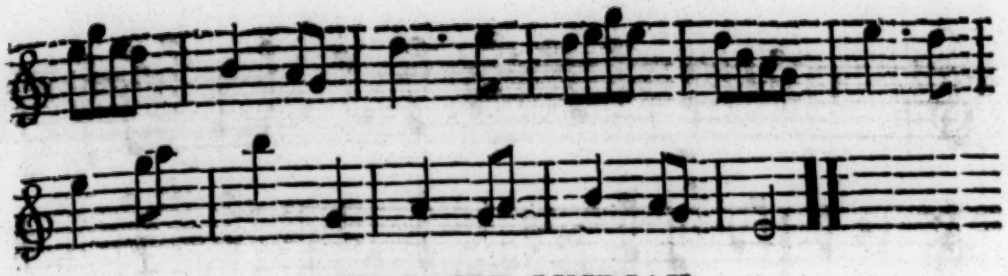


JOHN O' BADENYONE.

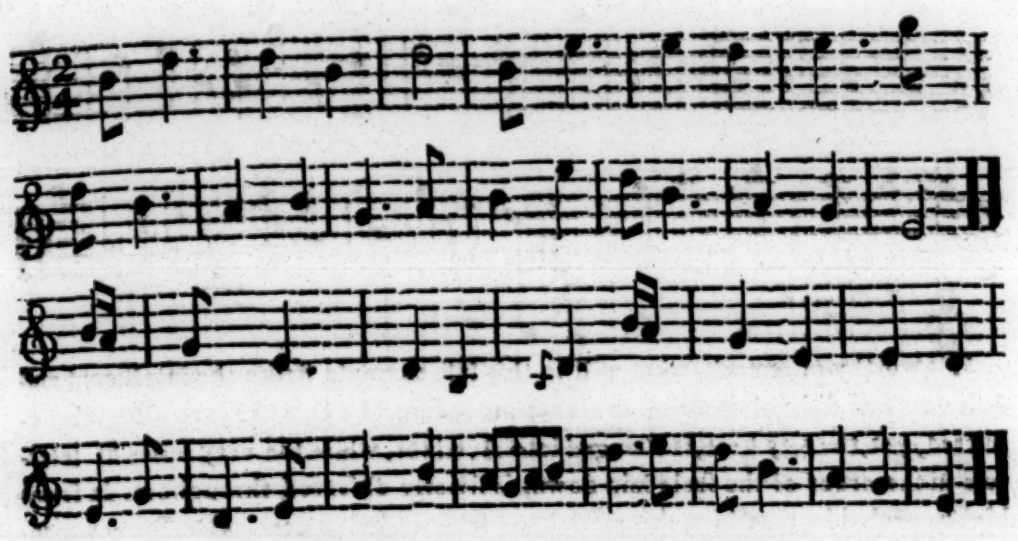


SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

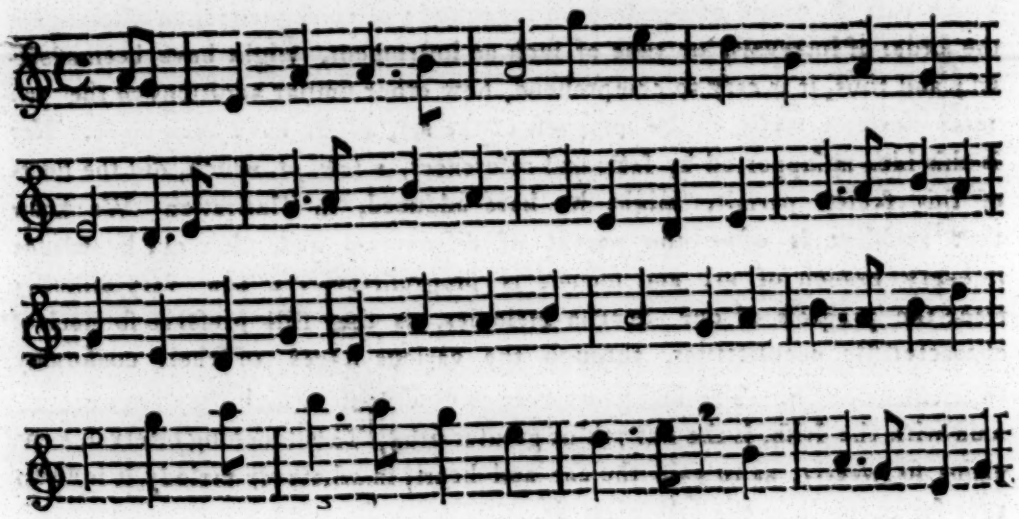


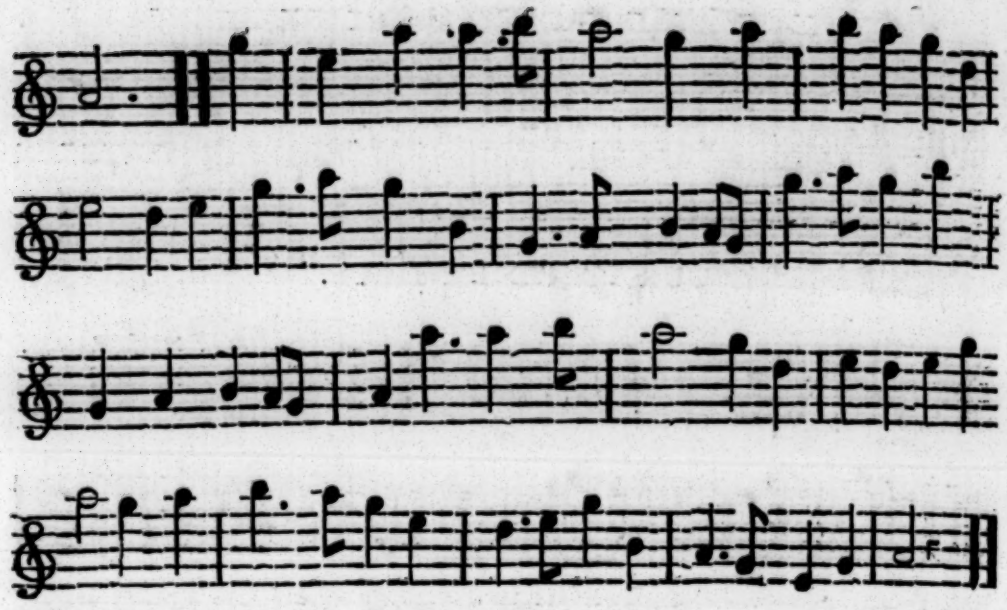


OUR LAIRD LINDSAY.



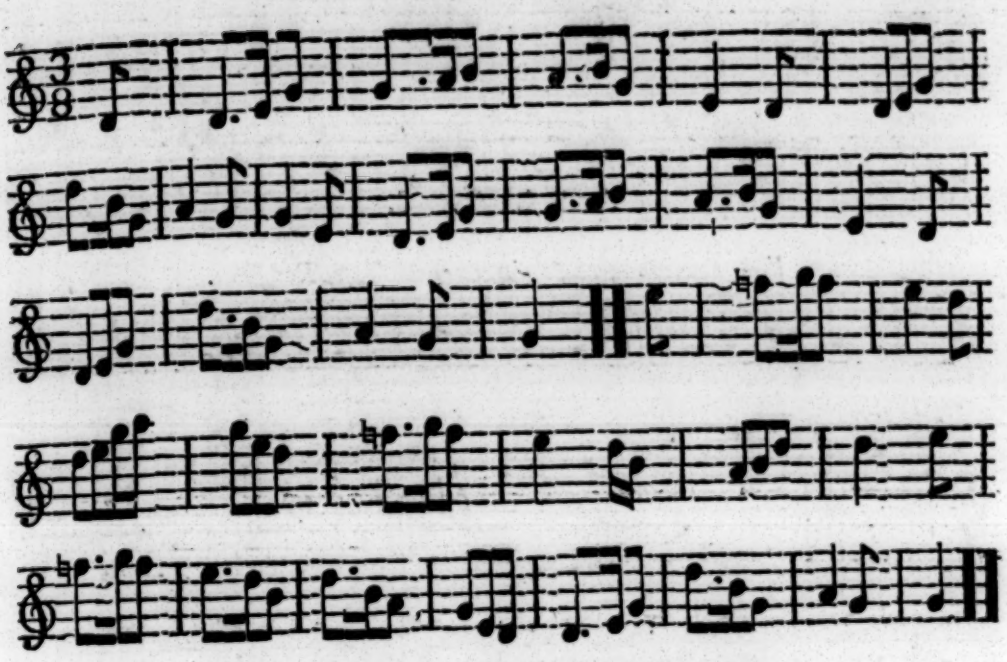
MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.



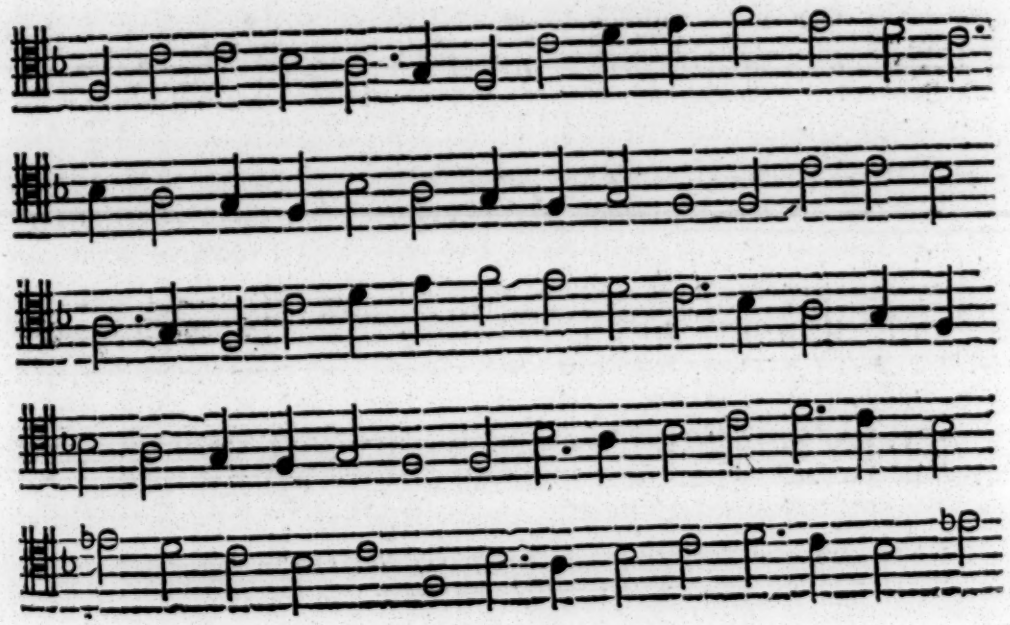


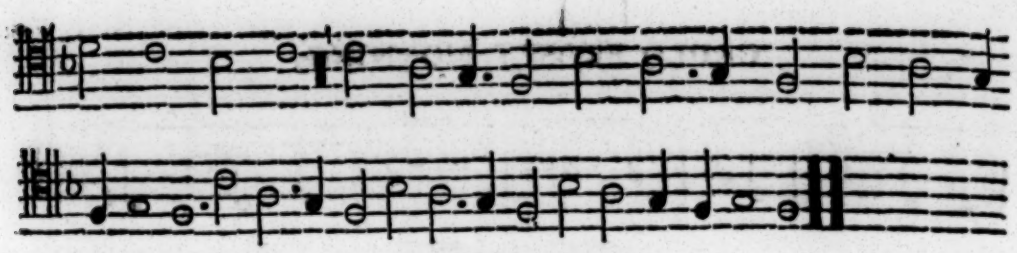
It is worthy of remark, what will in this laſt example ſtrike the intelligent muſician at firſt ſight, that altho' in all the preceding, the C, and F, are altogether omitted, yet, the Key here, is changed into A, minor, while the very ſeries of intervals in the order of the ſcale laid down, is ſtrictly obſerved throughout. It ſeems highly probable, that in making trial, on ſuch an inſtrument as Dr Burney mentions his having ſeen in the poſſeſſion of Abbé Arnaud, and beginning an air, ſuch as the above, on the firſt note, viz. E, of the minor ſeries, (ſee Fig. 6.) in which caſe F, would of neceſſity be ſuggeſted; of conſequence, an alteration in the order of intervals, or tune of ſuch an inſtrument, might have been adopted; and thus, it is eaſy to comprehend, how other ſimilar additions to the primary ſcale of muſic, in the progreſs of the art, might have been made. Nor is this idea unſupported by facts and references, a few of which, did the limits of this ſketch permit, might be here adduced, in illuſtration—We know that accident is often the parent of diſcovery; and that our knowledge in every branch of art and ſcience is progreſſive—We can very diſtinctly trace the progreſs of our Scotiſh melodies, as they ſtill preſerve ſo much of characteriſtic peculiarities, through the various ſtages of their conformity to ſcientific muſic. The firſt great change obſervable which they have in common with the Iriſh, is the flat 7th or greater 6th. This touching interval, complains ſo ſweetly, as to gain the ear and heart, in whatever melody it is uſed; thus for example in the following air.

CAULD FROSTY MORNING,



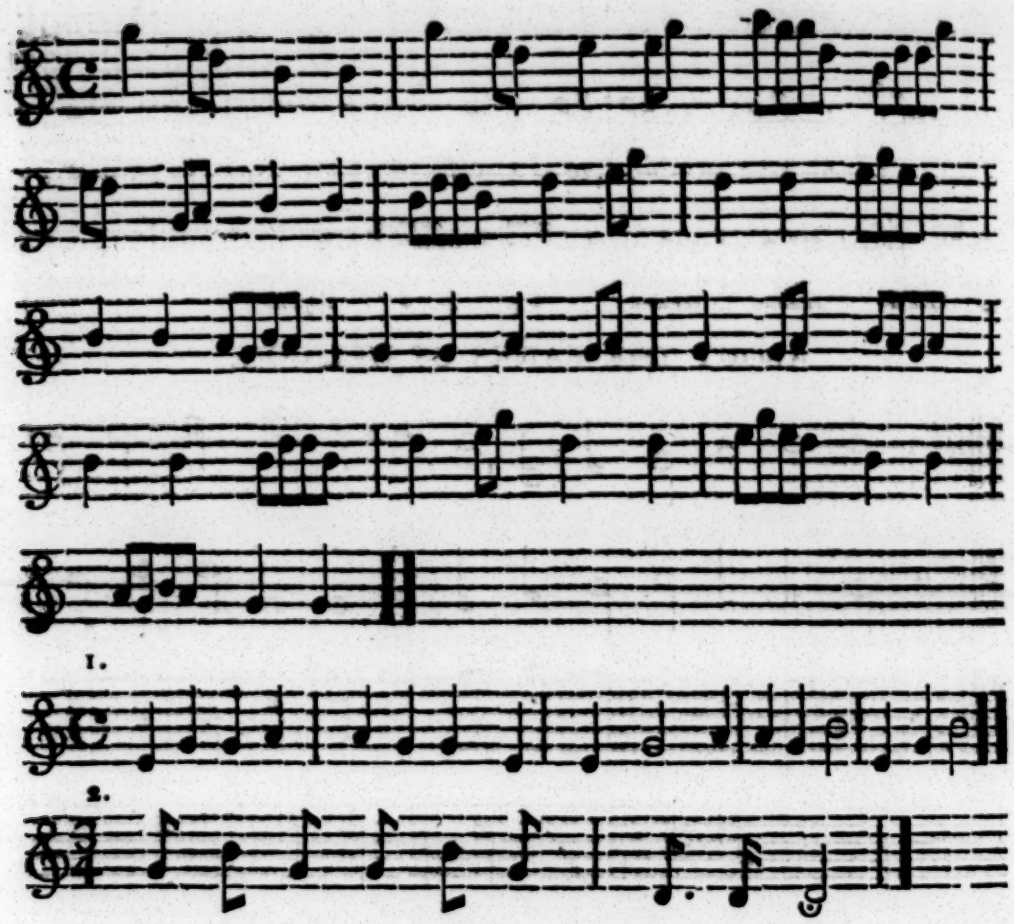
ABOUT THE BANKS OF HELICON.





AIR CHINOIS.

Vide Dictionnaire de muſique par J. J. Rouſſeau.



1. Specimen of the muſic of the iſland of Middleburg, ſee Forſter's voyage to the South ſea.
2. Specimen of the ſongs of birds. ſee Stedman's travels.

SANGS

OF THE

LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

SANG FIRST.

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY KING JAMES V.

THE pauky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
Saying, gudewife, for zour courteſie,
Will zee ludge a ſilly pure man?
The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azont the ingle he ſat;
My dochter's ſchuldirs he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blythe and mirry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſcho grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togidder were ſayen,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.
And O! quo' he, ann zee war as black
As evir the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.
And O! quo' ſcho, an' I war as whyte,
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dyke,
I'd cleid me braw and lady like,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.
Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe awee before the cock,
And wylily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gan

Up the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſur pat on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervant's bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeir for the ſilly pure man.
Scho gaed to the bed whar the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away;
Scho clapt her hand, cry'd dulefu-day!
For ſome o' our gier will be gane.
Sum ran to coffer, and ſum to kiſt,
But nocht was ſtown that cou'd be miſt;
Scho dancid her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt!
I have ludg'd a liel pure man.
Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to 'earn,
Gae butt the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her cum quickly ben.
The ſervant gaed quhar the dochter lay,
The ſheets war cauld, ſcho was away,
And faſt to her gudewife 'gan ſay,
Scho's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte zee find theſe traitours again;
For ſcho s' be burnt, and he s' be ſlain,
The weirifou' Gaberlunzie-man.

Sum rade upo' horſe, ſum ran a-fit
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit:
Scho cou'd na gang, nor zet cou'd ſcho ſit,
But ay ſcho curſt and ſcho bann'd.

Meintyme far hind out owr the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
Thir twa, wi' kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang.

The prieving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
To lu'e her for ay, he gae her his aith;
Quo' ſcho, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winſom Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I war wi' you,
Il-fardly wad ſcho crook her mou,
Sic a pure man ſhe'd nevir trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quod he, zere zet owr zoung,
And ha'e na learnt the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on,
Wi' kauk and keel I'll win zour bread,
And ſpinnels and quhorles for them wha need,
Quhilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and cruk my knee,
And draw a black clout owr my eye;
A cripple, or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

THE END OF THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

SANG SECOND.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THERE was a jollie beggar, and a begging he w as boun
And he tuke up his quarters into a landwart town.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.
He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in a hint the ha' door, or elſe afore the fire.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean ſtraw
and hay,
And in a hint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht
Up raiſe the gudeman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there ſhe ſaw the beggar ſtandin i' the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.
He tuke the laſſie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O huly, huly wi' me, ſir, ze'll waken our gudeman.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.
The beggar was a cunnin loon, and ne'er a word he ſpak,
Until he got his turn done, ſyne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden tell me trew,
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dule for the doing o't! are ye the pure man?
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

Then ſcho tuke up the meal pocks and flang them at the wa
The deil gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead and a'.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

I tuke ze for ſome gentleman, at leaſt the laird o' Brodie;
O dule for the doing o't!—are ze the pure bodie?
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

He tuke the laſſie in his arms, and gae her kiſſes three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-fee.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

He tuke a horn frae his ſide, and blew baith loud and ſhrill.
And four-and-twenty belted knichts came ſkipping o'er the hill.
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

And he tuke out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the braweſt gentleman that was amang them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap ſhoulder heicht:
O ay for ſicken quarters as I gat yeſternicht!

And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
ſae late into the nicht,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
let the moon ſhine ne'er ſae bricht.

THE END OF THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

SANG THIRD.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtſhip till her:
Twa piſtols charg'd be gueſs,
To gie the courting-ſhot;
And ſine came ben the laſs,
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the butt.
He firſt ſpeer'd at the guidman,
And ſyne at Giles the mither,
An ye wa'd gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither,

My doughter ye ſhall ha'e,
I'll gi' you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſall be gude,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnude,
And Crummie who kens her ſtaik:
Wi' an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cudle in them the gither.
Ye ſpeak richt well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither,
A houſe is butt and benn,
And Crummie will want her fother.

The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We ha'e nouther pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither,
Your tocher's be good enough,
For that you need na fear,
Twa gude ſtilts to the pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa gude pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The ane to ha'd the grots,
The ither to ha'd the meal:
With an auld kiſt made o' wands,
And that ſall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may ha'd your tocher.
Conſider weell, guidman,
We hae but borrowed gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilſon's mare:

The ſadle's nane o' my ain,
An' thae's but borrowed boots;
And when that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my coots:
The cloak is Geordy Watt's
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a cogue o' ſwats,
We'll make nae mair toom ruſe.
I like you well, young lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But ſyne that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae,
'Twill be but little worth.
A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither:
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the hiſſie come hither.

The bride ſhe gade till the bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
An they cudl'd it a' the gither.

THE END OF MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

SANG FOURTH.

THE BLYTHSOME WEDDING.

FY let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
and bannocks of barley meal,
And there will be good ſalt herring,
to reliſh a kog of good ale.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.

And there will be Sandie the ſutor,
and Willie with the meikle mow;
And there will be Tom the plouter,
and Andrew the tinkler I trow.
And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
with thumbleſs Katie's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dallie,
and Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
And there will be ſow-libber Peatie,
and plouckie-fac't Wat in the mill,
Capper-nos'd Gibbie, and Francie,
that wins in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaſter Dowgal,
that ſplee fitted Beſſie did woo,
And ſniffling Lillie, and Tibbie,
and Kirſtie, that belly-god ſow.

Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
And Crampie that married Stainie,
and coft him breeks to his arſe,
And afterwards hanged for ſtealing,
great mercy it hapned no worſe:
And there will be fairntickl'd Hew,
and Beſs with the lillie-white leg,
That gat to the ſouth for breeding,
and bang'd up her wamb in Mons-meg.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
And there will be Geordie McCowrie,
and blinking daft Barbra and Meg,
And there will be blincht Gillie-whimple,
and peuter-fac't flitching Joug;

And there will be happer-ars'd Nanſie,
and fairy-fac'd Jeanie be name,
Gleed Katie, and fat-lugged Liſie,
the laſs with the gauden wamb.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
and his glaked wife Jeanie Bell,
And miſlie chin'd flyting Geordie,
the lad that was ſkipper himſell.
There'll be all the lads and the laſſes,
ſet down in the midſt of the ha,
With ſybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
that are both ſodden and ra.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.

There will be tartan, dragen and brachen,
and fouth of good gappoks of ſkate,
Pow-ſodie, and drammock, and crowdie,
and callour nout feet in a plate;
And there will be partans and buckies,
ſpeldens and haddocks anew,
And ſing'd ſheep-heads, and a haggize,
and ſcadlips to ſup till ye're fow.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
There will be good lapper'd-milk kebucks,
and ſowens, and farles and baps,
And ſwats, and ſcraped paunches,
and brandie in ſtoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and caſtocks,
and ſkink to ſup till you rive
And fouth to roſt on a brander
of flouks that war taken alive.

Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there ;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.
Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulſe, and tangle,
and a mill of good ſnizing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
we'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there ;
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the laſs with the gauden hair.

THE END OF THE BLYTHSOME WEDDING.

SANG FIFTH.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

WOO'D and married and a',
woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd and married and a'.
The bride came out of the byre,
and O as ſhe dighted her cheeks,
Sirs I'm to be married the night,
and has nouther blanket nor ſheets;
Has nouther blankets nor ſheets,
nor ſcarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
has e'en right meikle ado.

Woo'd and married and a',
woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd and married and a'.
Out ſpake the bride's father,
as he came in frae the plough;
O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
and ye's get gear enough;
The ſtirk that ſtands i' the tether,
and our bra' baſin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
what wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd and married and a',
woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd and married and a'.
Out ſpake the bride's mither;
what d—l needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
that night I was a bride;

My gown was linſy-woolſy,
and ne'er a ſark, ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buſkins,
ma'e than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married and a',
woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd and married and a'.
What's the matter? quo' Willie,
tho' we be ſcant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
and we'll ſmore a' the fleas;
Simmer is coming on,
and we'll get teats o' woo;
And we'll get a laſs o' our ain,
and ſhe'll ſpin claiths eneu'.
Woo'd and married and a',
woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd and married and a'.

Out ſpake the bride's brither,
as he came in wi' the ky;
Pure Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
had he kent ye as weel as I,
For you're baith proud and ſaucy,
and no for a pure man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
iſe never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd, and married, and a',
woo'd, and married, and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd, and married, and a'.
Out ſpake the bride's ſiſter,
as ſhe came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
it's a' that I deſire:
But we pure fo'k maun live ſingle,
and do the beſt we can;
I dinna care what I ſhou'd want,
if I cou'd but get a man.

Woo'd, and married, and a',
woo'd, and married, and a',
Was ſhe not very weel aff,
was woo'd, and married, and a'.

THE END OF WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

SANG SIXTH.

"TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE."

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha lu'es nae ſtrife,
She ſaid to me richt haſtily,
Get up, gudeman, ſave Cromie's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an uſefu' cow,
And ſhe is come o' a gude kyne;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairn's mou',
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;

Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines frae the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a gude grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this threty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I hae ſworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they coſt but half a crown;
He ſaid they war a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun:
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou a man o' laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind o' corn it has its hule.
I think the warld is a' gane daft,
When ilka wife her man wa'd rule;
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe;
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis threty years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And gif you prove a gude huſband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

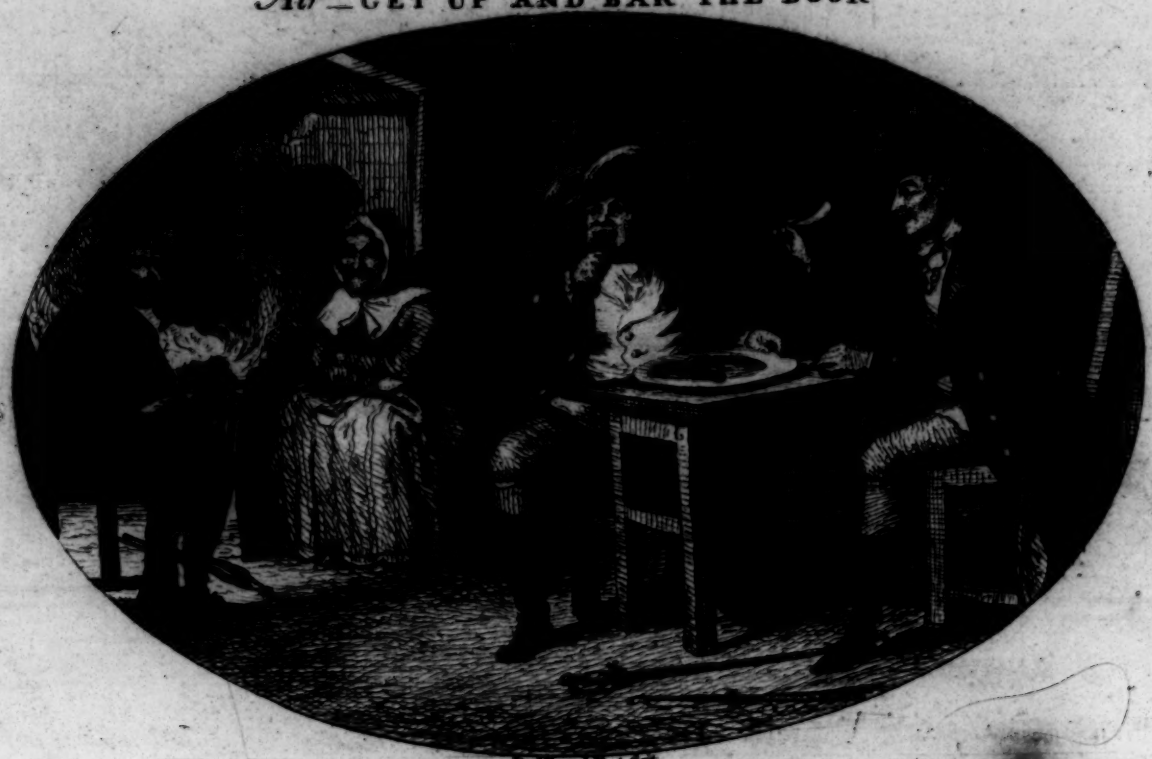
Bell my wife, ſhe lue's na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:

Nocht's to be won at woman's han',
Unleſs ye gi' her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began.
And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE END OF " TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE".

The Grenville Library

Air—GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR



Then ane unto the other said
Here man tak ye my knife.

Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard
And I'll kiss the goodwife.

SANG SEVENTH.

"GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR."

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And ſhe boil'd them in the pan.

The wind ſae cauld blew ſouth and north,
And blew into the floor:
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
" Gae but and bar the door."

" My hand is in my huſſy'f ſkap,
Gudeman, as ye may ſee,
An' it ſhou'd na be barr'd thir hundre' year,
Its no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and ſure;
That the firſt word whae'er ſhou'd ſpeak,
Shou'd riſe and bar the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht,
And they could neither ſee houſe nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle licht.

"Now whether is this a rich man's houſe?
Or whether is it a poor?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them ſpeak,
For barring o' the door.

And firſt they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to herſel,
Yet ne'er a word ſhe ſpake.

Then ſaid the ane unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiſs the gudewife."

"But there's nae water in the houſe,
And what ſhall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That boils into the pan?"
O up then ſtarted our gudeman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiſs my wife before my een,
And ſca'd me wi' pudding bree?"
Then up and ſtarted our gudewife,
Gied three ſkips on the floor;
Gudeman you've ſpoken the foremoſt word,
"Get up and bar the door."

THE END OF "GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR."

SANG EIGHTH.

DRUKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,
The gudewife ſhe drank naething but ſack and canary;
The gudeman complain'd to her friends richt airly.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

Firſt ſhe drank crommy, and ſyne ſhe drank garie,
And ſyne ſhe drank my bonie grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

She drank her hoſe, ſhe drank her ſhoon,
And ſyne ſhe drank her bonny new gown;
She drank her ſark that cover'd her rarely.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

Wad ſhe drink her ain things, I wadna care,
But ſhe drinks my claiths I canna weel ſpare;
When I'm wi' my goſſips it angers me ſairly.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

My Sunday's coat ſhe's laid it a wad,
The beſt blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly, and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife ſhe has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed ſtaff that I loo'd ſo dearly.

O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly andfairly.]
I never was for wrangling nor ſtrife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]
When there's ony ſil'er, ſhe maun keep the purſe;
If I ſeek but a bawbie, ſhe'll ſcold and ſhe'll curſe;
She lives like a queen, I ſcrimped and ſparely.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]
A pint wi her cummers I wad her allow,
But when ſhe ſits down, ſhe fills herſel fu',
And when ſhe is fu' ſhe is unco cumſtairie.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

When ſhe comes to the ſtreet, ſhe roars and ſhe rants,
Has nae fear o' her neighbours, nor minds the houſe wants;
She rants up ſome fool-ſang, like, "Up ye'r heart Charlie."
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

When ſhe comes hame ſhe lays on the lads,
The laſſes ſhe ca's baith limmers and jades,
And ca's myſel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
[Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O' gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.]

THE END OF THE DRUKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

SANG NINTH.

TODLEN BUTT AND TODLEN BEN.

WHEN I ha'e a ſaxpence under my thumb.
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But aye when I'm pure they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts gude company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my luve come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and ſend her gude ſale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne, if that her tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll take a gude ſcour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa pint-ſtoups at our bed's feet;
And aye when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my luve comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're aye ſae gude humour'd when weeting your mou;
When ſober ſae ſour, ye'll fecht wi' a flae——
That 'tis a blyth ſicht to the bairns and me
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

THE END OF TODLEN BUTT AND TODLEN BEN.

SANG TENTH.

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe but and ben;
And well ſhe lu'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.
She tuke me in, and ſet me doun,
And hecht to keep me lawin free;
But, cunnin carlin that ſhe was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We lu'ed the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my caſh was dune,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.

When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the nieſt chappin new begun,
Wha ſtarted, in to heeze our hope?
Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
Wi' girdle-cakes weell toaſted brown,
Weell dois the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawnin we ne'er jee'd our bum,
And aye the cleaneſt drinker out,
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And monny a ſappy kiſs I gat.
I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
Was Andro with his cutty gun.

THE END OF ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

SANG ELEVENTH.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa:
His doublet was of Zetland ſhag,
And wow! but Willy he was braw,
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.
He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.

His boots they were made o' the jag;
When he went to the weaponſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a'.
And was nae Willy weell worth gowd?
He won the love o' great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a':
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.
And was nae Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, Willy; I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring:
But, ſhame light on his fouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare.
Say's, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing, Willy's ſhanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his place.
Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs like Willy ye advance;
O! Willy has a wanton leg:
For we't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremaſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

THE END OF WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

SANG TWELTH.

WAP AT THE WIDOW, MY LADDIE.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then ha'e at the widow, my laddie.
Wi' courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her you manna be blate;
Speak weell and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never a'e hair
The war of the wearing, and has a gude ſkair
O' every thing bonny; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie?

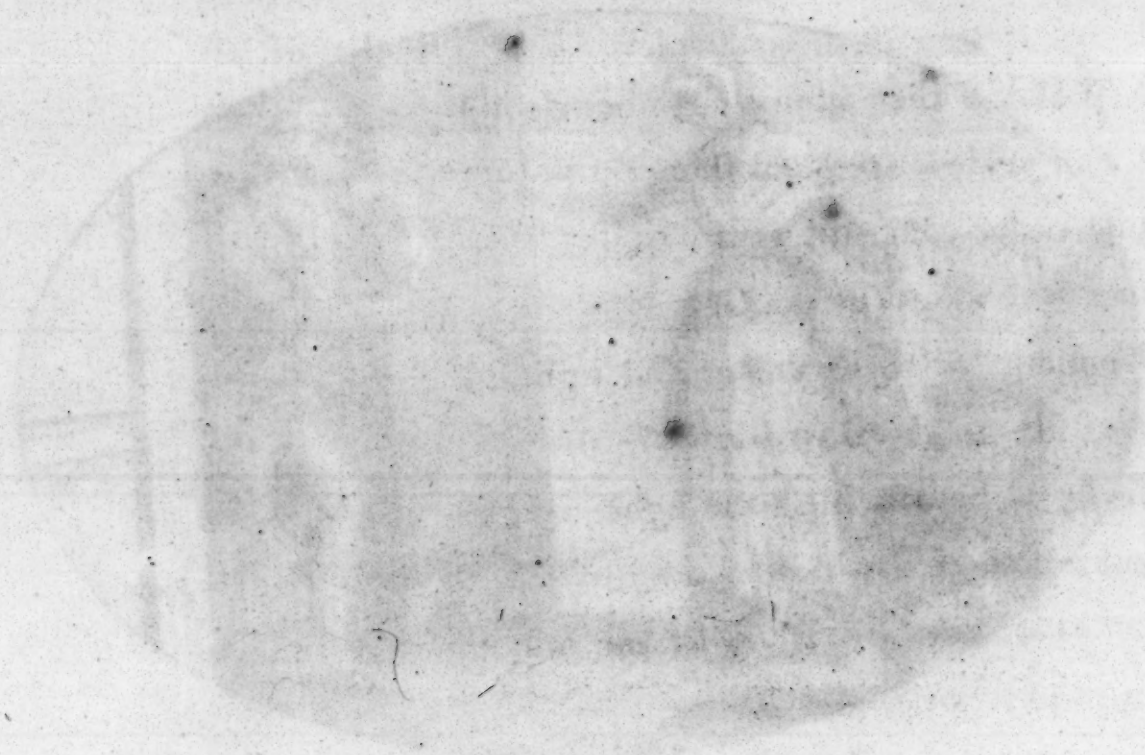
What cou'd you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt i' the town,
Wi' naething but "draw in your ſtool and ſit down,"
And ſport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till her and kill her wi' courtiſie dead,
Tho' ſtark luve and kindneſs be a' ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while het, if ye'd ha'e it to wald,
For Fortune aye favours the active and bauld.
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE END OF WAP AT THE WIDOW, MY LADDIE.

Air — WIDOW ARE YE WAKING.

These Court indeed I maun confess. | *And ten times better can express.*
I think they mak you young Sir | *Affection than your tounge Sir.*



SANG THIRTEENTH.

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING?

O WHA'S that at my chamber-door?
"Fair widow are ye waking?"
Auld carle, your ſuit give o'er,
Your luve lies a' in tawking.
Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis ſic as he can bleſs the ſight,
And boſom o' a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in?
I'm pawky, wiſe, and thrifty,
And come o' a right gentle kin;
I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—but youth,
In luve ye're but a gawky.

" Then, widow, let theſe guineas ſpeak,
That powerfully plead clinkan;
And if they fail, my mouth I'll ſteek,
And nae mair luve I'll think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they mak you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

THE END OF WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING.

SANG FOURTEENTH.

MY JO JANET.

O SWEET Sir, for your courtiſie,
When ye come by the Baſs then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a keekin-glaſs then ?---
Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll ſee your bonny ſell, my Jo Janet.---
Keekin in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in then ?
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſell for ſin then ?---
Had the better be the brae, Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae, my Jo Janet.---

Kind Sir, for your courtiſie,
Comin through Aberdeen then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſheen then?---
Clout the auld, the new are dear, Janet, Janet;
A'e pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my Jo Janet.---
But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkippin like a mawking,
Gin they ſhould ſee my clouted ſheen,
O' me they will be taukin.---
Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en, Janet, Janet.
Syne a' their fau'ts will no be ſeen, my Jo Janet.---
Kind Sir, for your courtiſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacin-horſe then?---
Pace upo' your ſpinnin-wheel, Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your ſpinnin-wheel, my Jo Janet.---

My ſpinnin-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The rock o't winna ſtand, Sir,
To keep the temper pin in tiff,
Employs richt aft my hand, Sir.---
Mak the beſt o't that ye can, Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man, my Jo Janet.---

THE END OF MY JO JANET.

SANG FIFTEENTH.

SCORNFU' NANSY.

NANSY'S to the Green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdſpink chatt'rin,
And Willie he has followed her,
To gain her luve by flatt'rin:
But a' that he cou'd ſae or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And aye when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my anty?
Wi' crowdymoudy they fed me,
Langkail and rantytanty:

Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,
Of thae there was richt plenty,
Wi' chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
And was not that richt dainty?
  Altho' my daddie was nae laird,
(Tis daffin to be vaunty,)
He keepit ay a gude kail-yard,
A ha'-houſe and a pantry;
A gude blue bannet on his head,
An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
And aye untill the day he died
He rade on gude ſhanks-naigy,
  Now wae and wonder on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanſy?
Wad ye compare yourſell to me,
A docken to a tanſy?
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And weel I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugarcandy.

Wow, Nanſy, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief o' a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy;
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome Willie?

My gutcher left a gude braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tack it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And gif I can but get it drawn,
Which will be richt uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy,

I ken he's but a coward thief;
Your titty Beſs can tell him,
How wi' her rock ſhe beat his beef,
And ſwore that ſhe wad fell him.

Then he lay blirtin, like a ſheep,
And ſaid he was a fau'ter;
Syne unto her did chirm and cheep,
And aſked pardon at her.

Then, bonny Nanſy, turn to me,
And ſo prevent all evil;
Let thy proud ſpeeches now abee,
And pruve ſomewhat mair civil?
Bid ſouple Sandy get him gone,
And court his auld coal Maggie,
Wi' a' his duds outo'er his drone,
And noucht about his craigie?

Then Nanſy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout;
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had your tongue and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy.

THE END OF SCORNFU' NANSY.

SANG SIXTEENTH.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.
Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip
O' ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.
Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes o' delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe keep ony ſkaith.
Haith ye're ill bred ſhe'll, ſmiling, ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſel' in ſome dark nuke.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
" Nineteen nae-ſays are half a' grant."
Now to her heeving boſom cling,
And ſweetly tooly for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.
Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are o' the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſh't, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

THE END OF FY GAR RUB HER OE'R WI' STRAE.

SANG SEVENTEENTH.

O MITHER DEAR.

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith gude and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my ſleep,
I ſtart and dream o' Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your conſent,
For we twa ne'er can finder.
Better marry, than miſcarry;
For ſhame and ſkaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the ſtool,—
I downa bide to think o't;

Sae while 'tis time, I'll ſhun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With haunches fow, and een ſae blew,
To a' the bedrals bingeing,
Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'r a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake how can ſhe mend it!
Now Tam maun face the miniſter,
And ſhe maun mount the pillar:
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor fo'k hae nae ſiller.
Now had ye'r tongue, my dochter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get Johny's hand in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth togither.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part diſcreetly;
And prove a wife, will gar his life,
And barrel run richt ſweetly.

THE END OF O MITHER DEAR.

SANG EIGHTEENTH.

MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'TIS nae very lang ſinſyne,
That I had a lad of my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane:
The laſſie he's courtin has ſiller,
And I hae nane at a';
And 'tis nought but luve o' the tocher,
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Untill that I meet wi' a ladie
Wha hasſenſe to wale a gude wife.

For though I ſay't myſell,
That ſhou'd nae ſay't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occaſion to rue.

I gang aye fu' clean and fu' toſh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've ſeldom a gown on my back,
But ſic as I ſpin myſell.
And when I am clad in my curtſey,
I think myſell as braw;
As Suſy, wi' a' her pearlin,
That's tane my ladie awa'.

But I wiſh they were buckled togither,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does ſlight me, and's left me,
The chield he deſerves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blyth that Iv'e miſs'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's ſae keen o' the ſiller,
Will never agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be ſcrimpit or ſcant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll mak uſe o't,
And nae ane about me ſhall want.
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for ſiller,
Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The maſter is ſeldom ſae happy
As Robin that drives the plough,
But if a young lad wou'd caſt up,
To make me his partner for life;
If the chield has the ſenſe to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

THE END OF MY HEART'S MY AIN.

SANG NINETEENTH.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are you ſure the news is true?
And are you ſure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jade, fling by your wheel.
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
And ſee him come aſhore.

There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

Riſe, up and mak a clean fire-ſide,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat.
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

Gae mak their ſhoon as black as ſlaes,
Their ſtockings white as ſnaw;
It's a' to pleaſure our gudeman,
He likes to ſee them braw.
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Hae fed this month and mair,
Mak haſte and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weil may fare.
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My biſhop-ſattin gown,
And then gae tell the Bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town.
There's nae luck about houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

My Turkey ſlippers I'll put on,
My ſtockins pearl blue,
And a' to pleaſure our gudeman,
For he's baith leel and true.

There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

Sae ſweet his voice, ſae ſmooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air,
His very tread has muſic in't
As he comes up the ſtair.
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe.
When our gudeman's awa'.

And will I ſee his face again,
And will I hear him ſpeak?
I'm downricht dizzy wi' the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet!
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's little luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
When our gudeman's awa'.

THE END OF THE MARINER'S WIFE.

SANG TWENTIETH.

PATIE'S WEDDING.

AS Patie came up frae the glen,
Drivin his wedders before him,
He met bonny Meg gangin hame,
Her beauty was like for to ſmore him.
O dinna ye ken, bonny Meg,
That you and I's ga'en to be married?
I rather had broken my leg,
Before ſic a bargain miſcarried.
Na, Patie---O wha's tell'd you that?
I think that o' news they've been ſcanty,
That I ſhould be married ſo ſoon,
Or yet ſhould hae been ſae ſlantly:

I winna be married the year,
Suppoſe I were courted by twenty;
Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair ſpear,
For weel a wat I dinna want ye.
Now, Maggie, what maks ye ſae ſweer?
Is't 'cauſe that I haena a mailin?
The lad that has plenty o' gear
Need ne'er want a half or a hail ane.
My dad has a gude grey mare,
And your's has twa cows and a filly;
And that will be plenty o' gear,
Sae Maggie, be no ſae ill-willy.
Indeed, Pattie I dinna ken,
But firſt ye maun ſpeir at my daddy:
You're as well born as Ben,
And I canna ſay but I'm ready.
There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
To make me a coat and a jimpy,
And plaiden eneugh to be trews,
Gif ye get it I ſhanna ſkrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
I's let a wee ſmacky fa' on you.
May my neck be as lang as my leg,
If I be an ill huſband unto you.
Say gang your way hame e'now,
Make ready gin this day fifteen days,
And tell your father the news,
That I'll be his ſon in great kindneſs,
It was nae lang after that,
Wha came to our biggin but Patie,
Weel dreſt in a braw new coat,
And wow but he thought himſelf prettie.
His bannet was little frae new,
In it was a loop and a ſlitty,
To tie in a ribbon ſae blue,
To bab at the neck o' his coaty.
Then Patie came in wi' a ſtend,
Said, peace be here to the biggin.
You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
Or I wiſh it may rive frae the riggin.

Now draw in your ſeat and ſit down,
And tell's a' your news in a hurry;
And haſte ye, Meg, and be done,
And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang;
Yeſtreen I was wi' his Honour;
I've taen three riggs of bra' land,
And hae bound myſel under a bonour;
And now my errand to you
Is for Meggy to help me to labour;
I think you maun gie's the beſt cow,
Becauſe that our haddin's but ſober.

Well, now for to help you throwh,
I'll be at the coſt of the bridal;
I'ſe cut the craig of the ewe
That had amaiſt died of the ſide-ill,
And that 'ill be plenty of bree,
Sae lang as our well is nae reiſted,
To all the good neighbours and we,
And I think we'll no be that ill feaſted.

Quoth Patie, O that'il do weel,
And I'll gie you your broſe in the mornin,
O' kail that was made yeſtreen,
For I like them beſt in the forenoon,
Sae Tam the piper did play,
And ilka ane danc'd that was willin,
And a' the lave they ranked through,
And they held the ſtoupy ay fillin.

The auld wives ſat and they chew'd,
And when that the carles grew nappy,
They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.
The lad that wore the white band,
I think they cau'd him Jamie Mather,
And he tuke the bride by the hand,
And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder.

THE END OF PATIE'S WEDDING.

SANG TWENTY-FIRST.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS AUTHOR OF THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.

I AM a batchelor winſome,
A farmer by rank and degree,
And few I ſee gang out mair handſome
To kirk or to market, than me:
I have outſicht and inſicht, and credit,
And from any eeleſt I'm free;
I'm well enough boarded and beded,
And what ails the laſſes at me?

My boughts of good ſtore are no ſcanty,
My byers are well ſtocked with ky,
Of meal, in my girnels is plenty,
And twa or three eaſements forby

A horſe to ride out when they're weary,
And cock with the beſt they can ſee,
And then be ca'd dawty and deary,
I fairly what ails them at me!
Behind backs, afore fouk, I've wood them,
An all the gates o't that I ken,
And when they leugh on me, I trow'd them,
And thought I had won, but what then?
When I ſpeak of matters, they grumble,
Nor are condeſcending and free,
But at my propoſals aye ſtumble,
I wonder what ails them at me!
I've try'd them baith highland and lowland,
Where I a gude bargain cud ſee.
But nane o' them found I, wad fall in,
Or ſay they wad buckle wi' me.
Wi' jouks and with ſcraps I've addreſs'd them,
Been wi' them baith modeſt and free;
But whatever way I careſs'd them,
There's ſomething ſtill ails them at me.

O if I ken'd how but to gain them,
How fond of the knack wad I be!
Or what an addreſs could obtain them,
It ſhould be twice welcome to me.
If kiſſing and dawting wad pleaſe them,
That trade I ſhould drive till I die;
But however I ſtudy to eaſe them,
They've ſtill ſome exception at me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cranſhaks,
And all the wandoghts that I ken,
No ſooner they ſpeak to the wenches,
But they are ta'en far enough ben.
But when I ſpeak to them that's ſtately,
I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
And get the denial richt flatly.
What think ye can ail them at me?

I have yet but ae offer to make them,
If they wad but hearken to me;
And that is, I'm willing to tak them,
If they their conſent wad but gie.

Let her that's content write a billet,
And get it tranſmitted to me;
I hereby engage to fulfill it,
Tho' cripple, tho' blind ſhe ſud be,

BILLET BY JEANY GRADDEN.

DEAR batchelor, I've read your billet,
Your ſtrait and your hardſhips I ſee,
And tell you it ſhall be fulfilled,
Tho' it were by none other but me.
Theſe forty years I've been neglected
And nane has had pity on me
Such offers ſhould not be rejected,
Whoever the offerer be.

For beauty I lay no claim to it,
Or then may be I had been away,
Though tocher or kindred could do it,
I have no pretenſions to that,

The moſt I can ſay, I'm a woman,
And that I a wife want to be,
And I'll tak exception at no man,
That's willing to tak nane at me.

And now I think I may be cocky,
Since fortune has ſmurtl'd on me.
I'm Jeany and ye ſhall be Jockie,
'Tis right we together ſud be;
For nane of us cud find a marrow,
So ſadly forfairn were we;
Fouk ſud no at any thing tarrow,
Whoſe chance looked naething to be.

On Tueſday ſpeer for Jeany Gradden,
When I in my pens mean to be;
Juſt at the ſign of the old maiden,
Where ye ſhall be ſure to meet me.
Bring wi' you the prieſt for the wedding,
That a' things then ended may be;
And we'll cloſe the whole with the beddin,
And wha'll be ſo merry as we?

A cripple I'm not, ye forſta me?
Tho' lame o' a hand that I be;
Nor blind is there reaſon to ca' me,
Altho' I ſee but with ae eye:
But I'm juſt the chap that you wanted,
So tightly our ſtate doth agree:
For nane wad hae you, ye have granted,
As few I confeſs, wad hae me.

THE END OF WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME,
AND THE BILLET BY JEANY GRADDEN.

SANG TWENTY-SECOND.

TULLOCHGORUM

BY THE REV. MR. SKINNER.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And rozet weel your fiddle ſticks;
But baniſh vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix;
Gie's Tullochgorum. R. FERGUSSON.

COME, gie's a ſang, the Lady cry'd,
And lay your diſputes all aſide,
What ſignifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their whigmegmorum:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To ſpend this nicht with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' ſing alang wi' me
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony ſumph that keeps up ſpite,
In conſcience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To make a chearfu' quorum,
Blithe and merry we's be a'
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw.
And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be ſo gteat a phraſe
Wi' dringin dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathſpeys
For half a hunder ſcore o'em:
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Wi' a' their variorum:

They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Their allegros, and a' the reſt,
They canna' pleaſe a Highland taſte,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themſelves oppreſs
Wi' fear o' want, and treble ceſs;
And ſilly ſauls themſelves diſtreſs
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Sour and ſulky, ſour and ſulky;
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Like auld Philoſophorum?
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky, ſit,
Wi' neither ſenſe, nor mirth, nor wit?
And canna riſe to ſhake a fit
At the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Each honeſt-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;
May peace and plenty by his lot,
And dainties a' great ſtore o'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unſtain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the diſcontented fool,
Who wants to be oppreſſion's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten ſoul,
And blackeſt fiends devour him!
May dule and ſorrow be his chance,
Dule and ſorrow, dule and ſorrow,
May dule and ſorrow be his chance,
And honeſt ſauls abhor him!
May dule and ſorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

THE END OF TULLOCHGORUM.

SANG TWENTY-THIRD.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WHEN firſt I came to be a man
O' twenty years or ſo,
I thought myſel' a handſome youth,
And fain the warld wud know.
In beſt attire I ſtept abroad,
Wi' ſpirits briſk and gay,
And here, and there, and every where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear o' want,
But rambled up and doun,
And for a beau I might have paſs'd
In country or in toun:

I ſtill was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd m yſel'
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days o' youthfu' prime
A miſtreſs I maun find;
For luve, they ſay, gi'es ane an air,
And even improves the mind.
On Phillis fair, aboon the reſt,
Kind Fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty ſtruck my heart,
And ſhe became my choice:
To Cupid then, wi' hearty prayer
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd, and ſung, and ſigh'd and ſwore,
As other luvers do:
But when at laſt I breath'd my flame,
I found her cauld as ſtone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe,
To John o' Badenyon.

When luve had thus my heart beguil'd
Wi' fooliſh hopes and vain,
To friendſhip's port I ſteer'd my courſe,
And laugh'd at luver's pain.
A friend I got by lucky chance,
Twas ſomething like divine;
An honeſt friend's a precious gift,
And ſic a gift was mine:
And now whatever micht betide,
A happy man was I,
In any ſtrait I knew to whom
I freely might apply;
A ſtrait ſoon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and ſpurn'd my moan.
I hy'd me hame, and pleas'd myſel'
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

I thought I ſhould be wiſer next,
And wad a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilks,
And cry up Parſon Horne;

Their noble ſpirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal:
Who had with flamin tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal:
But e'er a month, or twa was paſt,
I found myſel' betray'd;
'Twas Self and Party after a',
For a' the ſtir they made.
At laſt I ſaw theſe factious knaves
Inſult the very throne,
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe,
To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hopin to ſucceed,
I pitch'd on bukes for company,
And gravely try'd to read;
I bocht and borrow'd every where,
And ſtudy'd nicht and day;
Nor miſt what Dean or Doctor wrote,
That happened in my way,

Philoſophy I now eſteem'd
The ornament o' youth:
And carefully thro' many a page
I hunted after truth,
A thouſand various ſchemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd wi' none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngſters every where,
Wha want to make a ſhow,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happineſs below:
What you may fancy pleaſure here
Is but an empty name,
For girls, and friends, and bukes, and ſo,
You'll find them a' the ſame.
Then be advis'd and warning take
Frae ſic a man as me,
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor ane o' high degree

You'll find diſpleaſure every where;
Then do as I hae done,
E'en tune your pipe, and pleaſe yourſel'
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

THE END OF JOHN O' BADENYON.

SANG TWENTY-FOURTH.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return wi' ſcars?
Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcum, my Varo, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And mak me ance again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thouſand Cupids play,
Whilſt through the groves I wauk wi' you,
Each object maks me gay

Since your return, the ſun and moon
Wi' brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while the run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din o' ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fa',
Wha can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ba':
But ſunk in luve, within my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll pleaſe ourſels wi' mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale wi' your gay friend
You may purſue the chaſe,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
A' cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day,
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll mak the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd wi' the ſweet air,
The ſigns of gen'rous luve,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powr's above;
Next day, wi' glad conſent and haſte,
They approach'd the ſacred ſhrine;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out o' pine.

THE END OF AULD LANG SYNE.

SANG TWENTY-FIFTH.

THE BONNY LASS O' BRANKSOME.

AS I came in by Tiviot ſide,
And by the braes o' Brankſome,
There firſt I ſaw my bonny bride,
Young, ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown;
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſt her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:

Nae ſilken hoſe wi' guſhets fine,
Or ſhoon wi' glancin laces,
On her bare leg, forbad to ſhine
Weell-ſhapen native graces.
Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum o' a' her claithing;
E'en theſe o'er mickle;—mair delyte
She'd given clad wi' naething.
She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
By which a burny trotted;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doated.
A thouſand beauties o' deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And, not deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt
I claſp'd this fund o' bliſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nocht but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I could nae want her;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
O' her's pled, I ſhou'd grant her.
Since Heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her:
There plichted her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

THE END OF THE BONNY LASS O' BRANKSOME.

SANG TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE collier has a dochter,
And O ſhe's wond'rous bonny,
A laird he was that ſocht her,
Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
O' this young honeſt luver;
But luve is like the ocean;
Wha can its depth diſcover!
He had the art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.

The collier's bonnie laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the heart o' Willie.
He lov'd beyond expreſſion
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion,
His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:
My bonny collier's dochter,
Let naething diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And luve ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.

THE END OF THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

SANG TWENTY-SEVENTH.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it make me irie, Sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a ſin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Hallow-maſs is come and gane,
The nichts are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a ſin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.
Fu' loud and ſhill the froſty wind
Blaws thro' the leafleſs timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin ſimmer, Sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young; 'twad be a ſin
To tak me frae my mammy yet,

THE END OF I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

SANG TWENTY-EIGHTH.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And ſpeir'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right ſcornfully ſhe anſwer'd him,
Begone, you hallanſhaker;
Jog on your gate, you bladderſkate;
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and, by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to ſee thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna ſteer thee;

For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The laſſes loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If you be Rob, I've heard o' you,
Live you upo' the border?
The laſſes a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll ſhake my foot wi' right gudewill,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' ſpeed,
About the drone he twiſted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could ſhe friſk it.
Weel done!—quoth he: play up,—quoth ſhe:
Weel bob'd!—quoth Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae ſic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimſon;
There's nane in Scotland plays ſae weel,
Since we loſt Habby Simpſon.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
Theſe ten years and a quarter;
Gin you ſhould come to Enſter fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

THE END OF MAGGIE LAUDER, AND OF CLASS THE FIRST.

AIR—MAGGIE LAWDER.

D. Allan. delt. et fect.

Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

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SANGS

OF THE

LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

CLASS SECOND.

SANG FIRST.

TWEEDSIDE.

WHEN Meggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu hie,
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
Nor goudſpink ſae bonny as ſhe.
I whiſtled, I pip'd, and I ſang,
I woo'd, but I came nae great ſpeed,
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Meggy my luve I did tell,
Saut tears did my paſſion expreſs,
Alas! for I loo'd her o'er well,
And the women loo' ſic a man leſs.

Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed,
Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE END OF THE ORIGINAL SANG OF TWEEDSIDE.

SANG SECOND.

WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE.

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe.
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lyes aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhou'd lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excell,
No beauty with her may compare,
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

THE END OF WHAT BEAUTIES DOES FLORA DISCLOSE.

SANG THIRD.

GAE TO THE KY WI' ME JOHNNY.

O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
Gae to the ky wi' me;
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.

And was ſhe na wordy o' kiſſes,
And was ſhe na wordy o' three,
And was ſhe na wordy o' kiſſes,
That gaed to the ky wi' me?
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
Gae to the ky wi' me;
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.

I hae a houſe a biggin,
Anither that's like to fa',
I hae a laſſie wi' bairn,
Which grieves me warſt of a',
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
Gae to the ky wi' me;
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.
But if ſhe be wi' bairn,
As I trow weel ſhe be.
I hae an auld mither at hame
Will doudle it on her knee.
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
Gae to the ky wi' me;
O Gae to the ky wi' me, Johnny,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.

THE END OF GAE TO THE KY WI' ME JOHNNY:

SANG FOURTH.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWS.

CA' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-ſide,
There I met my ſhepherd lad,
He row'd me ſweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-ſide
And ſee the waves ſae ſweetly glide
Beneath the hazels ſpreading wide,
The moon it ſhines fu' clearly.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

I was bred up at nae ſic ſchool,
My ſhepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to ſit in dool,
And nae body to ſee me.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

Ye ſall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather ſhoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and ſleep,
And ye ſall be my dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

If ye'll but ſtand to what ye've ſaid,
I'se gang wi' you, my ſhepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I ſall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

While waters wimple to the ſea;
While day blinks in the lift ſae hie;
Till clay-cauld death ſall blin' my e'e,
Ye ſall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knows,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

THE END OF CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWS.

SANG FIFTH.

BRAW BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads o' Galla water;
O! braw lads o' Galla water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my true luve thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, ſae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, ſae ſweet her mou',
The mair I kiſs, ſhe's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moſs amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my true luve thro' the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie.
The laſſie loſt a ſilken ſnood,
That coſt her mony a blirt and blearie.

THE END OF BRAW BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

SANG SIXTH.

EW-BUCHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ew-buchts, Marion,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me?
The ſun ſhines ſweet my Marion,
But nae half ſae ſweet, as thee.
O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And ſilk on your white hauſe-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Ernſlaw, Marion
Wha gape and glowr wi' their e'e,
At kirk when they ſee my Marion;
But nane o' them lu'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal-day:
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And a waiſtcoat o' the London broun,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to toun.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle o' the cramaſie;
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

THE END OF EW-BUCHTS MARION.

SANG SEVENTH.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

SAW ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Comin o'er the Lee.
Sure, a finer creature,
Ne'er was formed by nature,
Sae compleat each feature,
Sae divine is ſhe!
O, how Peggy charms me!
Ev'ry look ſtill warms me,
Ev'ry thought alarms me,
Leſt ſhe love not me.

Peggy doth diſcover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her;
That's a Law to me.
Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be!
For ſince love inſpires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her abſence tires me,
Nought can pleaſe but ſhe.
When I hope to gain her.
Fate ſeems to detain her;
Cou'd I but obtain her.
Happy wou'd I be!
I'll ly down before her,
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
Till ſhe pity me!

THE END OF SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

SANG EIGHTH.

ETRICK BANKS,

ON Etrick banks, a'e ſummers nicht,
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and ticht,
Come wandring thro' the miſt her lane:
My heart grew licht, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck.
And kiſs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.
I ſaid, My laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erſe to learn?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg o' Earn.

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

A' day when we hae toil'd enouch,
When winter, froſts, and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At e'en when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring;
And thus the weary nicht we'll end,
Till tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſent ſimmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſimmer ſheild:
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That mak the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

THE END OF ETRICK BANKS.

SANG NINTH.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

AN thou were my ain thing,
O I wou'd luve thee, I wou'd luve thee,
An' thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I luve thee!
Then I wou'd claſp thee in my arms,
Then I'd ſecure thee from all harms,
For above mortals thou haſt charms,
How dearly do I luve thee!
An thou were my ain thing,
O I wou'd luve thee, I wou'd luve thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wad I luve thee!

Of race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since naething earthly equals thee ;
For heaven's ſake, then pity me,
Who only lives to luve thee.
An thou were my ain thing,
O I wou'd luve thee, I wou'd luve thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly I wou'd luve thee!

The Pow'rs one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave ;
O for their ſake ſupport a ſlave,
Who ever on ſhall luve thee.
An thou were my ain thing,
O I wou'd luve thee, I wou'd luve thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I luve thee!

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I luve, and for your ſake
What man can do, I'll undertake ;
So dearly do I luve thee.

An thou were my ain thing,
O I wou'd luve thee, I wou'd luve thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I luve thee!
My paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er hae done,
Till fate my thread of life hae ſpun,
Which breathing out I'll luve thee.
An thou were my ain thing,
O I wou'd luve thee, I wou'd luve thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly wou'd I luve thee!

THE END OF AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

SANG TENTH.

AH! THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

AH! the [poor] ſhepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh.
Yet eager looks, and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover;
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the redning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak,
A thouſand various wiſhes.

For, oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling;
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

THE END OF AH! THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

SANG ELEVENTH.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martimas time,
When the green leaves were a fallin,
That Sir John Graeme in the weſt countrie
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He ſent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwellin:
"O haſte and come to my maiſter dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly roſe ſhe up,
To the place where he was lying;
And when ſhe drew the curtin by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

O its I'm ſick. and very ſick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blude were a ſpillin.

O dinna ye mind, young man, ſaid ſhe,
When ye was in the tavern a drinkin,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealin;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And ſlowly, ſlowly raiſe ſhe up,
And ſlowly, ſlowly left him:
And ſighing, ſaid, ſhe cou'd not ſtay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
When ſhe heard the deid-bell ringin,
And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell geid,
It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allan.

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AIR—BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

Since my love died for me to day,
I'll die for him to morrow.

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O make it ſaft and narrow;
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

THE END OF BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

SANG TWELTH.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

THE winter it is paſt, and the ſimmers come at laſt,
And the ſma' birds ſing on every tree;
The hearts of theſe are glad, but mine is very ſad,
For my Luver has parted from me.

The roſe upo' the brier, by the waters rinnin clear,
May hae charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little luves are bleſt, and their little hearts at reſt,
But my Luver is parted frae me.

My luve is like the ſun, in the firmament does run,
For ever conſtant and true;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you that are in luve, and cannot it remuve,
I pity the pains you endure:
For experience maks me know, that your hearts are
full o' woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

THE END OF THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

SANG THIRTEENTH.

WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNY.

O Waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doun the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-ſide,
Where I and my luve wont to gae.
I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty tree,
But firſt it bow'd. and ſyne it brak,
Sae my true luve did lightly me.
O waly, waly, gin luve be bonny,
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my head?
Or wherefore ſhou'd I kame my hair?
For my true luve has me forſuke,
And ſays he'll never luve me mair.

Now Arthur-ſeat ſhall be my bed,
The ſheets ſhall ne'er be warm'd by me,
Saint Anton's well ſhall be my drink,
Since my true luve has forſaken me.
O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For o' my life now I am weary.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawin ſnaw's inclemency,
'Tis no ſic cauld that makes me cry,
But my luve's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glaſgow town,
We were a comely ſicht to ſee;
My luve was clad in the black velvet,
And I my ſel' in cramaſie.

But had I wiſt, before I kiſs'd,
That luve had been ſo ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a caſe o' gold,
And pin'd it wi' a ſilver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee;
And I my ſel' were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be!

THE END OF WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONNY.

SANG FOURTEENTH.

MY DEARIE IF YOU DIE.

LOVE never more ſhall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart ſhall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauties did ſuch pleaſure give,
Thy love's ſo true to me:
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate ſhall tear thee from my breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray!
In dreary dreams the nicht I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day.

I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine, which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage.
'Twas this that, like the morning ſun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its deſtin'd day is done,
Wi' Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſures ſhare,
You who its faithful flames approve,
Wi' pity view the fair:
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob me from thoſe arms:
I'm loſt if Peggy die.

THE END OF MY DEARIE IF YOU DIE.

SANG FIFTEENTH.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth cou'd win my heart,
You wou'd na ſpeak in vain,
But in the darkſome grave it's laid
Never to riſe again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whoſe heart was only mine,
And oh! what a heart was that to loſe, —
But I maun no repine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy ſoon
Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
And tak this life now naething worth
Sin' Jamie's in his grave.

And ſee his gentle ſpirit come
To ſhow me on the way,
Surpris'd nae doubt, I ſtill am here,
Sair wond'ring at my ſtay.
I come, I come, my Jamie dear
And oh! wi' what gudewill
I follow, wharſoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She ſaid, and ſoon a deadlie pale
Her faded cheek poſſeſt,
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat
Her ſorrows ſunk to reſt.

THE END OF THE WAEFU' HEART.

SANG SIXTEENTH.

LAMENT ON BURNS.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

AH! waes my heart! poor Burns is dead!
The daiſy'd turf now hides his head;
Nae mair on Ayer's, nor flowing Tweed
Shall his gay foot-ſteps wander.
Nae mair his ſang ſhall wake the morn,
While larks on airy pinion's born,
And maivis ſinging on the thorn
In Melody's meander;
Ah! mute's that tunefu' tongue, wha late
Charm'd every heart—ah cruel fate!
Why didſt thou fix his low eſtate
In puirtith, toil, and ſlander?

Was he not noble in his mind?
Leil, independant, frank, and kind?
Nor cou'd he thole the loun that whin'd
At fortune's fickle favour.
No.—He cou'd ſmile, and ſit at eaſe
Amid the ſtorm o' fate's decrees,
Unheeding ought, ſave how to pleaſe
Wi' wits true attic flavour.
Say then, ye dear ſelected few!
His boſom friends!—is it not true,
What here the muſe records to you,
As what in truſt he gave her?
'Twas a' he left!—or could bequeath!
Beſides the Victor Poet's wreath,
A ſpotleſs name his virtue's ſheath,
And ſhield, proof 'gainſt detraction.
O may its ſacred worth deſcend
To his loved offspring, and defend
Their helpleſs ſtate without a friend!
Or aid of benefaction.

Ye truly gude! ye juſt! humane!
Be their protectors;—and in vain,
The chilling glance o' cauld diſdain
May ſcrutinize ilk action.

THE END OF THE LAMENT ON BURNS.

SANG SEVENTEENTH.

I DREAM'D A DREARY DREAM.

* * * * *

I Dream'd a dreary dream laſt nicht;
God keep us a' frae dule and ſorrow:
I dream'd I pu'd the birk ſae green
Wi' my true luve on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, my ſiſter dear,
I'll tell you a' your ſorrow:
You pu'd the birk wi' your true luve?
He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind, that blaweth ſouth
To where my luve repaireth,
Convey a kiſs frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

But o'er yon glen run armed men,
Hae wrocht me dule and ſorrow:
They've ſlain, they've ſlain the comlieſt ſwain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.

THE END OF I DREAM'D A DREARY DREAM.

SANG EIGHTEENTH.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan nicht was cum, and ſun was ſett
They had not talkt their fill.
Lord Thomas ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair Annet tuke it ill:
" Ah! I wull nevir wed a wife
Againſt my ain friends will."
" Gif ye wull never wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee."
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he ſays,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O ſall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee?

" The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet ſhe has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull ſune be gane!"

And he has till his brither gane:
Now, brither, rede ye mee;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brither,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caſt fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may die i' the houſe, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I ſall hae naething to my ſel',
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre."

And he has till his ſiſter gane:
Now, ſiſter, rede ye me;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And ſet fair Annet free?

" Iſe rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Leſt ye ſould ſigh and ſay, alace!
What is this we brought hame?"

" No, I wull tak my mithers counſel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land."

Up then roſe fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Riſe up, riſe up, fair Annet, he ſays,
Put on your ſilken ſheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And ſee that rich weddeen.

" My maides, gae to my dreſſing roome,
And dreſs to me my hair,
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair."

My maids gae to my dreſſing roome,
And dreſs to me my ſmock ;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work."

The horſe fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And, at ae' tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets ſide,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirk,
She ſat on Maries ſtean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It ſkinkled in their een.

And whan ſhe cam into the kirk,
She ſhimmer'd like the ſun;
The belt that was about her waiſt,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer ſae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet ſhe drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
And he gave it kiſſes three,
And, reaching it by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than ſpak the nut-browne bride,
She ſpak wi' meikle ſpite;
And whair gat ye that roſe-water,
That does mak yee ſae white?

" O I did get that roſe-water,
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very roſe-water,
Into my mither's wame."

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And ſtrake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word ſhe nevir ſpak mair.

Lord Thomas he ſaw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now ſtay for me, dear Annet, he ſaid,
Now ſtay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then ſtrake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her ſide.

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay the threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

THE END OF LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

SANG NINETEENTH.

GIL MAURICE.

GIL Maurice was an erle's ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay,
Wha liv'd on Carron ſide.

" Whar ſall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoen,
That will gae to lord Barnards ha,
And bid his lady cum?

" And ye maun rin my errand Willie;
And ye maun rin wi' ſpeid;
When ither boys gang on their feet,
Ye ſall hae prancing ſteed."

" O no! Oh no! my maiſter deir!
I darna for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to trieſt furth his wife."

" My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My deir Willie, he ſaid:
How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtreim?
For I ſall be obeyd."

" But O my maiſter deir! he cryd,
In grenewode ye're your lain;
Gi' owr ſic thochts, I wald ye red,
For feir ye ſuld be tain."

" Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid her cum here wi' ſpeid:
If ye refuſe my hie command,
Il'l gar your body bleid.

" Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
Tis a' gowd but the hem,
Bid her cum to the gude grenewode,
E'en by herſel alane.

" And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Her ain hand ſewd the ſleeve;
And bid her come to Gil Maurice,
Speir nae bauld baron's leive."

" Yes, I will gae your black errand,
Thouch it be to your coſt;
Sen ye will nae be warn'd by me,
In it ye ſall find froſt.

" The baron he's a man o' micht,
He neir culd bide to taunt:
And ye will ſee before its nicht,
Sma' cauſe ye hae to vaunt.

" And ſen I maun your errand rin,
Sae ſair againſt my will,
I'ſe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It ſall be done for ill."

Whan he came to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And whan he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard's yeat,
Wuld neither chap nor ca:
But ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thoch he ſtude at the yeat;
But ſtreight into the ha' he cam,
Whar they were ſet at meat.

"Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
My meſſage winna waite;
Dame, ye maun to the grenewode
Afore that it be late.

"Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
You maun haſte to the gude grenewode
E'en by yourſell alane.

"And there it is, a ſilken ſark
Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
Ye maun gae ſpeik to Gil Maurice;
Speir nae bauld baron's leive."

The lady ſtamped wi her foot,
And winked wi' her eie;
But a' that ſhe culd ſay or do,
Forbidden he wald nae be.

"It's ſurely to my bower-woman,
It neir culd be to me."
"I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
I trow that ye be ſhe."

Then up and ſpak the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon her knie),
"If it be come from Gil Maurice
It's deir welcum to me."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurſe,
Sae loud as I heir ye lie;
I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady
I trow ye be nae ſhee."

Then up and ſpake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till cryſtal cup and ezor diſh
In ſlinders he gard flie.

" Gae bring a robe o' your cleedin,
Wi' a the haſte ye can,
And I'll gae to the gude grenewode
And ſpeik wi your lemman,"

" O bide at hame now lord Barnard!
I ward ye bide at hame;
Neir wyte o man for violence,
Wha neir wyte ye wi nane."

Gil Maurice ſat in the grenewode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
" O what meins a' the folk comin?
My mither tarries lang."

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care;
And there he firſt ſpyd Gil Maurice,
Kamin his yellow hair.

" Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Maurice,
My lady lues thee weil:
The faireſt part o' my body
Is blacker than thy heil.

" Yet neir the leſs now, Gil Maurice,
For a' thy great bewtie,
Ye'ſe rew the day ye eir was born,
That head ſall gae wi' me."

Now he has drawn his truſty brand.
And ſlaided owr the ſtrae;
And throuch Gil Maurice' fair body
He gard the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Gil Maurice heid,
And ſet it on a ſpeir;
The meineſt man in a' his train
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Gil Maurice up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the caſtle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there ſhe ſaw Gil Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

" Better I loe that bluidy heid,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than lord Barnard and a' his lands
As they lig here and there."

And ſhe has tain Gil Maurice heid,
And kiſſed baith cheik and chin;
" I was ance fow of Gil Maurice,
As the hip is o' the ſtane.

" I got ye in my father's houſe,
Wi' meikle ſin and ſhame;
I brocht ye up in the grenewode
Ken'd to myſell alane:

" Aft have I by thy craddle ſitten,
And fondly ſein thee ſleip;
But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave,
A mother's tears to weip."

Again ſhe kiſs'd his bluidy cheīk,
Again his bluidy chin;
" O better I loed my ſon Maurice,
Than a' my kyth and kin!"

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill dethe may ye die!
Gin I had ken'd he was your ſon
He had neir been ſlayne by mee."

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for ſhame!
Wi' that ſam ſpeir, O pierce my heart,
And ſave me frae my pain.

" Sin naething but Gil Maurice heid
Thy jelous rage culd quell
Let that ſame hand now tak her lyfe,
That neir to thee did ill.

" To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be ſaft or kind:
I'll fill the air wi' heavy ſichs,
And greit till I am blind."

" Eneuch o' bluid by me's been ſpilt,
Seek not your dethe frae mee,
I'd rather far it had been myſel,
Than either him or thee.

" Wi' hopeleſs wae I hear your plaint,
Sair, ſair, I rue the deid. —
That eir this curſed hand o' mine
Suld gard his body bleid!

" Dry up your teirs, my winſome dame,
They neir can heal the wound;
Ye ſee his heid upon the ſpeir,
His heart's bluid on the ground.

" I curſe the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' ſic ſpeid,
The comely youth to kill.

" I'll ay lament for Gil Maurice
As gin he war my ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the youth was ſlain."

THE END OF GIL MAURICE.

SANG TWENTIETH.

GILDEROY.

BY SIR ALEXANDER HALKET.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
Had roſes tull his ſhoone,
His ſtockings were of ſilken ſoy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comlie ſight,
To ſee ſae trim a boy;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handſome Gilderoy,
Oh! ſik twa charming een he had,
A breath as ſweet as roſe,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes:

He gain'd the luve o' ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy:
Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together,
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies they
War fill'd wi' mickle joy
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine
Gude faith I freely bought
A wedding ſark of holland fine,
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought;
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I received wi' joy:
Nae lad nor laſſiie eir could ſing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſaxteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time
Amang the leaves ſae green;
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
And ſweetly kiſs and toy
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handſome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To ſtir in feates o' ſtrife;
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And whan of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My beniſon gang wi' thee!

God ſpeid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is a my joy;
My heart is rent ſith we maun part,
My handſome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near
Was fear'd in every town,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome Gilderoy.

The Queen o' Scots poſſeſſed noucht
That my luve let me want;
For cow and ewe he to me broucht,
And e'en whan they were ſkant:
All theſe did honeſtly poſſeſs
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their ceſs
To my luve Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws
To hang a man for gear!
To reave o' life for ox or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare!
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy,
Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amiſſe,
He might hae baniſht been,
Ah! what ſair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land.
Sae ſweet and fair a boy!
Nae lady had ſae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

O' Gilderoy ſae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
To Edinburgh they led him there,
And on a gallows hung;

They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy,
There dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep
I laid the dear-lued boy;
And now for ever maun I weep
My winſome Gilderoy.

THE END OF GILDEROY.

SANG TWENTY-FIRST.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ye dungeons dark and ſtrang,
The wretch's deſtinie!
MacPherſon's time will not be lang,
On yonder gallows tree,
Sae rantingly ſae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,
He play'd a ſpring, aud danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath!
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I ſcorn him yet again.

Sae rantingly ſae wantonly
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,
He play'd a ſpring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Untie theſe bands frae aff my hands,
And bring to me my ſword;
And there's nae man in a' Scotland
But I'll brave at a word.
Sae rantingly ſae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,
He play'd a ſpring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

I've liv'd a life o' ſturt and ſtrife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I muſt depart,
And not avenged be,
Sae rantingly ſae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,
He play'd a ſpring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Now farewell, licht, thou ſunſhine bricht,
And a' beneath the ſky!
May coward ſhame diſdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly ſae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he,
He play'd a ſpring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

THE END OF MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL, AND OF CLASS SECOND.

SANGS

OF THE

LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

CLASS THIRD.

SANG FIRST.

GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH.

MARCH, march,
Why the deil don't ye march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fecht in gude order,
Front about, ye muſketeers all,
Till ye cum to the Engliſh border,
Stand till't and fecht like men,
True goſpel to maintain;

The parliament's blyth to ſee us a' comin;
When to the kirk we cum,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae popiſh relicks, and a' ſic innovation,
That a' the warld may ſee,
There's nane i' the right but we,
O' the auld Scottiſh nation.
Jenny ſhall wear the hude,
Jocky the ſark o' God;
And the kiſt fou of whiſtles,
That mak ſic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw ſhall hae them a', whate'er comes on it;
Buſk up your plaids, my lads, cock up your bonnets.
March, march,
Why the deil don't ye march?
Stand to your arms my lads,
Fecht in gude order;

THE END OF GENERAL LESLY'S MARCH.

SANG SECOND.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

AWA, whigs, awa!
Awa, whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.
Our thriſsles flouriſh'd freſh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roſes,
But whigs cam like a froſt in June,
And wither'd a' our poſies.
Awa, whigs, awa!
Awa, whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the duſt,
Deil blin' them wi' the ſtoure o't;
And write his name in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't
Awa, whigs, awa!
Awa, whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our ſad decay in church and ſtate
Surpaſſes my deſcriving;
The whigs cam o'er us for a curſe,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa, whigs, awa!
Awa, whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may ſee him wauken:
Gude help the day, when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

Awa, whigs, awa!
Awa, whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

THE END OF AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

SANG THIRD.

THO' GEORDY REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD.

THO' Geordie reigns in Jamie's ſtead,
I'm grieved yet ſcorn to ſhaw that;
I'll ne'er look down nor hang my head
On rebel whig for a' that;
For ſtill I truſt that providence
Will us releive from a' that;
Our royal prince is weal in health,
And will be here for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle as a' that;
He's far beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

He's far beyond Dumblain the night,
Whom I love weel for a' that;
He wears a piſtol by his ſide,
That makes me blyth for a' that;
The highland coat, the philabeg,
The tartan hoſe, and a' that;
And tho' he's o'er the ſeas the night,
He'll ſoon be here for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle as a' that.
He's far beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

He wears a broadſword by his ſide,
And weell he kens to draw that,
The target and the highland plaid,
The ſhoulder-belt, and a' that;
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade, and a' that;
And tho' beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle as a' that;
He's far beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

The whigs think a that weal is won,
But faith they ma' na' fa' that;
They think our loyal hearts dung down,
But we'll be blyth for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle as a' that;
He's far beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a that.

But O what will the whigs ſay ſyne,
When they're miſta'en in a' that,
When Geordie mun fling by the crown,
His hat and wig, and a' that?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often the've done a' that;
Our highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle as a' that;
He's far beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

O! then your bra' militia lads
Will be rewarded duly,
When they fling by their black cockades,
A helliſh colour truly:
As night is baniſh'd by the day,
The white ſhall drive awa that;
The ſun ſhall then his beams diſplay,
And we'll be blyth for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle as a' that;
He's far beyond the ſeas the night,
Yet he'll be here for a' that.

THE END OF THO' GEORDY REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD.

SANG FOURTH.

WELCOME, CHARLEY STUART.

YOU'RE welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's none ſo right as thou art.
Had I the power to my will,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
Thy foes I'd ſcatter, tak, and kill,
From Billingsgate to Duart.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's none ſo right as thou art.

Thy ſympathizing complaiſance
Made thee believe intriguing France;
But woe is me for thy miſchance,
Which ſaddens every true heart.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

Hadſt thou Culloden battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been, with ſword and gun,
By Lockhart and ſuch cowards.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

Kind providence, to thee a friend,
A lovely maid did timely ſend,
To ſave thee from a fearfu' end,
Thou charming Charley Stuart.

You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray
That ſhe and we may ſee the day,
When Britons all with joy ſhall, ſay,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

Tho' Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirſt and hunger after blood,
Juſt heaven will preſerve the good,
To fight for Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

Whene'er, I take a glaſs of wine,
I drink confuſion to the ſwine,
But health to him that will combine
To fight for Charley Stuart.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

The miniſtry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight, like Britons, one and all,
For liberty and Stuart.
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

Then haſte, ye Britons, and ſet on
Your lawful king upon the throne;
To Hanover we'll drive each one
Who will not fight for Stuart.

You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
You're welcome, Charley Stuart,
There's nane ſo right as thou art.

THE END OF WELCOME CHARLEY STUART.

SANG FIFTH.

CHARMING HIGHLANDMAN.

OH! ſend my Lewis Gordon hame,
And the lad I dare na name;
Although his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
Hech hey! my highlandman!
My handſome, charming highlandman!
Weel could I my true love ken,
Amang ten thouſand highland men.
O! to ſee his tartan trouze,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd ſhoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

Hech hey! my highlandman!
My handſome, charming highlandman!
Weel could I my true love ken,
Amang ten thouſand highlandmen.

This lovely lad, of whom I ſing,
He is the true ſon of our king;
And on his breaſt he wears a ſtar,
You'd take him for the god of war.
Hech hey! my highlandman!
My handſome, charming highlandman!
Weel could I my true love ken,
Amang ten thouſand highlandmen.

O! to ſee this princely one
Seated on his father's throne!
Our griefs would then a' diſapear,
We'd celebrate the jub'lee year.
Hech hey! my highlandman!
My handſome, charming highlandman!
Weel could I my true love ken,
Amang ten thouſand highlandmen.

THE END OF THE CHARMING HIGHLANDMAN.

SANG SIXTH.

UP AND WAR THEM A' WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field o' war,
And to the weapon ſhaw, Willie,
Wi' true deſign to ſtand our ground,
And chace our faes awa', Willie,
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And vow gin they were bra', Willie:
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

And when our army was drawn up,
The braveſt e'er I ſaw, Willie,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', Willie:

Pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

But when our ſtandard was ſet up,
So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
The golden knob down from the top,
Unto the ground did fa' Willie:
Then ſecond-ſighted Sandy ſaid,
We'll do nae good at a', Willie.
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,
Our bald commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca', Willie,
And there the greateſt ſlaughter made
That e'er poor Tonald ſaw, Willie.
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

Firſt when they ſaw our Highland mob,
They ſwore they'd ſlay us a', Willie;
And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And ſo did rin awa', Willie:
We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.
Up and war'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order ſaw, Willie,
He ſtraight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, Willie:
Thus we taught them the better gate,
To get a better fa', Willie.
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, Willie:
But gin ye ſpear wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I ſaw, Willie:

We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
So there's my canty Highland ſang,
About the thing I ſaw, Willie.
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em, a', Willie.

THE END OF UP AND WAR THEM A' WILLIE.

SANG SEVENTH.

TRANENT-MUIR.

BY MR. SKIRVING.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Briſle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did ſtent,
As faſt as he could gae, man:
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brae-lochaber men came up
Wi' Keappock at their head, man,
A fearfu' toolie then began,—
The red-coats fled wi' ſpeed, man;

The highland lads wi' keen claymores
Cut clean, nor turn'd about, man,
Till Engliſh loons, foot and dragoons
War fairly on the rout, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
(The morning fair, and clear the air,)
They loos'd wi' deviliſh thuds, man:
Down guns they threw, and ſwords they drew,
And ſoon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton-Crafts they buſt their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man,

The bluff dragoons ſwore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they ſee,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror ſeiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, ſome fyl'd their breeks,
And ſome for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouſe, man ;
But when the bairns ſaw't turn to earn'ſt,
They were not worth a louſe, man ;
Maiſt feck gade hame ; O fy for ſhame !
They'd better ſtaid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great, when herſell ſhit,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man.
Yet wad nae ſtand to bear a hand,
But aff fou faſt did ſcour, man ;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he ſtood ſtill,
Before he taſted meat, man :
Troth he may brag o' his ſwift nag,
That bare him aff ſae fleet, man,

And Simpſon keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never ſtrive wi' piſtols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man :

He turned his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out o' ſight man;
And thought it beſt; it was nae jeſt
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangſt a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie ſtaid,
And ſair he paid the kain, man;
Fell ſkelps he got, was war than ſhot
Frae the ſharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae mony a ſpout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did ſtill behave,
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That ſtill deſpiſed flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cauſe,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy ſoul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horſe being ſhot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Iriſh birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainſaid man.

He made ſic haſte, ſae ſpur'd his beaſt,
'Twas little there he ſaw, man;
To Berwick rade, and ſafely ſaid,
The Scots were rebels a', man:
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His uſe and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught he never faught,
When he had room to flee man.

And Caddell dreſt, amang the reſt,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that way,
With piſtols ſet before, man;

The cauſe was good, he'd ſpend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before he left the corps,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a ſoger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at laſt he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point o' death, wi' his laſt breath,
(Some ſtanding round in ring, man,)
On's back lying flat he wav'd his hat.
And cry'd, God ſave the king, man.
Some highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to purſue, man,
About they fac'd and in great haſte
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' ſpoils o' war, man;
Fu' bald can tell how her nainſell
Was ne'er ſae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may ſee
Be-weſt the meadow-mill, man,
There mony ſlain lay on the plain,
The clans purſuing ſtill man.
Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never ſaw the like man;
Loſt hands and heads coſt them their deads,
That fell near Preſton-dyke man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to ſee the fray man;
But had I wiſt what after paſt,
I'd better ſtaid away man:
On Seaton ſands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare man;
But I wiſh ne'er to drie ſic fear,
For a' the ſum and mair, man.

THE END OF TRANENT-MUIR

SANG EIGHT.

SHERIFF-MUIR.

THERE's ſome ſay that we wan,
Some ſay that they wan,
Some ſay that nane wan at a' man;
But a'e thing I'm ſure,
That at Sheriff Muir
A battle there was which I ſaw man:
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
Brave Argyle and Belhaven,
Not like frighted Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington ſa' man;

Air— SHERIFF - MUIR.

D. Allan del. et fect.

But one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriff-Muir,
A Batle ther was which I saw man
and we ran, & they ran-awa man.

For they a' wi' Wightman
Advanced on the right, man,
While others took flight, being ra' man.
And we ran and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
In order to ſhare
Wi' Douglas, who ſtood not in awe man,
Volunteerly to ramble
Wi' lord Loudoun Campbell,
Brave Ilay did ſuffer for a' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
Wi' broad-ſword moſt bright,
On horſeback he briſkly did charge man;
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He ſtoutly encounter'd the targemen.

And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
For the cowardly Whittam,
For fear they ſhould cut him,
Seeing glittering broad-ſwords wi' a pa' man,
And that in ſuch thrang,
Made Baird Edicang,
And frae the brave clans ran awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
Brave Marr and Panmure
Were firm I am ſure,
The later was kidnapt awa' man,
With briſk men about,
Brave Harry retook
His brother, and laught at them a' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man,

Grave Marſhal and Lithgow,
And Glengary's pith too,
Aſſiſted by brave Loggie-man,
And Gordons the bright
So boldly did fight,
The red-coats took flight and awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran, awa' man.

Strathmore and Clanronald
Cry'd ſtill, advance, Donald!
Till both theſe heroes did fa' man;
For there was ſuch haſhing,
And broad ſwords a claſhing,
Brave Forfar himſelf got a cla' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran.
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Lord Perth ſtood the ſtorm,
Seaforth but lukewarm,
Kilſyth and Strathallan not ſla' man;

And Hamilton pled
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man,
Brave generous Southeſk,
Tulibarrdine was briſk,
Whoſe father indeed would not dra' man,
Into the ſame yoke,
Which ſerv'd for a cloak,
To keep the eſtate 'twixt them twa man,
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
Lord Rollo not fear'd,
Kintore and his beard,
Pitſligo and Ogilvie a' man,
And brothers Balfours,
They ſtood the firſt ſhow'rs,
Clackmannan and Burleigh did cla' man.

And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
But Cleppan acted pretty,
And Strowan the witty,
A poet that pleaſes us a' man;
For mine is but rhime,
In reſpect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to dra' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
For Huntly and Sinclair,
They both plaid the tinclair,
Wi' conſciences black like a cra' man.
Some Angus and Fifemen
They ran for their life man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man,

Then Laurie the traytor,
Who betray'd his maſter,
His king and his countrie and a' man,
Pretending Mar might
Give order to fight,
To the right of the army awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Then Laurie, for fear
O' what he might hear,
Took Drummonds beſt horſe and awa' man,
Inſtead o' going to Perth,
He croſſed the Firth,
Alongſt Stirling-bridge and awa' man,
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

To London he preſs'd,
And there he addreſs'd,
That he behav'd beſt o' them a' man;

And there without ſtrife
Got ſettled for life,
An hundred a year to his fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
In Borrowſtouneſs
He reſides wi' diſgrace,
Till his neck ſtands in need of a dra' man,
And then in a tether
He'll ſwing frae a ladder,
[And] go aff the ſtage wi' a pa'.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
Rob Roy ſtood watch
On a hill for to catch
The booty for ought that I ſa' man,
For he never advanc'd
From the place he was ſtanc'd,
Till nae mare to do there at a' man.

And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
So we a' tuke the flight,
And Moubray the wright;
But Letham the ſmith was a bra' man,
For he tuke the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdra' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.
And trumpet M'Lean,
Whoſe breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa' man,
By ſaving his neck
His trumpet did break,
Came aff without muſick at a' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

So there ſuch a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chaſe was at a' man;
Frae ither they run
Without touk o' drum;
They did not make uſe o' a pa' man.
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa' man.

THE END OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

SANG NINTH.

GILLICRANKIE.

CLAVERS and his highlandmen,
Came down upo' the raw, man,
Who being ſtout, gave many a clout,
The lads began to claw then.
Wi' ſword and terge into their hand,
Wi' which they war nae ſlaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy ſigh,
The lads began to claw then,
O'er buſh, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er ſtank,
She flang amang them a' man;
The butter box got mony knocks,
Their riggins paid for a' then.

Air — CILLICRANKIE.

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent ear he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man.

They got their paiks, wi' ſudden ſtraiks,
Whilk to their grief they ſaw man;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur ſkipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man;
The Engliſh blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then,
The dirk and door made their laſt hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them ſic a paw then.

The ſolemn league and covenant
Came whiggin up the hills, man,
Thought highland trews durſt not refuſe
For to ſubſcribe their bills then:
In Willie's name they thought nae ane
Durſt ſtop their courſe at a', man;
But hur nane ſell, wi' mony a knock,
Cry'd, Furich-whigs, awa', man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
Came linkin up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch they feared ſuch,
They bred a horrid ſtink then.
The true MacLean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man;
Nane durſt withſtand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.
Och' on a ri, och' on a ri,
Why ſhould ſhe loſe king Shames, man?
Och' rig in di, och' rig in di,
She ſhall break a' her banes then;
Wi' furichiniſh, an' ſtay a while,
And ſpeak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a ſtraike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.
O fy for ſhame, ye're three for ane,
Hur nane-ſell's won the day, man;
King Shames red-coats ſhould be hung up,
Becauſe they ran awa' then:

Had bent their brows, like highland trews,
And made as lang a ſtay, man,
They'd ſav'd their king that ſacred thing,
And Willie'd run awa' then.

THE END OF GILLICRANKIE.

SANG TENTH.

THE HAUGHS O' CROMDALE.

AS I came in by Achendoun,
A little wee bit frae the toun,
When to the highlands I was boun,
To view the haughs o' Cromdale.

I met a man in tartan trews,
I ſpier'd at him what was the news;
Quoth he the highland army rues
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, ſir, every man,
When th' Engliſh hoſt upon us came;
A bludey battle then began,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale,

The Engliſh horſe they were ſo rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in highland [illegible],
But our brave clans they bau[illegible]lood,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

But alas we could nae langer ſtay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And ſare we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.

Thus the great Montroſe did ſay,
Can you direct the neareſt way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haughs o' Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're nae ſae ſtrang,
You ſcarcely hae twa thouſand men,
And there's twenty thouſand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montroſe did ſay,
I ſay, direct the neareſt way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And ſee the haughs o' Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montroſe upon them came,
A ſecond battle then began,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'Kays,
Soon as Montroſe they did eſpy,
O then they fought moſt vehemently,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again
The Camerons did their ſtandard join,
M'Intoſh play'd a bonny game,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The M'Gregors faught like lyons bauld,
M'Pherſons, nane could them controul,
M'Lauchlins faught like loyal ſouls,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
Sae boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The Gordons bauldly did advance,
The Fraziers fought wi' ſword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, wi' Montroſe,
So bauldly ſet upon their foes,
And brought them down wi' highland blows,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

O' twenty thouſand Cromwells men,
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
The reſt o' them lyes on the plain,
Upon the haughs o' Cromdale.

THE END OF THE HAUGHS O' CROMDALE.

SANG ELEVENTH.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703.)

I'LL ſing you a ſong my brave boys,
The like you ne'er heard o' before,
Old Scotland at laſt is grown wiſe,
And England ſhall bully no more.
Succeſſion the trap for our ſlavery,
A true Preſbyterian plot,
Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
Is now kick'd out by a vote.
The Lutheran dame may be gone,
Our foes ſhall adreſs us no more,
If the treaty ſhould never go on,
She for ever is kick'd out of door.
To bondage we now bid adieu,
The Engliſh ſhall no more oppreſs us,

There's ſomthing in every mans view
That in due time we hope ſhall redreſs us.
This hundred years paſt we have been
Dull ſlaves and ne'er ſtrove to mend;
It came by an old barren queen,
And now we reſolve it ſhall end.
But grant the old woman ſhould come,
And England with treaties ſhould woo us,
We'll clog her before ſhe comes home,
That ſhe ne'er ſhall have power to undoe us.
Then let us go on and be great,
From parties and quarrells abſtain;
Let us Engliſh councils defeat,
And Hanover ne'er mention again.
Let grievances now be redreſs'd,
Conſider, the power is our own;
Let Scotland no more be oppreſs'd,
Nor England lay claim to our crown.
Let us think with what blood and what care
Our anceſtors kept themſelves free;
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare;
If they did ſo much, why then not we?

Let Montroſs and Dundee be brought in
As latter examples before you;
And hold out but as you begin,
Like them the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke then,
Who has the great labour begun,
He ſhall flouriſh, whilſt thoſe who forſook him
To Holland for ſhelter ſhall run.

Here's a health to thoſe that ſtood by him,
To Fletcher and all honeſt men;
Ne'er truſt the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,
Since all our rights they do maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
The hero that ſtill keeps his ground;
To him we muſt own all our wealth:—
Let the Chriſtian liquor go round.

Let all the ſham tricks o' the court,
That ſo often have foil'd us before,
Be now made the countries ſport,
And England ſhall fool us no more.

THE END OF ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION.

SANG TWELTH.

TO DAUNTON ME.

TO daunton me, to daunton me,
Do you ken the thing that would daunton me?
Eighty-eight, and eighty-nine,
And a' the dreary years ſin ſyne,
Wi' ſeſs and preſs, and preſbytry,
Gude faith, this had liken till a daunton'd me.
But to wanton me, to wanton me,
Do you ken the thing that wa'd wanton me?
To ſee gude corn upon the rigs,
And baniſhment to a' the whigs,
And right reſtor'd where right ſhould be;
O! theſe are the things that wa'd wanton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
And ken ye what maiſt wa'd wanton me?
To ſee king James at Edinb'rough croſs,
Wi' fifty thouſand foot and horſe,
And the uſurper forc'd to flee;
O! this is what maiſt wa'd wanton me.

THE END OF TO DAUNTON ME.

SANG THIRTEENTH.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

BY yon caſtle wa', at the cloſe o' the day,
I heard a man ſing, tho' his head it was grey;
And as he was ſinging the ſa't tears down came:
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the ſtate is in jar,
Deluſions, oppreſſions, and murderous war,
We dare na weel ſay't, but we ken wha's to blame:—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My ſeven braw ſons for Jamie drew ſword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the ſweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame:—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me ſare down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my laſt moments my words are the ſame,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,

THE END OF THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

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THE END OF THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

SANG FOURTEENTH.

FLOWDEN-HILL.

I'VE heard o' a liltin at our ewes milkin,
Laſſes a' liltin before the break o' day;
But now there's a moanin on ilka green loanin,
That our braw foreſters are a' wede away:
At bughts in the mornin nae blyth lads are ſcornin
The laſſes are lanely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but ſighin and ſabbin,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.
At e'en at the glomin nae ſwankies are roamin,
'Mang ſtacks wi' the laſſes at bogle to play;
At a fair or a preachin nae wooin, nae fleechin,
Sin our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

At har'ſt at the ſhearin nae younkers are jearin;
The banſters are runkled, lyart, and grey:
But ilk ane ſits dreary, lamentin her deary,
The flowers o' the foreſt that are wede away.

O dool for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for ance by guile gat the day:
The flowers o' the foreſt, that ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime o' our land lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin at our ewes milkin,
The woman and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighin and moanin on ilka green loanin,
Sin our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

THE END OF FLOWDEN-HILL, AND OF CLASS THIRD.

SANG FOURTEENTH.

FLOWDEN-HILL.

I'VE heard o' a liltin at our ewes milkin,
Laſſes a' liltin before the break o' day;
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THE END OF FLOWDEN-HILL, AND OF CLASS THIRD.

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The Grenville Library

Air. Lewie Gordon. **K. ROBERT the BRUCE.**

Liberty's in every blow,
Forward let us do or die.

The Grenville Library

Air — **THE TITHER MORN.**

The tither morn, when I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning.

I didna trow, I'd see my Jo
Beside me gain the gloaming.

ADDITIONAL SANGS.

SANG I.

The Surprize.

THE tither morn, when I, forlorn
Aneath an aik ſat moaning,
I didna trow, I'd ſee my joe,
Beſide me in the glowming:
But he ſu trig, lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, whatreck, did leaſt expect
To ſee my lad ſo near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
Cock'd ſpruce when firſt he claſp'd me:
And I, I wat, wi' fainneſs grat,
While in in his arms he preſt me.
Diel tak' the war, I late and ear'
Ha'e wiſh'd ſince Jock departed;
But now as glad, I'm wi' my lad,
As ſhortſyne brocken hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en, wi dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'dna by, ſae ſad was I,
In abſence o' my dearie:
But, praiſe be bliſt, my mind's at reſt
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,
At kirk and fair I'ſe ay be there;
And be as canty's ony.

SANG II.

Speech of KING ROBERT BRUCE *to his Troops, at the Battle of* BANNOCKBURN,

By ROBERT BURNS.

Air—"*O ſend Lewis Gordon Hame.*"

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day an I now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See, approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Edward! chains and ſlaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave!
Wha ſae base as be a ſlave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's ſword will ſtrongly draw
Freeman ſtand, or freeman fa',
Caledonians! on wi' me.

By Oppreſſion's woes and pain!
By your ſons in ſervile chains!
We will drain our deareſt veins,
But they ſhall, they ſhall be free!

Lay the proud uſurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

SANG III.

My Bonny wee bit Laſſie.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

I'LL through the burn o'er bent and brae
To meet my bonny wee bit laſſie:
Wi' ſmittle kind, by ſkreek o' day
I'll meet my bonny wee bit laſſie.

Sweet ſmell the pea-blume, and the hay,
But nae ſae ſweet as my bit laſſie;
See, o'er the glentin ſwaird ſae gay
Comes yonder my bit bonny laſſie.

Swift as a ſwallow ſkims alang,
I'll haſte to meet my wee bit laſſie;
An' ſouth o' kiſſes a' day lang,
I'll gi'e my bonny ſweet bit laſſie.

I'll ablins, to ſome bieldy how
Lead my bonny wee bit laſſie,
Whar l nties ſing, an' birk trees grow,
In ſeilfu' daffin wi' my laſſie.

Belyve, a cozy biggin clean
I'll big for my bit bonny laſſie;
Our pleniſhin, tho' ſma' bedeen
Sall a' be bodin to my laſſie.

Fan waſtlan hame the ſun has gane,
At glomin, I'll come to my laſſie,
"A bleezing ingle, clean hearth ſtane"
Wi' welcome. I'll meet frae my laſſie.

FINIS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Lately Publiſhed.

I. *Odes and Miſcellaneous Poems.* Printed for G. Mudie and ſon, South Bridge, Edinburgh; and for J. Johnſon, St Paul's Church-yard, London.

II. No. I. *Of the Lake, River, and Mountain Scenery of Scotland;* beautifully engraved in aquatinto, (and coloured) by F. Jukes, after drawings made on the ſpot. This number contains, 1. A view of the confluence of the rivers Clyde and Leven. 2. Loch-Lomond, by Moon-light. 3 Lock Awe. 4 Loch Neſs. To be had of F. Jukes, London; and at the ſhop of S. Cheyne, No. 22, George's Street, Edinburgh, Agent in Scotland for ſaid work.

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